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THE NEW YORKER

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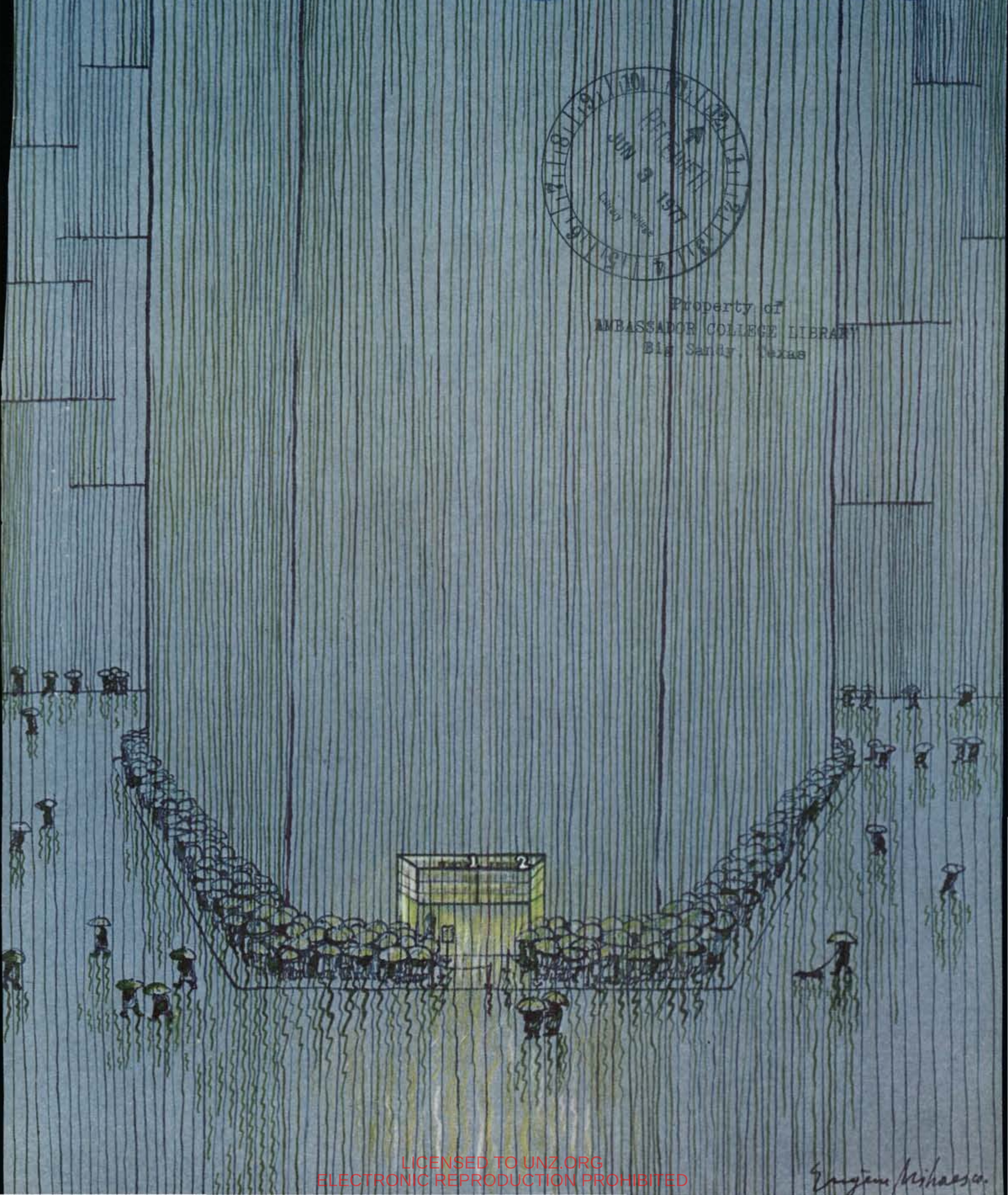
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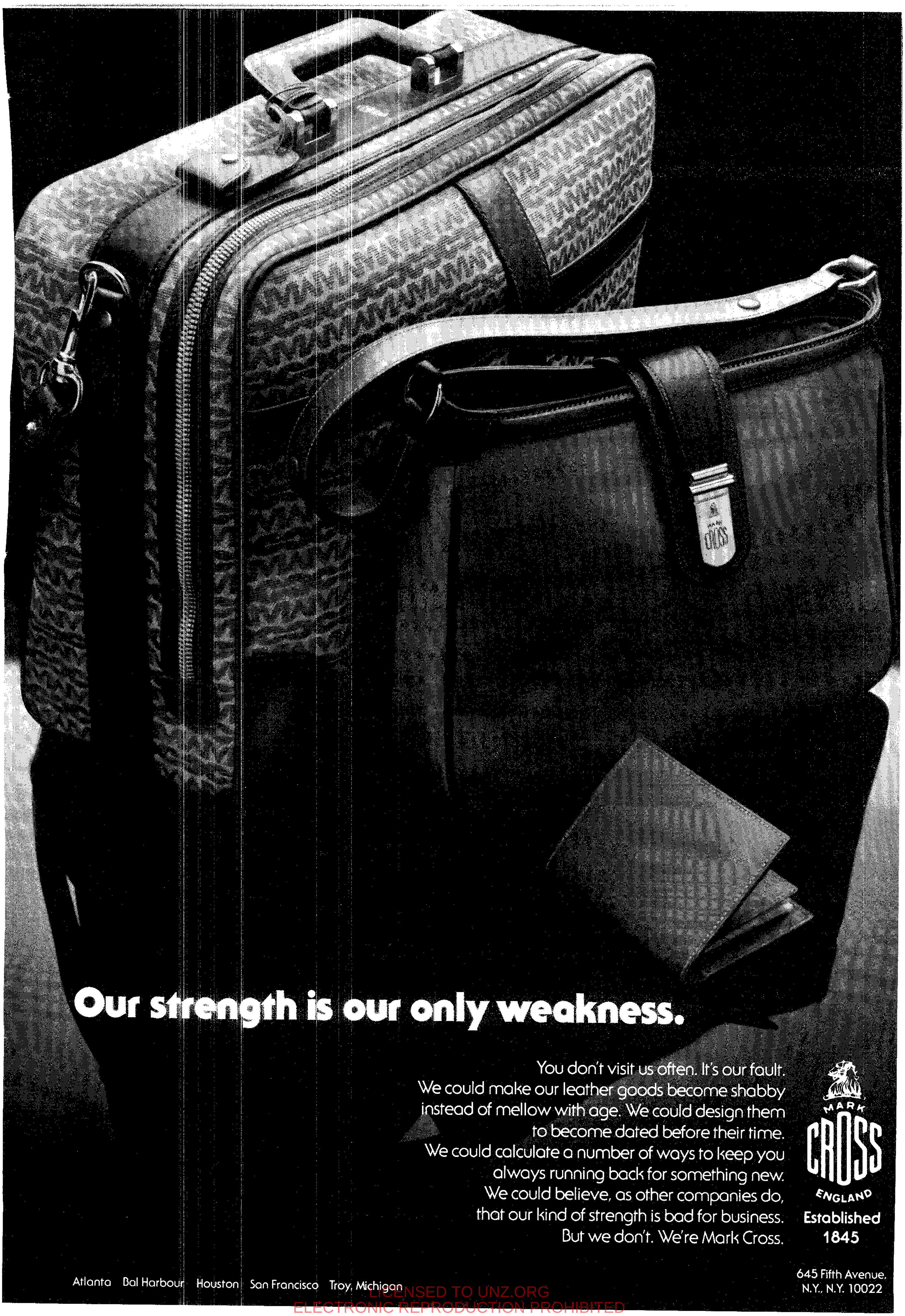

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agamemnon—Andrei Serban's odd but often effective interpretation of the terrifying play by Aeschylus. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sunday, June 5, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, June 8, at 2. Closes Sunday, June 19.)

American Buffalo—Three Neanderthal creeps in Chicago fail to pull off a heist. David Mamet's synthetic rough language is ably spoken by Robert Duvall, Kenneth McMillan, and John Savage. Winner of the Drama Critics Circle award for the best American play of the year. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, June 11.)

Anna Christie—A clumsy early work by O'Neill, which provides a vehicle for Liv Ullmann. (It did the same for Garbo in her first talkie.) Also in the cast are Robert Donley, Mary McCarty, and John Lithgow. José Quintero directed. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Annie—A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks, both altered for the purposes of an amusing book by Thomas Meehan. Dorothy Loudon is marvellous as an alcoholic scold. Chosen the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ashes—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. The performances of Brian Murray and Roberta Maxwell as the husband and wife, and of John Tillinger and Veronica Castang as an assortment of other characters, are as close to perfection as makes no matter. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—Al Pacino pours his superb talent and energy into the role of the hapless Hummel and gives his miserable end an unexpected dignity. A model production of the David Rabe play about Vietnam. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Creditors and **The Stronger**—Two one-act plays by Strindberg (translated by Palaemona Morner and R. Spacek), with John Heard, Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, and Amy Wright. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

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Dear Liar—Jerome Kilty and Deann Mears in a revival of the two-character comedy adapted by Mr. Kilty from the correspondence of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and George Bernard Shaw. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Exiles—James Joyce's only play, written in 1914, is about the return home of an Irish writer and his wife after nine years in Rome, and about many other matters besides. The play is absorbing, in large part because of the ideas and feelings that preoccupied Joyce at the time, and it is competently presented with Alan Jordan and Stephanie Gordon in the leading rôles. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Happy End—Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill set this musical about a Salvation Army lass who loves a gangster in what was for them, in 1929, an imaginary Chicago. Meryl Streep is charming as the heroine and Christopher Lloyd does well opposite her, but it is the marvellous score, including such songs as "Surabaya Johnny" and "The Bilbao Song," that makes the evening indelible. Translation by Michael Feingold, direction by Robert Kalfin. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Love My Wife—A musical that affects an unconvincing raunchiness. Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27

"THE MIRROR AND THE MASK" . . . . . *Jorge Luis Borges* 33

"A WIDOW'S QUILT" . . . . . *Sylvia Townsend Warner* 35

"COAL TRAIN" (POEM) . . . . . *Jay Parini* 38

"CORPORATE-SPONSORED BIOGRAPHIES OF THE GREAT" . . . . . *Jack Ziegler* 39

PROFILES (HENRY BLANTON—II) . . . . . *Jane Kramer* 40

"THE LAMENT UPON THE WATERS" (POEM) . . . . . *John Ashbery* 42

THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 92

U.S. JOURNAL: HIGH POINT, N.C. . . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 94

REFLECTIONS (EUROPE AND AMERICA) . . . . . *William Pfaff* 101

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . *Andrew Porter* 108

CONCERT RECORDS . . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 112

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 117

JAZZ . . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 120

"GEHENNA" (POEM) . . . . . *Richmond Lattimore* 129

BOOKS . . . . . *John Updike* 130

BRIEFLY NOTED 134

COVER: *Eugène Mihaesco*

DRAWINGS: *Joseph Mirachi, Warren Miller, Arnie Levin, Lee Lorenz, James Stevenson, Mischa Richter, Edward Koren, Frank Modell, Charles Addams, Thomas B. Allen, Al Ross, Anthony Taber, Edward Frascino, Stan Hunt, Robert Weber, J. B. Handelsman, William Hamilton, Eldon Dedini, Bernard Schoenbaum, Richard McCallister, Ed Fisher, Henry Martin*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The King and I—A joyous revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-six years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lily Tomlin in "Appearing Nitely"—Worth a king's ransom ($453,271,645). (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Closes after special performances on Sunday, June 12, at 3 and 7:30.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

On the Lock-In—The witty and gifted David Langston Smyrl wrote the music and words and also plays one of the prisoners who sing or recite their own stories in this virtually plotless show set in a prison. Under Robert Macbeth's subtle direction, the evening achieves cohesiveness and style, although much of the material is familiar by now. The singing and the music, by a three-piece combo, are delightful. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

Otherwise Engaged—Simon Gray's harsh but extremely funny account of a London publisher who seeks to keep life at arm's length. Life, as usual, has different ideas. Tom Courtenay stars, and the director is Harold Pinter. Voted the best play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Der Ring Gott Farblonjet—A lavish, strenuous, on-and-off amusing, and interminable prank by Charles Ludlam's prankish Ridiculous Theatrical Company. The title describes all. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 228-8558. Saturdays at 8.)

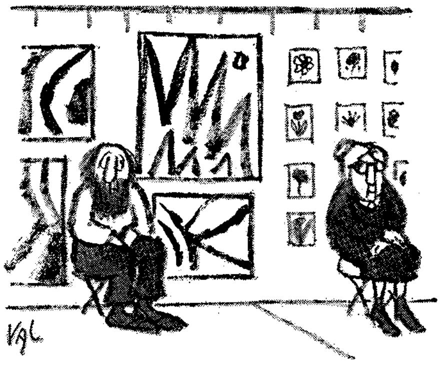
The 2nd Greatest Entertainer in the Whole Wide World—Dick Shawn in a one-man show. Preview on Wednesday, June 1. Opens officially on Thursday, June 2, at 6:45. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Shadow Box—Hard to believe, but this play by Michael Cristofer, whose subject is death, is a highly affirmative and sometimes comic affair, well acted by, among others, Laurence Luckinbill, Patricia Elliott, and Joyce Ebert. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—An evening of delectable songs by the cleverest (and sometimes the most touching) of contemporary popular composers. The performers are modest and charming, as well as talented. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sly Fox—Larry Gelbart has transmogrified Ben Jonson's "Volpone," with hilarious results. The cast includes Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, and John Heffernan. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Starting Here, Starting Now—The agreeable songs of Richard Maltby, Jr. (lyrics) and David Shire (music) as very well sung, with a minimum of performance, by Margery Cohen, Loni Ackerman, and George Lee Andrews. It all adds up to an evening of tuneful merriment that is more cabaret than theatre. (Barbarann, 349 W. 46th St. 581-3866. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)



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Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Vinnette Carroll's singing-and-dancing redaction of the Book of Matthew. An exhilarating occasion. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Long Runs—**bubbling brown sugar:** A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **california suite:** Neil Simon making jokes in his wonted fashion. The setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. The pleasing cast includes Tammy Grimes, David McCallum, Joseph Leon, and Marge Redmond. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **chicago:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with a stunning performance by Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **equus:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, and Page Johnson. The director is John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **the fantasticks:** 7,121 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **for colored girls who have considered suicide:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Thursday, June 2.)... **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **pippin:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **same time, next year:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Hope Lange (who has just replaced Sandy Dennis) and Don Murray. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **shenandoah:** Hokum, but with a lot of songs. William Chapman sings many of them. Starting Tuesday, June 7, John Cullum will return to his original role, replacing Mr. Chapman. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **streamers:** This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 5.)... **vanities:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **the wiz:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

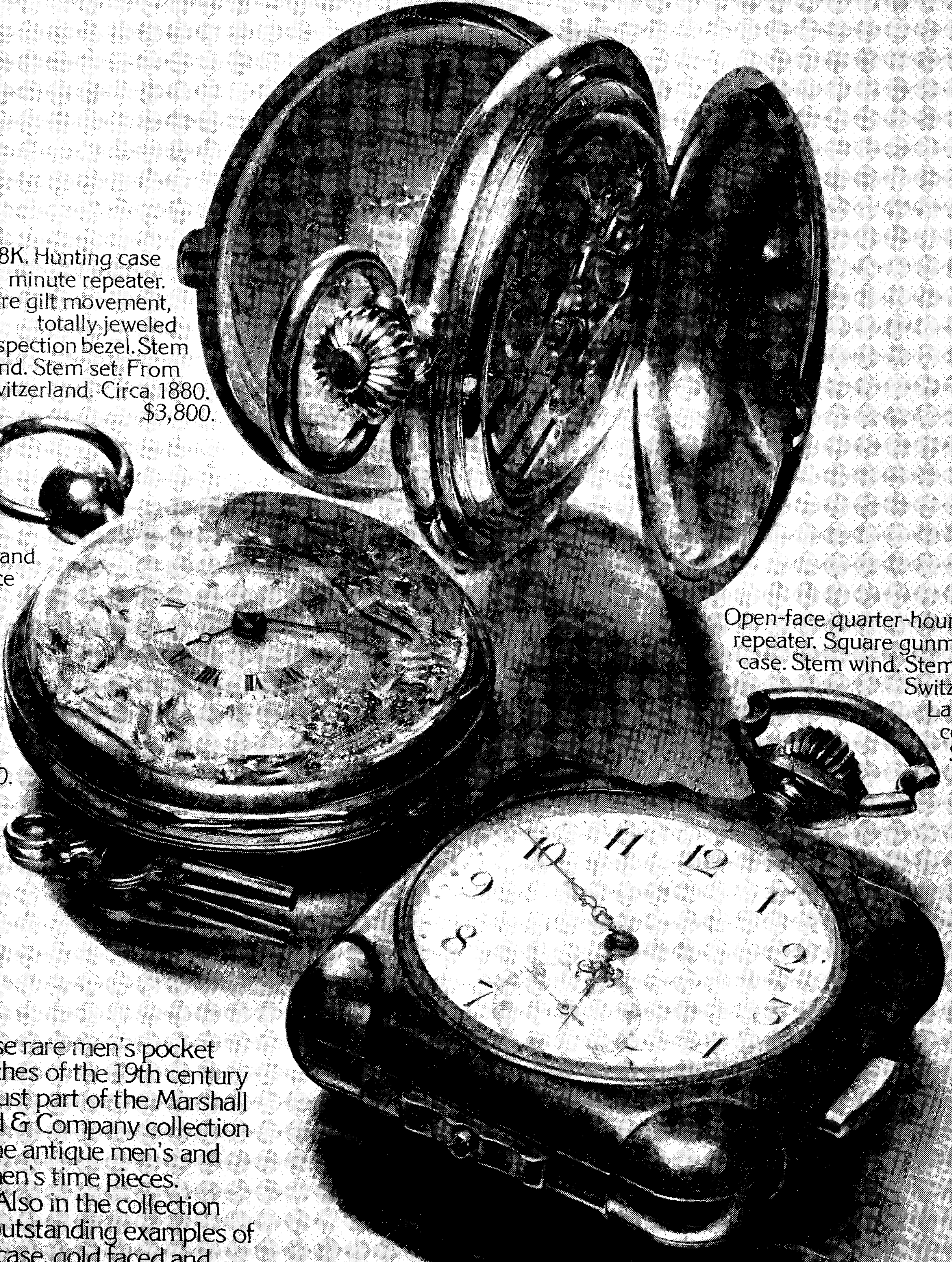
The Circus—The hundred-and-seventh edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's circus. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, June 1-3, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturday, June 4, at 10:30, 3, and 8; and final performances Sunday, June 5, at 11, 3, and 7:30.)

Toller Cranston's The Ice Show—Starring Mr. Cranston, Jim Millns, and Colleen O'Connor. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 1, at 8: "Chaconne" and "Union Jack."... ¶ Thursday, June 2, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Chaconne."... ¶ Friday, June 3, at 8: "Watermill" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Saturday, June 4, at 2: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Saturday, June 4, at 8: "Watermill" and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Sunday, June 5, at 1: "Coppélia."... ¶ Sunday, June 5, at 7: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... ¶ Tuesday, June 7, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Dybbuk Variations," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Wednesday, June 8, at 8: "Serenade," "The Steadfast Tin

They all chimed in the New Year. In 1900.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Soldier," "Square Dance," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 9, at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Friday, June 10, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 11, at 2: "Agon," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Tzigane," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 11, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "The Concert." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 3.)

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, June 1: "Firebird," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Petrouchka." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 2-3; Saturday matinée and evening, June 4; and Monday evening, June 6: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Thursday evenings, June 7-9: "La Bayadère," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 10, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 11: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Martha Graham Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée, June 1: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Phaedra," "Frontier," and "Diversion of Angels." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 1: "Shadows," "Phaedra," "Frontier," and "Diversion of Angels." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 2: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Lamentation," "Diversion of Angels," and "Deaths and Entrances." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 3: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Phaedra." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 4: "Adorations," "Errand Into the Maze," "Shadows," and "Seraphic Dialogue." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 4: "Plain of Prayer," "O Thou Desire Who Art About to Sing," and "Dark Meadow." . . . ¶ Monday evening, June 6: "Diversion of Angels," "Shadows," and "Dark Meadow." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 7: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Lamentation," "Frontier," and "Dark Meadow." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, June 8: "Adorations," "Shadows," and "Dark Meadow." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 8: "Adorations," "O Thou Desire Who Art About to Sing," and "Dark Meadow." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 9: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Plain of Prayer," and "Deaths and Entrances." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 10: "Adorations," "Phaedra," and "Primitive Mysteries." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 11: "Adorations," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Dark Meadow." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 11: "Appalachian Spring," "Primitive Mysteries," "Shadows," and "Diversion of Angels." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, June 1; Friday, June 3; and Sunday, June 5, at 8: "Images" and two premières—"Polaris" and "Dust." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 2, and Saturday, June 4, at 8: "Cloven Kingdom," "West of Eden," and "Esplanade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

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Merle Marsicano Dance Company—A program of modern dance. (Larry Richardson's Dance Gallery, 242 E. 14th St. Wednesday through Saturday, June 8-11, at 8, and Sunday, June 12, at 2 and 8. For information about tickets, call MU 5-5972.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This unpretentious night club—although some might think of it as a SoHo music loft with a liquor license—presents some of the best experimental and tried-and-true jazz in the city. Drummer **Joe Chambers** leads a quartet that features **Larry Young** on organ through Saturday, June 4; on Tuesday, June 7, the Jankry Ensemble—drummer Frank Clayton, singer Jay Clayton, bassist Eddie Gomez, and pianist Larry Krush—will come in. On Mondays, composer, arranger, and tenor and soprano saxophonist **Frank Foster** presides over the **Loud Minority**, a spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Music from about ten. Soul food. Closed Sundays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—**Lee Horwin** has a startlingly rich, deep voice, and one wonders why she too often chooses songs that are display pieces for vocal theatrics rather than for vocal ability. She goes on Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **Dardanelle** is on hand from seven until midnight. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful. Through Saturday, June 4.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—This enlightened branch of a thirty-eight-part restaurant chain brings in fine musicians to play in its cocktail lounge. The management puts them in the picture window on Fifth Avenue to lure in patrons, and the strategy is successful. The current (through Saturday, June 4) window occupant is pianist **Roland Hanna.** Singer and pianist **Andy Bey** will take over on Wednesday, June 8. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Diane Snow sings with a backup trio on Wednesday, June 1; and Thursday through Saturday, June 2-4, trumpeter **Joe Newman** will work with a quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Jazz and R. & B. flutist **Yusef Lateef** leads his group Thursday through Sunday, June 2-5; on Monday and Tuesday, June 6-7, the very fine a-cappella quintet, the **Persuasions**, will do their remarkable street-corner interpretations of soul and gospel music; on Wednesday and Thursday, June 8-9, **Vassar Clements**, a Nashville legend and a thoughtful country fiddler who looks, in his short-sleeved knit shirt, more like a professional bowler than a musician, will be leading his band; and on Friday, June 10, pianist **Bill Evans** will arrive with his trio. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, patrons who like to talk, and good musicians, mostly pianists, who don't seem to mind playing through the talking. **Dave McKenna** (see page 120, this issue), braving the elements, plays unaccompanied piano through Saturday, June 4; on Monday, June 6, pianist Tom Garvin and a bassist will take over. Music weeknights from ten. The Sunday chores are handled by **Barry Harris** and his aides, from nine-thirty. Dinner.

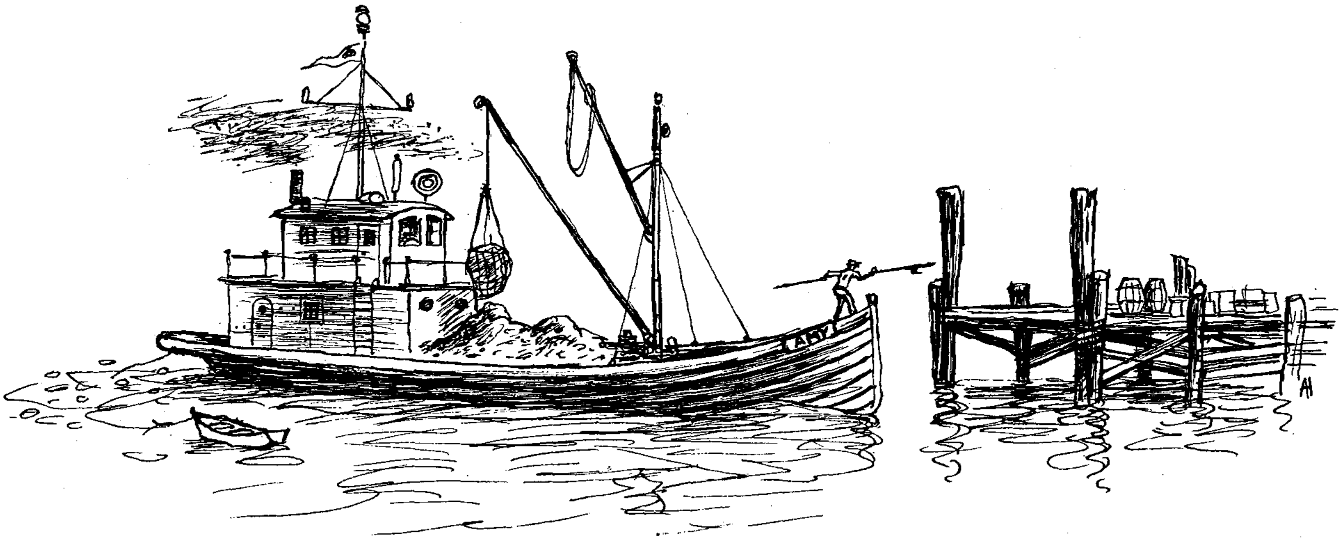
Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The exuberant **Bobby Short** is back in the Café Carlyle with his sidekicks, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage. Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner and supper. . . . **Teddy Wilson** plays elegant, restrained solos in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar presents mostly local, primitive rock bands. Rock singer and poet **Patti Smith** will be here with her band through Sunday, June 5 (they'll do one show at about nine), and Monday through Wednesday, June 6-8 (one show at eleven).

Chung Kuo Yuan, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**Hugh Shannon** has settled in the Aquarium Lounge here, singing in his special straight-ahead Billie Holiday way, pulling song after song out of his private thin air. He works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**Mabel Mercer** and her accompanist, Jimmy Lyon, are present at ten and midnight. They finish on Saturday, June 4, and on Tuesday, June 7, pianist **Dardanelle** will perform with singer Peter Dean from nine-thirty to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**Adam Makowicz** is a thirty-six-year-



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old Polish pianist who can play more notes than Art Tatum. He cannot, though, equal Tatum's touch, which remains an unclimbed pianistic peak. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Warren Vaché, Jr., Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, June 7, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will sit in with them. Music from nine-thirty. Sundays are reserved for Scott Hamilton, a young swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, and his quintet. They begin at eight-thirty. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, one of the first and best bop pianists, goes to town with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three, **SONNY GREER**, the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years; **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945; and **HOD O'BRIEN**, who is sitting in for the young Ellingtoniac and stride pianist Brooks Kerr, goad each other and come up with delightful swing numbers. Sunday, June 5, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** performs with pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **JACK SIX** from five-thirty to nine-thirty. And weeknights from six to nine-thirty, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—The highly regarded alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** winds up a stint with his trio on Saturday, June 4. On Monday, June 6, **DEE DEE BRIDGEWATER**, an impressive young singer with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band for over four years (until she left for a part in "The Wiz"), will arrive with a backup crew captained by pianist **ROLAND HANNA**. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—While Roy Eldridge is away, **JIMMY MCPARTLAND** (through Saturday, June 4) and **RUBY BRAFF** (from Tuesday, June 7) will fill in for him and join the resident blowers: Johnny Morris on piano, Ernie Hackett on drums, Clarence Hutchenrider on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone for Tuesday-through-Saturday-night sessions. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LARSON'S, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, now with a bassist (**BILLY POPP**) and a drummer (**JACK MC ALLISTER**), is rising to new heights—his arpeggios sparkle, his chords are buoyant, his touch is as a butterfly. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two. Dinner.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BENNY CARTER**, the great alto saxophonist of the thirties and forties who went out West to spend most of the last twenty-five years in Hollywood recording studios, is back in New York, and he's working with pianist **RAY BRYANT**, bassist **RICHARD DAVIS**, and drummer **RONNIE BEDFORD**. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather here. Music from about ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. The T. Connection, a rhythm-and-blues ensemble, performs through Sunday, June 5. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of a septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Judith Cohen, a short, wiry, frenetic singer and comedienne who has a devoted following that approves of everything she does, appears Tuesdays through Sundays at nine and midnight. Dining.

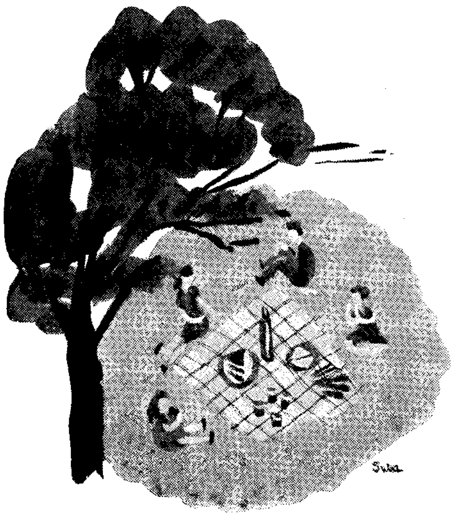
STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A big, warm, informal below-stairs room. The great drummer **MAX ROACH**, on leave from his teaching duties at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, professorially introduces the very lengthy pieces that his quartet—tenor saxophonist **BILLY HARPER**, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**, and trumpeter **CECIL BRIDGEWATER**—plays. Through Saturday, June 4. On Tuesday, June 7, tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** will bring in his quartet. Music from ten to two-thirty.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—On Mondays, **DAVE MATTHEWS**, pianist and leader, has charge of a twelve-part aggregation; on Tuesday, June 7, Taksim, a Middle Eastern quartet led by saxophonist Sudan Baronian, will be on hand; Wednesdays and Thursdays, saxophonist **LEE KONITZ**, always worth listening to, heads up a nonet; on Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, guitarist **JOE PUMA** will head a trio; and on Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, cornettist **RICHARD SUDHALTER** will lead a quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**JUNIOR MANCE**, an insistently bluesy, percussive pianist, performs with bassist **GENE TAYLOR** and drummer **BEN RILEY** through Saturday, June 4. Sunday and Monday, June 5-6, drummer **HORACEE ARNOLD'S** quintet will fill up the stage. On Wednesday, June 8, cellist, bassist, and, lately, piccolo bassist **RON CARTER** will bring in his quartet—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, **BEN RILEY**, and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**—for a two-week stay. The hours are from nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne **HELLMAN'S ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDDIE BERG**, play in the bar Tuesdays from nine-thirty to midnight. Downstairs, conga whiz **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his combo will be here Friday and Saturday, June 3-4; on Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** will be present with a trio. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A noble, if smoke-filled, institution. Pianist **CEDAR WALTON** heads up a quartet through Sunday, June 5. On Tuesday, June 7, pianist **HORACE SILVER**, as much a headmaster as a small-band leader—his former sidemen-students include Art Farmer, Louis Hayes, Hank Mobley, Woody Shaw, Joe Henderson, Charles Tolliver, and others—will bring in his current crop. **THAD JONES** and **MEL LEWIS**, who have made a big-band institution out of Monday nights, continue that tradition with fifteen first-rate session players. Music from ten.



WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. On Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams works with a quintet that features pianist Harold Mabern and Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first electric guitarists. Wednesdays, **JO JONES** usually shows up with his hi-hat and a quartet; Thursdays and Fridays, George Kelly's Jazz Sultans hold forth; and Saturdays and Sundays are set aside for four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** and his trio. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

CLAMMA DALE—Seven benefit performances. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday, June 1; Friday and Saturday, June 3-4; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 7-8; and Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, all at 10:30.)

BILLY JOEL—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday through Saturday, June 2-4, at 8.

LEONARD RAVER—Organ, in a program of music, dance, and special effects called "Organism." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, June 2, at 8; Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, at 8 and 10:30; and Sunday, June 5, at 8.)

NEKTAR and **FLAME**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, June 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

MAYNARD FERGUSON, **TONY WILLIAMS**, and **STUFF**—Palladium. Saturday, June 4, at 8.

TOMMY FLANAGAN TRIO—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, June 5, at 2, 3, and 4.

LED ZEPPELIN—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 7-8; Friday and Saturday, June 10-11; and Monday and Tuesday, June 13-14, all at 8.

AL DIMEOLA and **JAN HAMMER**—Beacon Theatre. Friday, June 10, at 8.

JERRY BUTLER, **T. CONNECTION**, and **JOHN DAVIS MONSTER ORCHESTRA**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, June 11, at 7 and 11.

URIAH HEEP—Palladium. Saturday, June 11, at 8.

ORCHESTRA LUNA—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, June 11, at 8:30.

NOTE: Film clips and short features that document the times and styles of various celebrated jazz musicians are being exhibited by the New York Jazz Museum on a weekly schedule. Wednesday, June 1, at 7:30: "Styles of the Big Bands"—Shaw, Basie, Lunceford, Don Redman, others. Wednesday, June 8, at 7:30: "Vocalists' Styles"—Nat Cole, Bunny Berrigan, Bessie Smith, Peggy Lee, others. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150.)

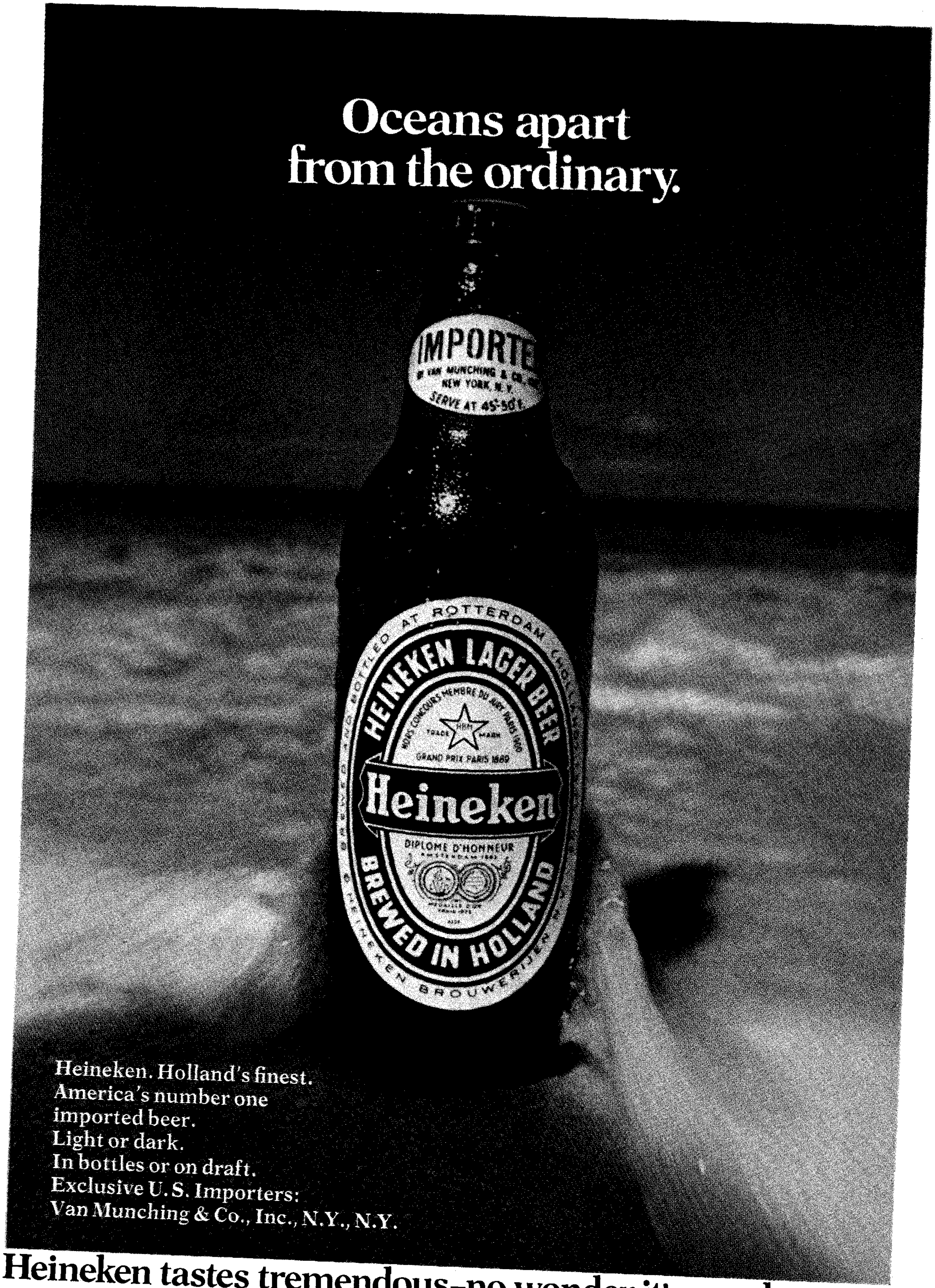
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

YANNIS AMORYANOS—Rather self-consciously naive paintings of elephants and lions and tigers and zebras and giraffes at peace in a never-never land of blossoming flowers. Through Friday, June 10. (Clay, 1162 Madi-

Oceans apart from the ordinary.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son Ave., at 86th St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Carol Anthony—Old codgers with Willkie buttons in their lapels, pugnacious brats, and querulous old biddies, all made of linen mâché. A new crop of drawings is also on view. Through Saturday, June 4. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Romare Bearden—Twenty extraordinary collages in which black cutout figures, set against richly colored backgrounds, depict the Odyssey, from the fall of Troy to the homecoming. Through Friday, June 3. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Large and colorful Abstract Expressionist paintings in which mathematical order and free, intuitive gesture are happily combined. Through Saturday, June 4. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Miodrag Djuric Dado—Big, skillfully executed paintings of frightful monsters doing horrid things on a tortured landscape under a curiously pacific blue sky. Through June 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Chaim Gross—A sort of flying circus of his smaller bronzes, plus some lively wash drawings in a show that is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Jewish Museum. Through July 1. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Walter Hatke—Skilled realist paintings of interiors, downtown vistas, and vacation retreats, plus a couple of preliminary drawings that somehow have more dash than the finished product. Through Friday, June 10. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Pierre Haubensak—Rectangular areas of various colors that have almost, but not quite, blended into a monotone, superimposed on larger rectangular areas of another tone. Through Friday, June 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Saturdays.)

Michael Heizer—Sculptures, in granite, steel, and wood, by this artist who works in discs and sections of discs. Through Saturday, June 11. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Helen Hoie—What appear to be collages incorporating furls of transparent fabrics and fragments of paper are actually oil paintings, done in soft colors. Through June 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Twenty-six drawings and watercolors executed during the last decade of his life, many of them looking as fresh and as impudent as the day they were set down. Through July 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Vitaly Komar and Alexander Melamid—Joint conceptual works by two spirited Russian artists whose works—or at any rate the works that have reached this country—show a crafty ability to keep just within the letter of Soviet law and yet outfox the forces of darkness at almost every turn. A number of their projects are outlined in this show, including their proposal for a brand-new country—Trans-State—for people who don't seem to fit anywhere else. The exhibits reward patient study. Through June 24. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Kate Millett—Brush-and-ink drawings on rice paper of erotic female nudes by this pioneer in the feminist movement. Through June 18. (Wauters, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Ce Roser—Abstract paintings suggested by nature. Through June 18. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Emilio Sanchez—Architecture of the Caribbean portrayed in simplified, hard-edged draftsmanship and in bright colors—oil or watercolor—by an artist who doesn't travel a great deal but sees a great deal when he travels. Through Wednesday, June 8. (Griffin, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Sandi Slone—Large acrylic works in which the surface tension between two fields of muted color is so great that they seem to have pulled themselves asunder, leaving a prominent fissure (painted) running up and down the canvas. First solo show in New York. Through June 15. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

A Separate Reality—Forty-nine works, all with mythic themes. Included is a deadpan triptych called "The Passion of Carrie Nation" by Edward Laning; a watercolor of a succubus by Ralph Barton; and a couple of misty nudes by Eilshemius. Through June 17. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **carlton**, 127 E. 69th St.: Photographs by Jane Eccles and Tad Yamashiro, oils by Helen Wilson, drawings by David Finkbeiner, and painted wall reliefs by Tim Woodman. Through June 25. . . . **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Examples of eighteenth-century Latin-American decorative art, including pieces that were used in the home (furniture, silver), in churches (a cardinal's hat), and for personal adornment (silver sandals, a crown). Through Aug. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . **hutton**, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Captivating examples of works by the Blaue Reiter artists, who included Kandinsky, Nolde, Klee, and Macke. Through Friday, June 10. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: Selected works by artists of the gallery, including Antes, Hartung, and Jorn. Through June 24. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **mckee**, 140 E. 63rd St.: Paintings done between 1946 and 1960 by Guston, Rothko, Kline, Baziotes, and Still. Through Saturday, June 4. . . . **nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The contemporary art scene is the common subject of this group of cartoons and magazine covers by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **shepherd**, 21 E. 84th St.: About eighty nineteenth-century French paintings (all of them predating Impressionism). Through July 15.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jean-Paul Agosti—Watercolors, mostly of toys and studio paraphernalia, that have some of the precision of mechanical drawings but a good deal of life in their coloring. First one-man show in New York. Through June 17. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Mostly portraits of friends and people he admired. Through Friday, June 10. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . ¶ Watercolors and drawings. Through Saturday, June 11. (Carus, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Marc Chagall—This ageless romanticist has just turned ninety, and the floating lovers, the benign donkeys, and the astral phenomena he paints today are just as rich in color and spirit as the ones he took to Paris with him when he left Russia. The birthday show is divided into two parts, shown simultaneously. One would be hard pressed to tell offhand what is new and what is old. Through Saturday, June 11. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Close—Gigantic paintings of heads, copied pore by pore, hair by hair, from color photographs. Through Saturday, June 4. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jillian Denby—Figure paintings of an almost classical finish, including a group of nudes called "House of Sleep," taken from a passage in Ovid, plus pencil studies and other preparatory works, done in oil on paper. Through Thursday, June 9. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sari Dienes—Free-form ceramic works with abstract designs worked into the surface. Through Saturday, June 11. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Dominic L. Di Mare—Delicate bones, pebbles, shells, feathers, and twigs arranged on handmade paper, where they are incorporated into elegant constructions called sculptural paper. Through June 22. (Duhl, 31 W. 54th St. Opens at noon.)

Toni Dove / Carl Nicholas Titolo—Birds of the region and icy mountain ranges superimposed in watercolors on large-scale maps of partly real and partly imaginary coastal areas, by a granddaughter of Arthur G. Dove. / Surrealist miniatures, mostly of circus scenes, done in mixed mediums and in almost microscopic detail. Through Friday, June 3. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Clayton Gorder / K. S.-Ringi—Abstract paint-

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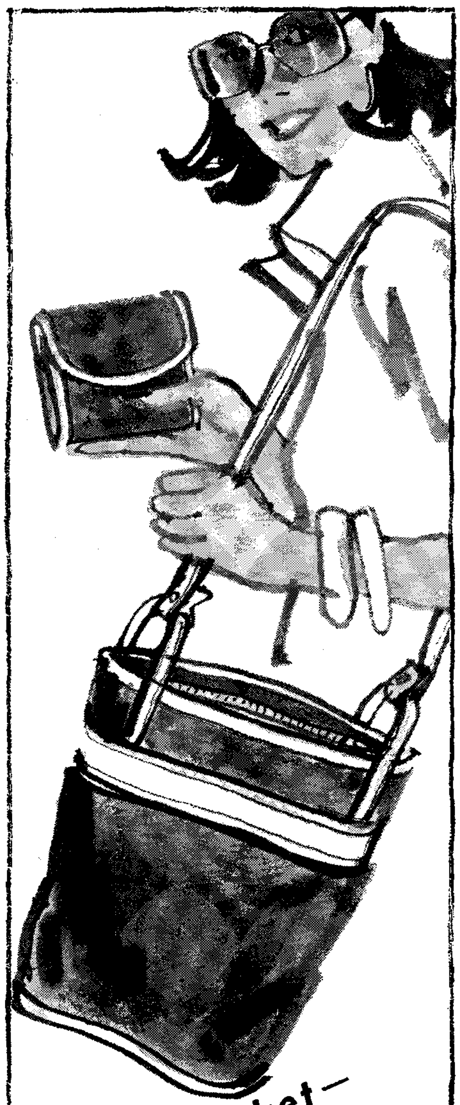

Canvas bucket—
khaki with wine strapping,
green or navy with khaki.
Tripping down country lanes
onto city streets. With
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compartment with pockets
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ings based on jukebox forms. / Large paintings gleaming with what appear to be orderly assemblages of tiny medals, clocks, flags, bits of jewelry, and so on. Through Saturday, June 11. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

James Hayward and John Miller—Paintings by two California Minimalists. Hayward does color-field canvases, mostly in shades of gray, and Miller's canvases are covered with an overall pattern of diagonal bars. Through Friday, June 3. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Edward Hopper (1882-1967)—Paintings, drawings, and etchings, dating from his earliest works—sketches of his parents, for instance—which reveal the solidity of his background as a draftsman, and going on to the later, distinctive cityscapes and lonely houses with the celebrated Hopper hush upon them. Through Wednesday, June 8. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Louise Nevelson—A dozen of the twenty drawings that this sculptor made one day in January for a television show. Through Friday, June 10. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Arthur Pierson—Three-dimensional fibre-glass works attached to the gallery walls. Through June 17. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

William Tillyer / Paul Narkiewicz—Abstract paintings, here and there hinting at interiors. / Watercolors of the Italian landscape. Through June 24. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Iolas**, 52 E. 57th St.: Drawings on paper in a variety of styles by a number of artists, including Allen Ruppersberg, Philippa Quarrell, and Paul Dillon. Through June 17. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **René**, 6 W. 57th St.: Chryssa, Tony Rosenthal, Robert Indiana, and other artists showing paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **Zabriskie**, 29 W. 57th St.: A show called American Art Fifty Years Ago offers a painting of a non-abstracted eggbeater by Stuart Davis, a delicate study of zinnias by Demuth, and representative works by, among others, Marin, Kuniyoshi, Hartley, and Nadelman. Through June 17. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... ¶ Works by artists who have yet to have a solo show in New York are at the following galleries: **Midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.; through Saturday, June 4.... **Parsons-Dreyfuss**, 24 W. 57th St.; through Saturday, June 11.... **Pearl**, 29 W. 57th St.; through June 17. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Robert Benson—Large, irregularly shaped pieces, each made of five segments of laminated plywood fitted together. Through Saturday, June 4. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Emily Fuller / Diane Kaiser—Abstract paintings on sections of unstretched canvas that have been sewn together. Also drawings. / Wash drawings and ceramic reliefs. Through June 22. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Ralph Goings / Norman Tuck—Hyper-realist paintings dealing with urban subjects (using figures for the first time). / Hand-operated kinetic pieces. Through June 18. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Will Insley—Architectural drawings, done with a razor-edged ruling pen, in which layer after layer of sunken chambers appear in imaginary buildings. Through Saturday, June 4. (Protetch, 157 Spring St.)

Ronald Mallory—Beautiful expanses of roseate clouds, so pretty that the artist, as an antidote, named them after obscure medieval poisons—fugu, yatrin, coiine. Through Saturday, June 4. (Bonino, 98 Prince St.)

Blinky Palermo (1943-77)—Fifteen abstractions with Western Indian motifs, constituting the last work of this young German painter, whose real name was Peter Heisterkamp and who somehow acquired the nickname of Sonny Liston's fight manager. Through June 25. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Mel Ramos / George Chemeche—Large de Kooning-like female figures on which almost saccharine cover-girl heads have been incongruously superimposed. / What appears to be a single wall-sized work is in fact sixty separate paintings of leaves, flowers, grass, and other flora bunched together like patches of sod on a lawn. Through Saturday, June 4. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Phillip Rivlin—Abstract paintings simply done on canvas-covered wooden panels that have been shaped into what in each instance seems to be the uniquely apposite shape for that composition. Through June 22. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Saturdays.)

Richard Van Buren—Wall sculptures made of polyester resin, some of it colored and some of it transparent and laced with marble dust, bits of alabaster and terra-cotta, and so on. Through Wednesday, June 8. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Group Shows—At the **Caldwell**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by gallery regulars Frances Barth, Robert Swain, and others. Through Saturday, June 4.... **Hundred Acres**, 456 West Broadway: Ten alumni of the School of Visual Arts showing a single work apiece. Through June 18.... **Landmark**, 469 Broome St.: A show of drawings by seventeen artists includes abstracts by Budd Hopkins and Phoebe Helman; Constructivist-looking brush-and-ink works by Steven Sloman; charcoal depictions of water plants by Sideo Fromboluti; and studies of her own body by Joan Semmel. Through Saturday, June 11. (Opens at 11:30.)... **Solway**, 139 Spring St.: Drawings by six artists, including Gary Kuehn and Joan Snyder. Through June 18.

OTHER GALLERIES

Herbert Aach—A double exhibition by a color-field painter: Gouaches at Gramercy Fine Arts, 112 E. 19th St. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8; through June 15.)... ¶ Stained acrylics on canvas at Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. (Open Mondays; through June 30.)

Group Show—A poem-painting collaboration by Norman Bluhm and Frank O'Hara, as well as works on paper by such artists as Baskin, Dove, Martin, and Miró. Through July 1. (Grey Art Gallery of New York University, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ansel Adams / Paul Berger—Monumental landscapes of the Southwest, plus other works. / View-camera contact prints of mathematical calculations on classroom blackboards, mounted in strips on plastic paper. Through June 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Felice A. Beato—Landscapes and hand-tinted genre scenes of nineteenth-century Japan, by a Venetian-born Englishman who was among the first visitors to the newly opened country. Through June 17. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Wynn Bullock (1902-75) / **Don Cyr**—Thirty photographs, most of them nature studies. / Prints made with a dollar-ninety-eight Diana camera. Through June 25. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Nadar (1820-1910) / **Edward Steichen** (1879-1973)—Portraits of artists, writers, and composers in nineteenth-century Paris. / Portraits also, these centering on notables in twentieth-century New York. Through June 25. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Irving Penn—A crumpled package of cigarettes, a mud-covered glove, and other discards found in the streets figure in the twenty-eight platinum prints on exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Josef Sudek (1896-1976)—A retrospective of prints that includes scenes of his native Czechoslovakia. Through July 3. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Deborah Turbeville—Black-and-white prints by a photographer whose works are regularly seen in *Vogue*. Through Saturday, June 11. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Willard Van Dyke—Prints made between 1930 and 1937 by a founding member of the f/64 Group, who went on to discover his true métier in films. Through July 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Esman**, 29 W. 57th St.:

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Photonotations II," an exhibit of photographs by painters and sculptors—Duchamp, Diebenkorn, and Wesselmann among them. Through Saturday, June 4. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit of photographs devoted entirely to the American county courthouse. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **PFEIFER,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Prints of the pioneer days in the American West by Curtis, Muybridge, Watkins, and lesser-known photographers. Through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: "Unposed Portraits," a show of works by nine contemporary photographers, including Mark Cohen, Robert Frank, and Danuta Otfinowski. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The recently acquired David portrait of Lavoisier is on view in the reopened Wrightsman galleries of eighteenth-century French furnishings. . . . ¶ An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ More than a hundred and fifty works on loan from museums in the Soviet Union. Dating from the fourteenth century to the present, they include icons, portraits, landscapes. Through June 26. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Aug. 30. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Irving Penn. Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Recently acquired works in a broad range of styles by Morris Louis, Roy Lichtenstein, John Clem Clarke, Susan Rothenberg, and others. Through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Nineteen portraits, many of renowned men, as drawn by Gauguin, James Wyeth, Giacometti, Rivers, and others. (Feminists may take comfort in the fact that portraits of women will follow next month.) Starting Thursday, June 2. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Group show centering on pictures of courthouses. Through July 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.). . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of country, jazz, and other music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the works of Kenneth Noland includes more than a hundred paintings, plus a recently completed sculpture on exhibit for the first time. Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Selections from the bequest of Lawrence H. Bloedel include paintings by Loren MacIver, Milton Avery, and Larry Rivers. Through June 19. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Group show of portraits. Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Circa 1910," an exhibit that takes a look at the art world in the years preceding the Armory Show. On view are works by, among others, Robert Henri, Max Weber, and Imogen Cunningham, as well as films and decorative pieces. Through Wednesday, June 8. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of prints in which a single theme is elaborated into a series. There are twelve artists, including Brice Marden, Sol LeWitt, Alice Martin, and Sylvia Mangold. Through July 10. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhaustive array of maps, ranging from a 1507 world map to maps made by computers. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, Elizabeth Bishop, Alan Hovhaness, Ada Louise Huxtable, John McPhee, Howard Nemerov, Anne Tyler, and John Updike. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Lennart Anderson, Paul Resika, Susan Smyly, and others. Through June 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A display of Chinese pottery that was made for the Japanese market between 618 and 1644. All the pieces, which include tea-ceremony utensils and vases, come from collections in Japan. Through June 26. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the prominent American sculptor Chaim Gross includes as well drawings, watercolors, prints, and tapestries. Through Oct. 24. (Open every day except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A complement to this exhibition is a showing of twenty sculptures, plus drawings, at the Forum Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the library's medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. . . . ¶ A display of some of John Ruskin's correspondence, manuscripts (one written and illustrated when he was nine), drawings, and personal possessions. . . . ¶ Forty-five books (including the only complete copy of "Morte d'Arthur") printed by William Caxton. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Through July 30.

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—The current show here is called "Grass," and that's just what it is—a surprising variety of articles made of grass. (Bamboo is a grass, which helps.) Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Diaries kept by writers (Virginia Woolf, Sean O'Casey, Herman Melville, and William Inge among them) from the seventeenth century on make up the latest show from the Berg Collection. Through Sept. 16. (Open every day except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibit that re-creates, through photographs, architectural models, and drawings, the history of housing for blacks in New York. Through June 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.)

OPERA

THE WISE WOMAN AND THE KING—Carl Orff's opera, presented in English. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Friday through Sunday, June 3-5; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 7-8; and Friday through Sunday, June 10-12, all at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC PROMENADES—At Avery Fisher Hall, the final concerts of the season—Judith Somogi conducting "Promenade Pastorale" on Wednesday and Thursday, June 1-2, at 8:30 (with John Browning, piano). . . . ¶ Gunther Schuller conducting "Rags, Jazz and Nostalgia" on Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, and Tuesday, June 7, at 8:30 (with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting a benefit repeat performance of "Gala Promenade" on Wednesday, June 8, at 8:30 (with Anna

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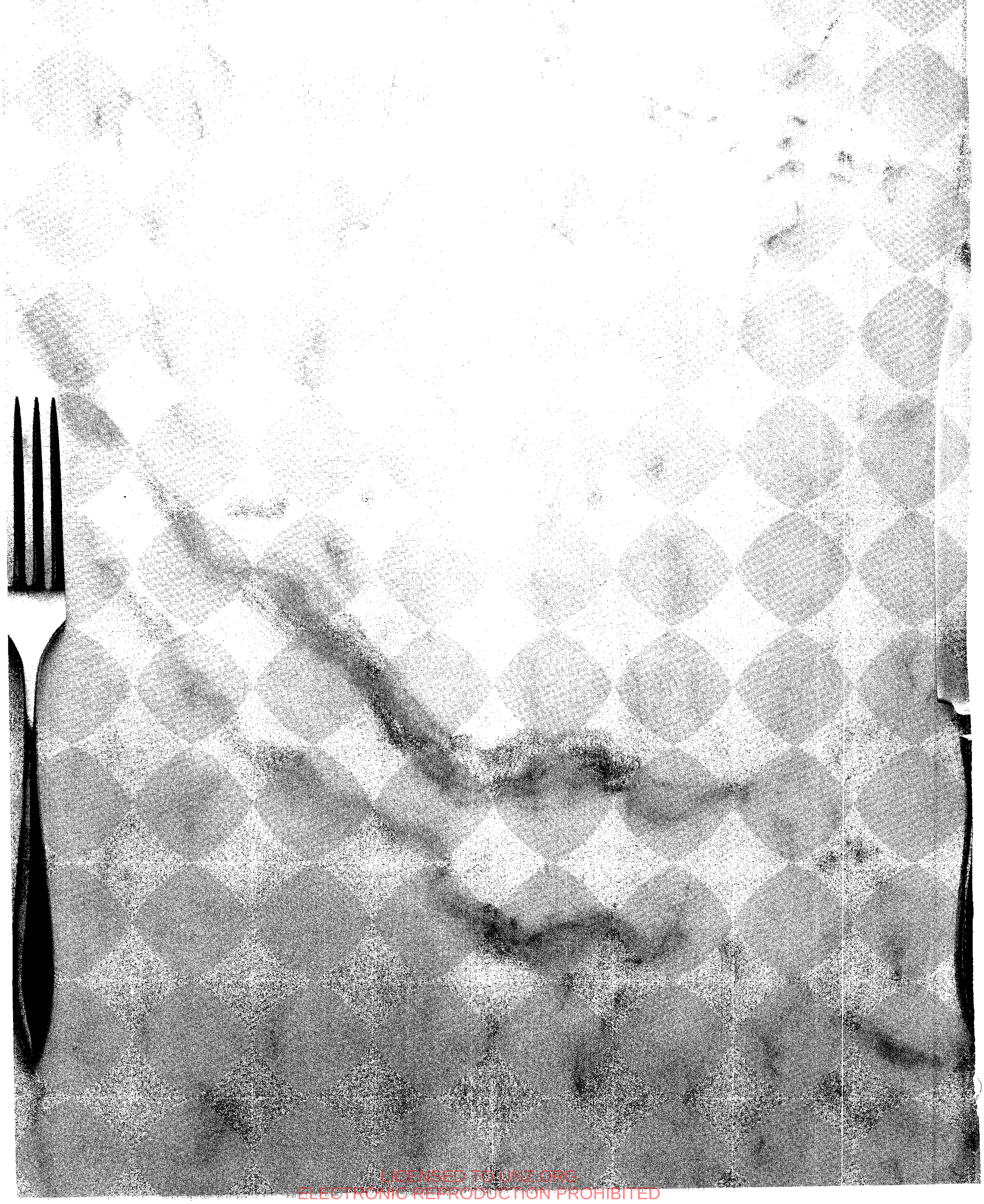

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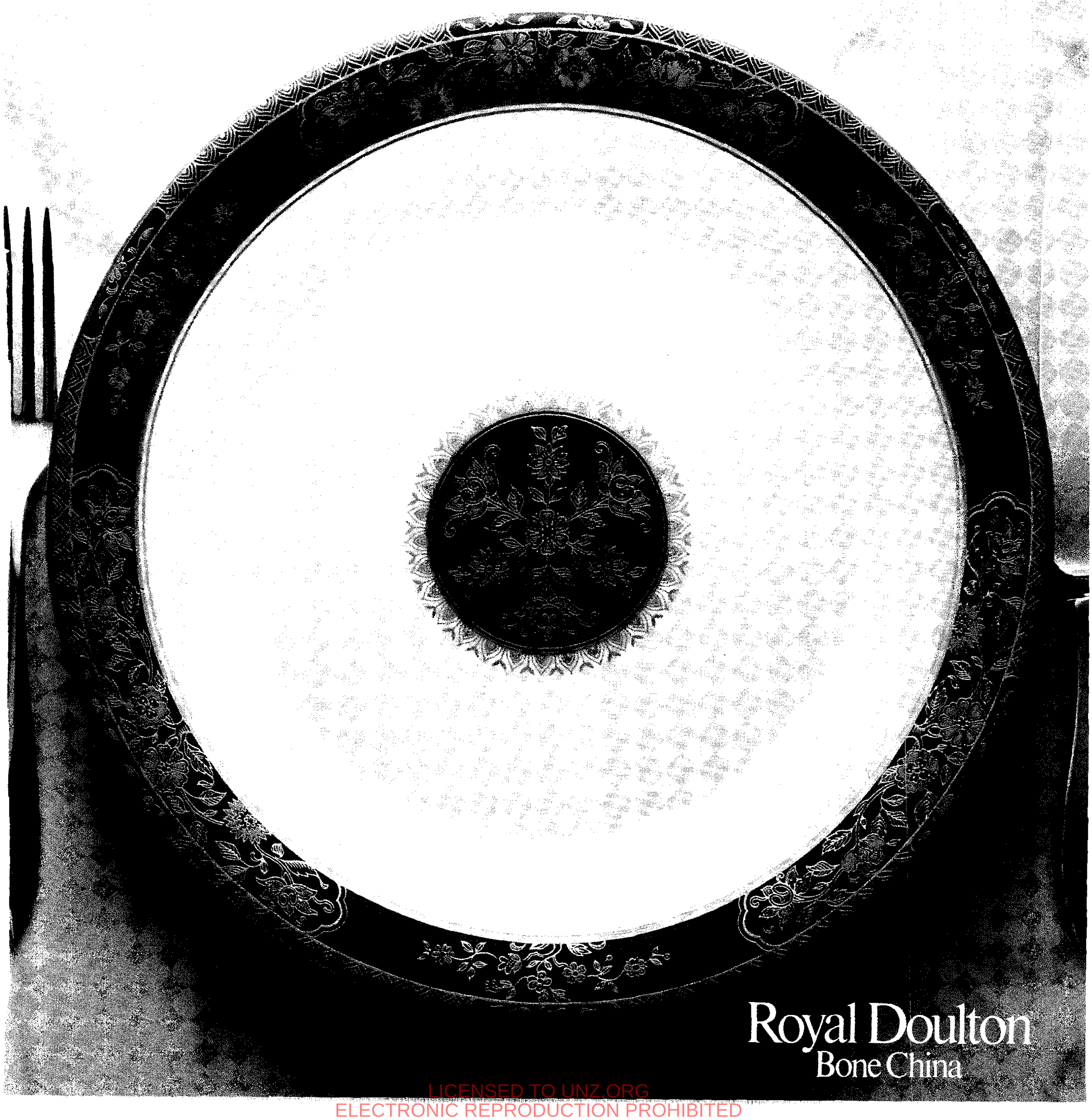

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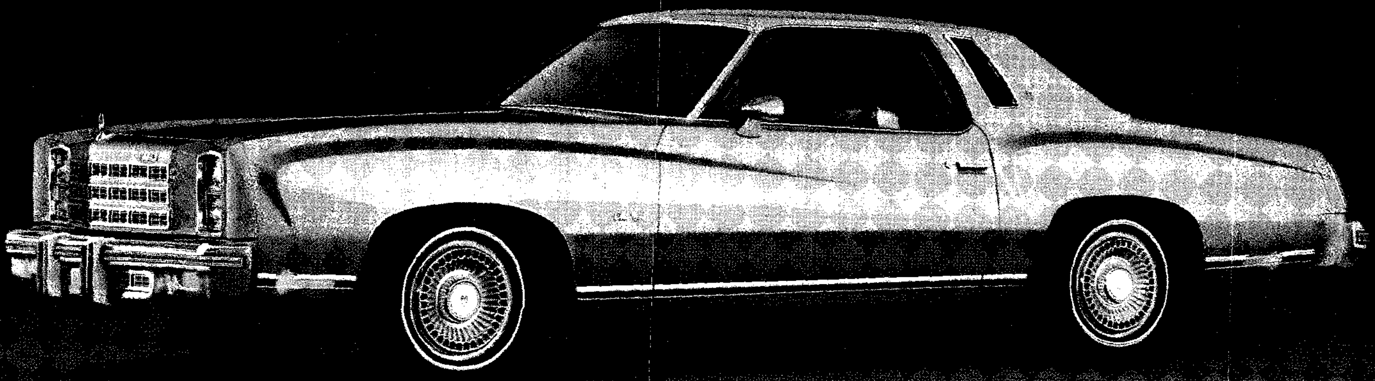

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Moffo, soprano; for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415); and "Summer Night Promenade" Thursday through Saturday, June 9-11, at 8:30 (with Ivan Davis, piano).

Smith College Chamber Singers—Iva Dee Hiatt directing a concert of sacred music from the thirteenth century to the present. Edwin London will direct one of his own works. (Brick Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 91st St. Thursday, June 2, at 8. Admission is free but contributions are accepted.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—The second of two concerts, this one, postponed from May 18, a program of Czech music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, June 2, at 8.)

New World Consort—A program entitled "Music of Medieval Jewry." (Universalist Church of New York City, 4 W. 76th St. Saturday, June 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

Geraldine O'Grady—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, June 11, at 2:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Friday, June 3, at 8:05; Saturday, June 4, at 2:05; and Sunday, June 5, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Monday through Wednesday, June 6-8, at 8:05. . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Friday, June 10, at 8, and Saturday, June 11, at 2.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 2-4.)

Marathon Race (F.)—The Bonne Bell Mini Marathon, of ten thousand metres, with more than a thousand women participating, will start at noon on Saturday, June 4, at the Central Park West Drive, at W. 72nd St., and finish (puff, puff) at W. 67th St., near the Tavern-on-the-Green.

Racing—At BELMONT (if there is any BELMONT, what with the strike): Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 30. The Peter Pan, Wednesday, June 1; the Hempstead Handicap, Saturday, June 4; the Edgemere Handicap, Monday, June 6; the Mother Goose, Friday, June 10; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 11. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Sept. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 12:05.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:45, from Wednesday, June 1, through Monday, Sept. 5. The Longport Handicap, Saturday, June 4. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, July 23.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Toronto. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Sunday, June 5, at 2:05. For information about tickets, call 484-6010.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—At NASSAU COLISEUM: New York Apples vs. Soviet Union, Saturday, June 4. . . . ¶ New York Apples vs. Cleveland, Saturday, June 11. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.) . . . MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: New York Apples vs. Phoenix, Monday, June 6, in the Arena. . . . ¶ New York Apples vs. Indiana, Wednesday, June 8, in Felt Forum. (Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts.) Matches begin at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 725-0070.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 18. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

Yachting—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 11.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—David Shapiro reading from his new book of poems, "Lateness." (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Thursday, June 2, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

The Great Outdoors—Through Sunday, June 12, the semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ On Sunday, June 5, there will be a conducted walking tour of Greenwich Village, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, starting at the corner of Gay and Christopher Streets, at 2:30. For information, call 534-1672. . . . ¶ The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 1, at 10:15, and Thursday, June 2, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese snuffbottles, ceramics, and other works of art; from many sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 1, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century decorations, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, June 3, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental rugs, from several owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 8, at 2: Modern paintings, from various collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, June 3. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 9-10, at 2: American furniture and decorations, from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Friday, June 3. . . . NOTE: On Wednesday, June 8, at 10, at PB-84, 171 E. 84th St., there will be an auction of tin toys produced by the Louis Marx Company during the years 1920-55. Included will be mechanical and windup cars, planes, boats, trains, and Disney characters, plus toys from Japanese, English, and Continental competitors. (Exhibition hours: Saturday, June 4, from 10 to 5; Sunday, June 6, from 9 to 7:30; and Tuesday, June 7, from 9 to 2.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Automobile Racing—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa. June 26.

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, June 12 (day). Kansas City, June 13-14 and 16 (night). Boston, June 24 (n) and June 25-26 (d). Detroit, July 1 (n), July 2 (d), and July 3 (day doubleheader). Cleveland, July 4-7 (n). . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, June 16-17 (night) and June 18-19 (day). Atlanta, June 20-22 (n). Philadelphia, June 27-29 (n). Montreal, July 8 (n), July 9 (at 4:05), and July 10 (d).

Crew—Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. June 30-July 3.)

Racing—At ASCOT, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting: June 14-17. . . . WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 25.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J.: Cosmo games on June 12, 19, and 26, and July 6.

Tennis—International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 20-July 2.)

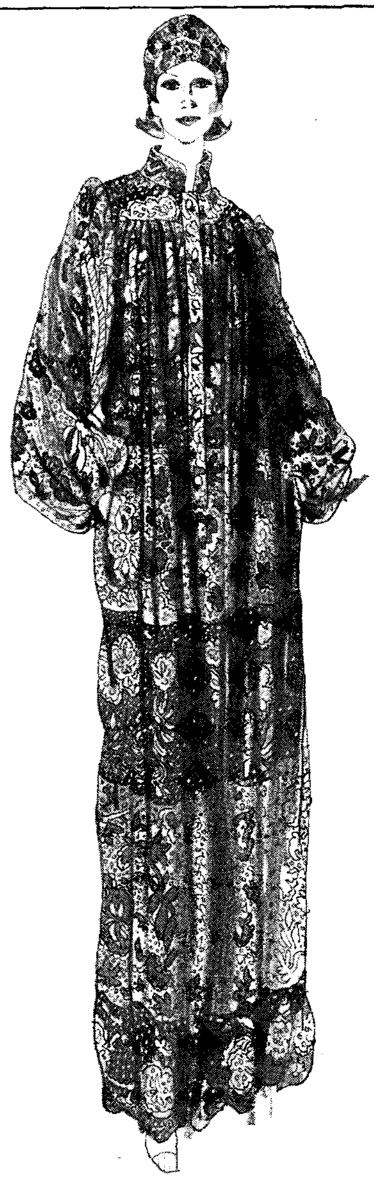
Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: June 20-Aug. 13. . . . HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: July 4-8.

Yachting—America's Cup preliminary trials. (Newport. June 18-25.)

Music—The Metropolitan Opera will present concert performances in Central Park on June 14 ("Tosca") and June 21 ("La Bohème"). . . . ¶ The New York Philharmonic's Rug Concerts, at Avery Fisher Hall (TR 4-2424), June 16-26. . . . ¶ Guggenheim Outdoor Concerts by the Goldman Band in Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center, June 22-July 31. . . . ¶ Newport Jazz Festival (Carnegie Hall, Avery Fisher Hall, Alice Tully Hall, a Staten Island ferry, Loeb Student Center, Roseland Ballroom, the streets of New York at one time or another, and Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.), June 24-July 4. . . . ¶ Caramoor Festival, Katonah, N.Y., June 25-Aug. 21. . . . ¶ Saratoga Performing Arts Center, July 5-Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 8-Aug. 28.

Dance—Stuttgart Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, June 14-July 2.

Other Dates—Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Wednesday, June 15. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Monday.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 7: "Welcome to L.A."
From June 8: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 7: "Marathon Man" and "The Fortune."
From June 8: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 7: "Network."
From June 8: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Slap Shot."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Annie Hall."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 9 (tentative): "Day of the Animals."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Between the Lines."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Rocky."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Annie Hall."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Cría!"

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Sting."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through June 7: "3 Women."
From June 8: "The Other Side of Midnight."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 2: "Cousin Angelica."
From June 3: "Ossessione."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Jabberwocky."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through June 4: "The Freshman."
June 5-7: "Speedy."
From June 8: "Safety Last."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Slap Shot."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Cinderella 2000" (X-rated).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"We All Loved Each Other So Much."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Black Sunday."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 7: "Rocky."
From June 8: "Airport '77."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Annie Hall."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Cinderella 2000" (X-rated).

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Greatest."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Car."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through June 7: "Day of the Animals."
From June 8: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Greatest."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through June 7: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" and "A Boy and His Dog."
From June 8: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Annie Hall."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Late Show."
Theatre 2: Through June 7: "Fun with Dick and Jane" and "The Front." From June 8: "Fellini's Casanova."
Theatre 3: Through June 7: "Cinderella 2000" (X-rated). From June 8: "The Song Remains the Same."
Theatre 4: Through June 7: "Woodstock." From June 8: "Uncle Vanya."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Sting."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Smokey and the Bandit."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
From June 2: "The Grateful Dead."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Annie Hall."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Man on the Roof."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 7: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" and "A Boy and His Dog."
From June 8: To be announced.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 2: "Equinox Flower."
From June 3: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 7 (tentative): "Welcome to L.A."
From June 8: "Fellini's Casanova."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Annie Hall."
Theatre 2: "The Greatest."
Theatre 3: "Black Sunday."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 2: "Jail Bait."
From June 3: "Beware of a Holy Whore" and "Katzelmacher."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 7: "Bound for Glory" and "Lenny."
From June 8 (tentative): "Woodstock."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 1: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (1971), a Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev; and "Cul-de-Sac" (1966), directed by Roman Polanski, with Donald Pleasence, Françoise Dorléac, and Lionel Stander.
June 2: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti; and "WR—Mysteries of the Organism."
June 3: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus;" and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté."
June 4: "The Boy Friend" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Twiggy; and "And Now for Something Completely Different."
June 5: "42nd Street" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "The Boy Friend."
June 6: Two new Belgian films.
June 7: "A Film About a Woman Who . . ." (1974), directed by Yvonne Rainer; and "Seven Chances" (1925), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton.
June 8: "Rouge et Noir" (†) and "Sandra." (†)
June 9: "A Man and a Woman" (†) and "Rouge et Noir." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 1: "The Jazz Singer" (1927), directed by Alan Crosland, with Al Jolson and May McAvoy; and "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with James Cagney and Walter Huston.
June 2: Three Jean Renoir films—"La Petite Marchande d'Allumettes" (1928), a silent film, "A Day in the Country" (1937), in French, and "Picnic on the Grass" (1959), in French.
June 3: "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "Day for Night" (1973), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese.
June 4: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.
June 5: "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (†) and "Mary of Scotland." (†)
June 6: "Red River" (†) and "The Big Sky." (†)
June 7: "Rouge et Noir" (†) and "The Red Inn." (†)
June 8: "Stage Door" (†) and "Morning Glory." (†)
June 9: "La Chinoise" (1967), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard; and "My Life to Live." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 2: "Fritz the Cat" (1972; X-rated) and "Heavy Traffic" (1973; R-rated), both animated cartoons, directed by Ralph Bakshi.
June 3-4: "Yellow Submarine" (1968), directed by George Dunning, a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles; and "The Three Stooges Follies" (1974), excerpts from their films of the thirties and forties.
June 5-6: "A Very Natural Thing" (1974), directed by Christopher Larkin, with Robert Joel and Curt Gareth; and "Something for Everyone." (†)
June 7: "The Manchurian Candidate" (†) and "Wild in the Streets." (†)
June 8-9: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (†);

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PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., HAMMONDSPORT, N.Y. 14840 and "Logan's Run" (1976), directed by Michael Anderson, with Michael York, Jenny Agutter, Richard Jordan, Roscoe Lee Browne, and Peter Ustinov.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 1: "The Ceremony" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima.

June 2-4: "Zatoichi at Large" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Kazuo Mori; and "Samurai Rebellion" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi, with Toshiro Mifune.

June 5-6: "An Autumn Afternoon" (1962) and "The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice" (1952), both films in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu.

June 7-8: "The Bad Sleep Well" (1960), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Pale Flower" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda.

From June 9: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through June 4: "Daisy Kenyon" (1947), directed by Otto Preminger, with Joan Crawford, Dana Andrews, and Henry Fonda; and "Rain." (†)

June 5-7: "Possessed" (†); and "Harriet Craig" (1950), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Joan Crawford and Wendell Corey.

From June 8: "West Side Story." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through June 2: "The King and I" (†); and "Anastasia" (1956), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Ingrid Bergman and Yul Brynner.

June 3-4: "Secret Agent" (†) and "The Man Who Knew Too Much." (†)

June 5-6: "It's a Wonderful Life" (†) and "Angel on My Shoulder." (†)

June 7-8: "You'll Never Get Rich" (1941), directed by Sidney Lanfield, with Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth, Robert Benchley, and John Hubbard; and "You Were Never Lovelier." (†)

From June 9: "The Trial" (†); and "Man in the Shadow" (1958), directed by Jack Arnold, with Jeff Chandler and Orson Welles.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through June 5: "Super Vision," a video program. . . . ¶ Starting June 7: "The March on Paris 1914—of Generaloberst Alexander von Kluck—and His Memory of Jessie Holladay," directed by Walter Gutman, with Jessie Holladay Duane. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—*An eight-day program of films by* Roberto Rossellini, all in Italian, with English subtitles: June 1 at 7 and 9: "The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi" (1949). . . . ¶ June 2 at 7 and 9: "The Rise of Louis XIV" (1966). . . . ¶ June 3 at 7 and 9: "Socrates" (1969). . . . ¶ June 4 at 7 and 9:30: "Blaise Pascal" (1972). . . . ¶ June 7 at 7 and 9:30: "Augustine of Hippo" (1972; reviewed in this issue). . . . ¶ June 8 at 7 and 9:30: "The Age of the Medici, Part I" (1973). . . . ¶ June 9 at 7 and 9:30: "The Age of the Medici, Part II" (1973). . . . ¶ June 10 at 7 and 9:30: "The Age of the Medici, Part III" (1973).

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"The New School" (1973), a Cuban film, in Spanish, directed by Jorge Fraga; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium is closed for renovations until June 9.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airport '77—The hero is a Boeing, which behaves immaculately in the most trying circumstances. With Jack Lemmon, Lee Grant, Brenda Vaccaro, Joseph Cotten, and Olivia de Havilland; directed by Jerry Jameson. (72nd Street East; starting June 8.)

Angel on My Shoulder (1946)—Gangster whimsey—which is to say the very worst kind. Paul Muni is depressingly arch as a tough-talking gangster who is shot, sent to Hell, and there discovered by the Devil (Claude Rains) to be a dead ringer for an upstanding judge who has been saving people and sending them to Heaven. In order to spread evil on earth, the Devil arranges to get the bad guy into the body of the judge; pretty soon the gangster is involved in a political campaign, and with the judge's fiancée (Anne Baxter), too. The picture was a deserved flop. Archie Mayo directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 5-6.)

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (34th St. East, Fine Arts, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Little Carnegie, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Between the Lines—Directed by Joan Micklin Silver, from a screenplay by Fred Barron, about a spirited underground Boston weekly called the *Back Bay Mainline.* Mrs. Silver's style is anecdotal and illustrative, crammed with good characters. The plot is engagingly unaggressive and unsystematic, leading to a slimy climax in which the newspaper is bought by a ruthless smoothie in a tie and a suit who is ready to sack and replace the whole raffish staff. An endearing picture. (5/9/77) (Sutton.)

Beware of a Holy Whore (1970)—With Lou Castel, Werner Schroeter, and Eddie Constantine; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker; starting June 3.)

The Big Sky (1952)—The least of Howard Hawks' Westerns, about a search for furs in the Northwest Territory. Simpleminded dialogue of the what-in-tarnation sort. Kirk Douglas is in it, and Elizabeth Threatt is an Indian girl called Teal Eye, meant to be remote and mysterious, and behaving as if Martha Graham had been tutoring her in a tepee. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 6.)

Black and White in Color—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris.)

Black Sunday—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers. The effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (Loews Tower East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Bound for Glory—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (12/13/76) (Olympia; through June 7.)

A Boy and His Dog (1976)—Sci-fi fantasy, with Don Johnson and Jason Robards, based on a Harlan Ellison short novel and directed by L. Q. Jones. (8th St. Playhouse, and Paramount; through June 7.)

The Car—With James Brolin, Kathleen Lloyd, and John Marley; directed by Elliot Silverstein. (86th St. East.)

Cousin Angelica (1974)—Carlos Saura's wonderful picture is the first film made in Spain from the position of the people who lost the Civil War. It happens in two interwoven epochs: the outbreak of the war and the seventies. José Luis López Vázquez plays both the boy and the middle-aged man, in a reflection of the way we all embody the selves we will be at eight or forty-eight or eighty. His beloved is Angelica (María Clara Fernández), first seen (in 1938) as a little girl in a sailor suit who is the child of Francoist parents, later (in the seventies) seen as a daughter of the original Angelica. Happiness billows through this picture, a sanctified fancy about memory. In Spanish. (5/23/77) (D. W. Griffith; through June 2.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Cría!—With Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent, directed by Carlos Saura. In Spanish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza.)

Day of the Animals—With Christopher George, Leslie Nielsen, and Linda Day George; directed by William Girdler. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through June 7. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through June 9, tentative.)

Equinox Flower (1958)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; through June 2.)

Fellini's Casanova—Fellini's epic about his own alienation; it takes great dedication to sit this one out. Donald Sutherland is used as an unfunny caricature of Casanova. (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 8.)

The Fortune (1975)—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. The tone is too playful, too bright—you can see where you're meant to laugh, but you don't feel like it. Some vital element seems to be missing—affection, maybe. Jack Nicholson has some high comic moments, but the film isn't likable. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 7.)

The Freshman (1925)—Harold Lloyd's ancient and celebrated matriculation into college. (Cinema II; through June 4.)

The Front—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark in the role of Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Quad Cinema; through June 7.)

Fun with Dick and Jane—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. (2/28/77) (Quad Cinema; through June 7.)

The Grateful Dead—A filmed concert. (Ziegfeld; starting June 2.)

The Greatest—The career of Muhammad Ali, from his 1960 Olympic victory to the 1975 fight in Zaire against George Foreman. With Ali playing himself, directed by Tom Gries. (Loews Ciné, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

It's a Wonderful Life (1946)—Frank Capra's best-sustained piece of sentimentality after the war (though the postwar public wasn't in the Capra mood, and the picture didn't catch on). James Stewart is the man on the brink of suicide who is given a vision of what life would be like for his family and his town if he had never been born. Donna Reed plays his wife, and the excruciatingly familiar cast includes Lionel Barrymore, Thomas Mitchell, Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi, Ward Bond, H. B. Warner, Gloria Grahame, and Samuel S. Hinds. In its own icky, bittersweet way, it's terribly effective. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 5-6.)

Jabberwocky—An agreeably deranged English film, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. Highly recommended. (5/9/77) (Cinema I.)

Jail Bait (1972)—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (5/30/77) (New Yorker; through June 2.)

Katzelmacher (1969)—With Hanna Schygulla, Harry Baer, and Rainer Werner Fassbinder; directed by Mr. Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker; starting June 3.)

The King and I (1956)—Dopey but musically invigorating film version of the dopey musical about a king of Siam and a prissy English widow who finds the number of his wives and children amazing. Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr play the dopes. The music is by Rodgers and Hammerstein, as if you didn't know. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 2.)

The Late Show—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. Lily Tomlin is the woman who hires him; Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Quad Cinema.)

Lenny (1974)—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (Olympia; through June 7.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 9.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A witty, far-out thriller about political extremists, with some chilling moments. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, James Gregory, and John McGiver. (Cinema Village; June 7.)

Man on the Roof—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema 3.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976)—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (8th St. Playhouse, and Paramount; through June 7. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; June 8-9.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—This Hitchcock thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, Nova Pilbeam as the kidnapped child, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has the director's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but Hitchcock seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes (a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version, which he made in 1955, in color, with James Stewart and Doris Day). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 3-4.)

Marathon Man—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled cross-cutting that there isn't the clarity needed for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (10/11/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 7.)

Mary of Scotland (1936)—Not a vintage year for Katharine Hepburn films; this was one of the three flops she had that year. John Ford directed, and Dudley Nichols adapted the Maxwell Anderson play. And poor Fredric March was enlisted to play the fighting Scotsman Bothwell, who loved Mary and proved to be her undoing. The picture drips prestige. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 5.)

Morning Glory (1933)—Katharine Hepburn got her first Academy Award for her performance as "Eva Lovelace"—the name taken by a girl who comes to New York obsessively determined to become a great actress. It's a strange, ambivalent study of that lying-cheating kind of determination, taken from a play by Zoë Akins and directed by Lowell Sherman. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou. The picture was remade in the late fifties as "Stage Struck," starring Susan Strasberg. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 8.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 9.)

Network—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (Gramercy; through June 7.)

Ossessione (1942)—The first film made by Luchino Visconti. Based on James Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice," with Clara Calamai and Massimo Girotti. In Italian. (D.W. Griffith; starting June 3.)

The Other Side of Midnight—Based on the Sidney Sheldon novel. With Marie-France Pisier, John Beck, Susan Sarandon, and Raf Vallone; directed by Charles Jarrott. (Coronet; starting June 8.)

Possessed (1947)—" 'I love you' is such an inadequate way of saying I love you," the impassioned Joan Crawford murmurs to her sweetheart (Van Heflin). When Heflin, who is an engineer as well as a coldhearted lady-killer, points out, in a passage of technological ecstasy, that he finds a girder he has devised more beautiful than Miss Crawford, she whimpers, "Why don't you love me like that? I'm a lot nicer than a girder." Heflin can't see it her way, and presently, in despair, she marries Raymond Massey, a big oil man with a lively daughter (Geraldine Brooks). Watching Heflin fall in love with her stepdaughter proves too much for Crawford, who comes down with a case of schizophrenia that really rattles the walls of the Massey homestead before the psychiatrists take her in tow. In terms of suspense, this picture, directed by Curtis Bernhardt, is often very striking, and, clearly, he and the cast are giving it all they've got. But insanity is used, in the usual Hollywood manner, to provide an excuse for so much heavy-breathing melodrama that there isn't a trace of believability. (Thalia; June 5-7.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the robust, gluttonous monarch; among the ladies he marries are Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester. Alexander Korda directed this war-horse of the movie repertory, which is still alive and in good spirits. With Robert Donat and John Loder. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 5.)

Rain (1932)—Joan Crawford is the innocent-at-heart tramp Sadie Thompson in this version of the Somerset Maugham wheezer, adapted by Maxwell Anderson and directed by Lewis Milestone. Crawford is the most unnuanced actress imaginable, and her interpretation of Sadie has absolutely no delicacy. Yet this time her desperate earnestness is fixating. With all the emotion she pours on, and her flashing eyes and twisted-scar mouth and strained voice, she's so totally affected that the affectation begins to seem natural. Her vitality is undeniable. As the sanctimonious Reverend Davidson (Hollywood's archetypal lustful hypocrite), Walter Huston has some startlingly shrewd moments, but the production is stilted and claustrophobic—obviously the dated stage version of the Maugham story dominated the moviemakers' thinking. With William Gargan, Beulah Bondi, Guy Kibbee, and Matt Moore. (Thalia; through June 4.)

The Red Inn (1951)—A popular macabre com-

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edy, rather like a more refined French equivalent of "Arsenic and Old Lace" and "The Old Dark House." Set in 1833 in the Ardèche Mountains, the story is about a group of travellers in a public carriage who take refuge in a remote inn. The innkeepers (Françoise Rosay and Julien Carette) plan to rob and murder them; Fernandel plays the licentious monk who attempts to rescue the group. This Claude Autant-Lara film, from a script by Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost, is generally considered to be a highly sophisticated satire, but it isn't really as funny as one might wish. With Grégoire Aslan. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 7.)

Red River (1948)—A Howard Hawks film. John Wayne plays the heavy, and a magnificent young actor called Montgomery Clift is the stepson in a cattle Western full of stampedes and bang-bang battles with Indians. Hawks worshippers claim much too much for this film, but Clift is elating. He glitters with audacity and talent. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 6.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Trans-Lux East. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through June 7.)

Rouge et Noir (1954)—Stendhal's spirit doesn't quite come through; the ironic romanticism lacks dash, despite Claude Autant-Lara's fidelity and taste. Gérard Philipe is the proud opportunist Julien Sorel—analytic and calculating in his priestly cassock. Also with Danielle Darrieux as Madame de Rênal, and Antonella Lualdi as Mathilde de la Mole. The soft, pretty color is more delicate than seems right for Stendhal. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 7. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; June 8-9.)

Safety Last (1923)—With Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor. (Cinema II; starting June 8.)

Sandra (1966)—Luchino Visconti gives his native land the turbid and murky climate of a gothic novel. In the richly upholstered gloom of a crumbling palazzo, the young heroine (Claudia Cardinale) slips uneasily from one pool of shadows to the next, pursued by her amiable, baffled American husband (Michael Craig) and by her dissolute brother (Jean Sorel). The tale demands to be sung, and in scene after scene we prepare to enjoy an aria that has been unaccountably mislaid. With Marie Bell as the mentally disturbed mother. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 8.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. (59th St. East.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Not altogether successful Hitchcock version of Somerset Maugham's spy thriller, "Ashenden," but it has a bright, quick, fresh touch, and it's fascinating partly because the two male leads, John Gielgud and Peter Lorre, are so ill used. Gielgud looks like a tailor's dummy for Leslie Howard, and Lorre plays a cheerful little killer who speaks with a Mexican accent and wears a single earring. With Madeleine Carroll and Robert Young. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 3-4.)

Slap Shot—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (Murray Hill, and Columbia I.)

Smokey and the Bandit—With Burt Reynolds, Sally Field, Jerry Reed, and Jackie Gleason; directed by Hal Needham. (Music Hall.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. Directed by Harold Prince. (Cinema Village; June 5-6.)

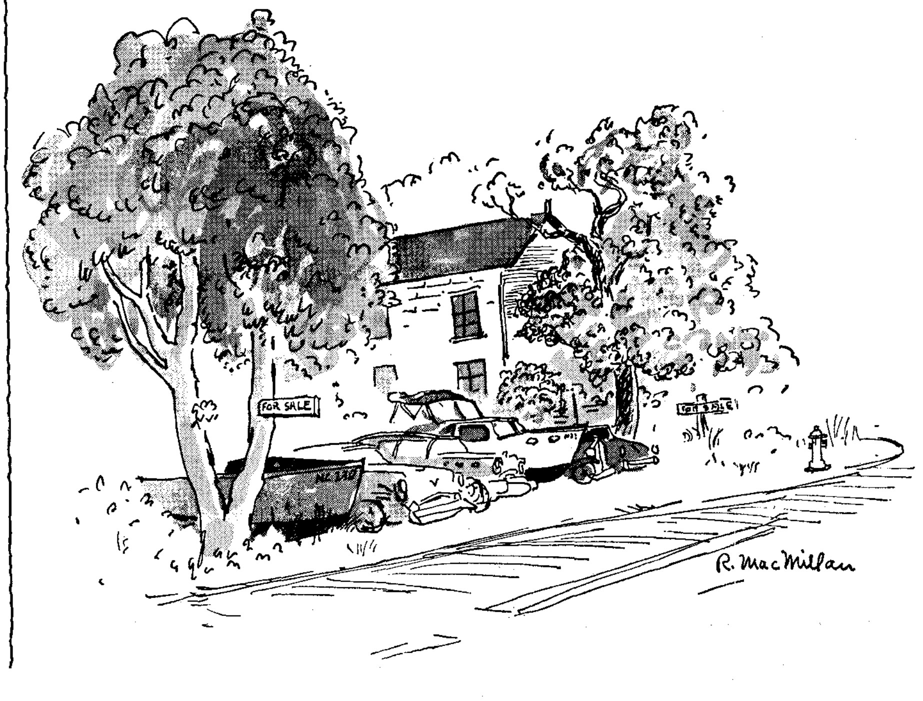
The Song Remains the Same—The Led Zeppelin rock group, onstage and off. (Quad Cinema; starting June 8.)

Speedy (1928)—With Harold Lloyd. (Cinema II; June 5-7.)

Stage Door (1937)—One of the flashiest, most entertaining comedies of the thirties, even with its tremolos and touches of heartbreak. As roommates in a New York boarding house for girls aspiring to a stage career, Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers are terrific wisecracking partners. (Rogers, at her liveliest, holds her own with apparent ease.) The other girls waiting for their lucky breaks include Eve Arden (who wears a cat around her neck like a tippet), Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Andrea Leeds, and Gail Patrick. The cast includes Adolphe Menjou as a producer with a roving eye, Franklin Pangborn as his valet, and Constance Collier as an aged actress who does coaching. Gregory La Cava directed this adaptation of the Broadway hit by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 8.)

Star Wars—With Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, Peter Cushing, and Alec Guinness; directed by George Lucas. (Loews Orpheum.)

The Sting (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Red-



ford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (Baronet, and Guild.)

3 Women—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged. Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. (4/18/77) (Coronet; through June 7.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' brand of outrageousness is especially unsuited to the matter-of-fact horror of the Kafka novel, but he manages some striking effects. With Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 9.)

Uncle Vanya (1963)—Probably the best "Vanya" in English that we shall ever see. Directed by Stuart Burge, it is a literal preservation of Laurence Olivier's Chichester Festival production in England, with Olivier as Astrov, Michael Redgrave as Vanya, Rosemary Harris as Ilyena, Joan Plowright as Sonya, Lewis Casson as Telegin, Max Adrian as the fraudulent pamphleteer Serebryakov. The production perfectly catches the peculiar dilemma of Chekhov's great characters, which is that they are tragic heroes fated to seem comic in the eyes of the people they most worship. (4/18/77) (Quad Cinema; starting June 8.)

We All Loved Each Other So Much—With Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, Stefania Sandrelli, and Aldo Fabrizi; directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman.)

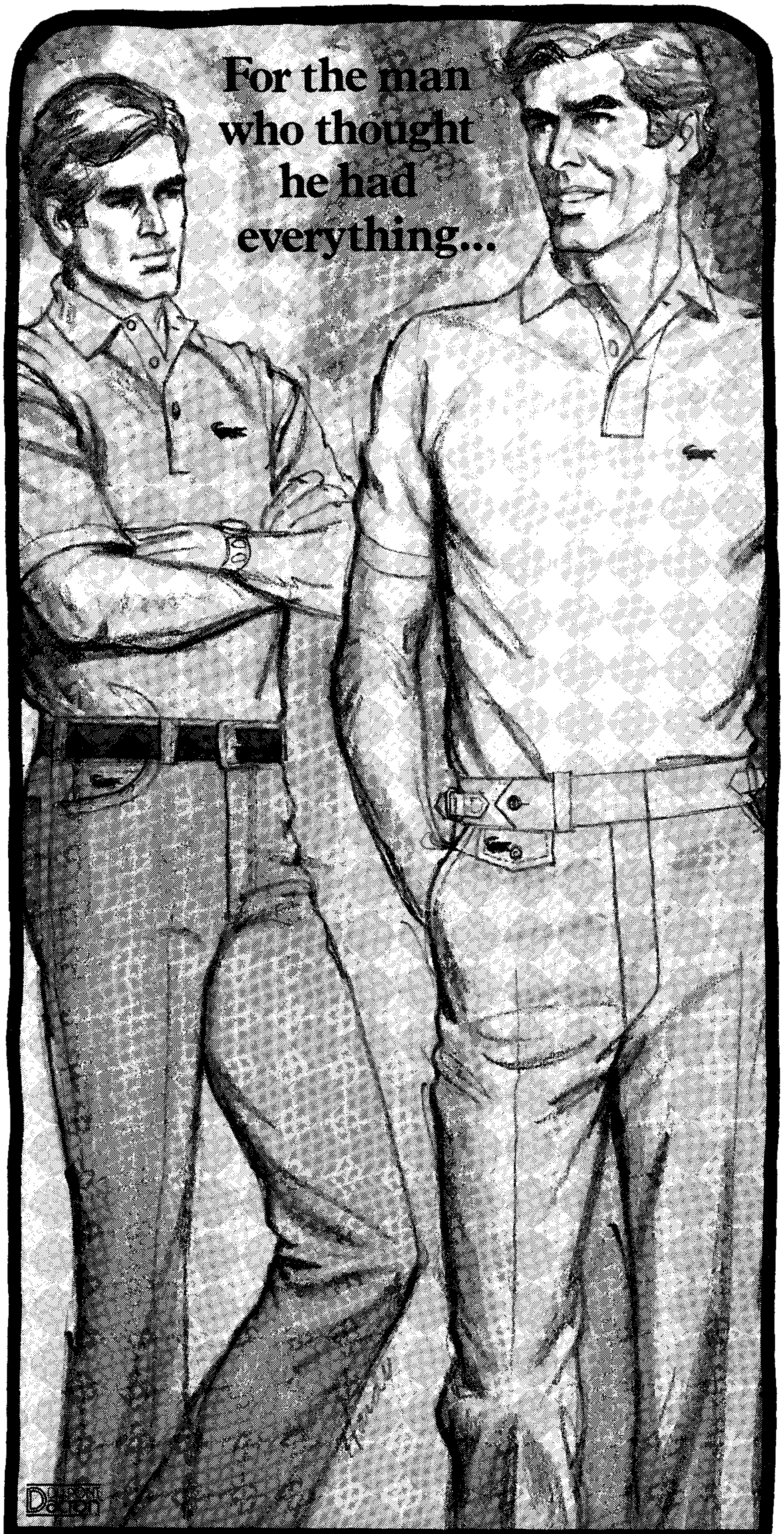
Welcome to L.A.—The writer-director, Alan Rudolph, is literary in a sub-literate way; he overvalues mournful poetic thoughts. And Richard Baskin, whose suite of rock songs "City of the One Night Stands" was the starting point for this sick-soul-of-Los Angeles movie, growls his guru-wisdom lyrics on the sound track. Their whimsical, laid-back alienation is stagnant and irritating; the picture seems drugged. Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, Sissy Spacek, Sally Kellerman, and others perform attentively, but they're undirected. (3/21/77) (Art; through June 7. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through June 7, tentative.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (Thalia; starting June 8.)

Wild in the Streets (1968)—This blatant, insensitive, crummy-looking American International Pictures movie is entertaining in a lot of ways that more tasteful movies aren't; it has wit without any grace at all, and is enjoyable at a pop, comic-strip level. The story (by Robert Thom) is a satirical fantasy about the freaked-out young as a new breed of Fascist; it's treated with lunatic relish and enough mockery to make it funny. Barry Shear's direction isn't up to the playful paranoia of the script, but the cast is good—Christopher Jones, Shelley Winters, Millie Perkins, Diane Varsi rattling a tambourine, Hal Holbrook as a congressman who has a faint twitch when he smells trouble, and a very young Richard Pryor in his first screen appearance. (Cinema Village; June 7.)

Woodstock (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Quad Cinema; through June 7. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting June 8, tentative.)

You Were Never Lovelier (1942)—Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth—with Astaire pursuing her by the route of her matchmaking father, played by Adolphe Menjou. Quite endearing punk, with tunes including "You Were Never Lovelier" itself, "Dearly Beloved," and "I'm Old-Fashioned." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 7-8.)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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

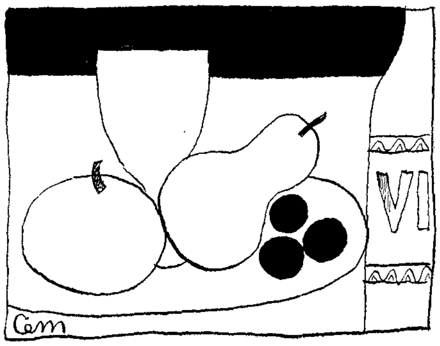
WE have a friend who enjoys what he likes to call the theatre of political expression, so we asked him to attend the first performance of last week's public hearings on Westway—a proposal to replace the lower four and two-tenths miles of the closed and broken-down West Side Highway with a one-billion-two-hundred-million-dollar complex of tunnelled superhighway and superimposed park and waterfront-development sites. Here is his report:

Great day for a hearing. Warm, sunny, placid. Lunchtime crowd basks in plaza of World Trade Center listening to the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy Band. Forty-four stories overhead, in a state hearing room in Two World Trade Center, all hell is breaking loose. Environmentalists insulting construction workers. Construction workers heckling public officials. Three hearing officers, from the Army Corps of Engineers, the State Department of Transportation, and the State Department of Environmental Conservation, who are officiating, huddle in bewilderment while on a rostrum a speaker, ignored by everybody but the official reporter, drones on.

Technical purpose of the hearings is to elicit public response to data collected on behalf of what has been formally designated the Modified Outboard alternative of the West Side Highway Project. Hearing opens with introduction into the proceedings, by West Side Highway Project Executive Director Lowell K. Bridwell, of yellow-bound noise-impact statement, running to about five hundred pages; gray-bound air-quality-impact statement, about two hundred and fifty pages; cream-colored traffic-impact statement, about two hundred pages; and blue water-quality-impact statement, about two hundred pages. These make a pile about a foot high on the stenographer's desk, where they languish untouched and unreferred to throughout the day.

Real question in dispute at the hearings, of course, is whether to go ahead with Westway, which has received the endorsement of Governor Carey and Mayor Beame and approval from the federal Department of Transportation (the federal Environmental Protection Agency, with only an advisory voice, has termed Westway "environmentally unsatisfactory"), or to trade in the highway-allotment funds for mass-transit funds. Those present fall into three factions. In the rear of the room sit (or, more often, stand) members of the city's construction unions, who are the most vociferous hecklers in support of Westway. In the front of the room are groups of environmentalists and politicians and lower-Manhattan residents, who are the most picturesque of the anti-Westway representatives, waving multicolored placards at each pass of a news or television camera. In between these two groups sit one or two New Yorkers who take something of a compromise position, favoring a project limited to the simple replacement of the West Side Highway, with the excess money going into transit improvements.

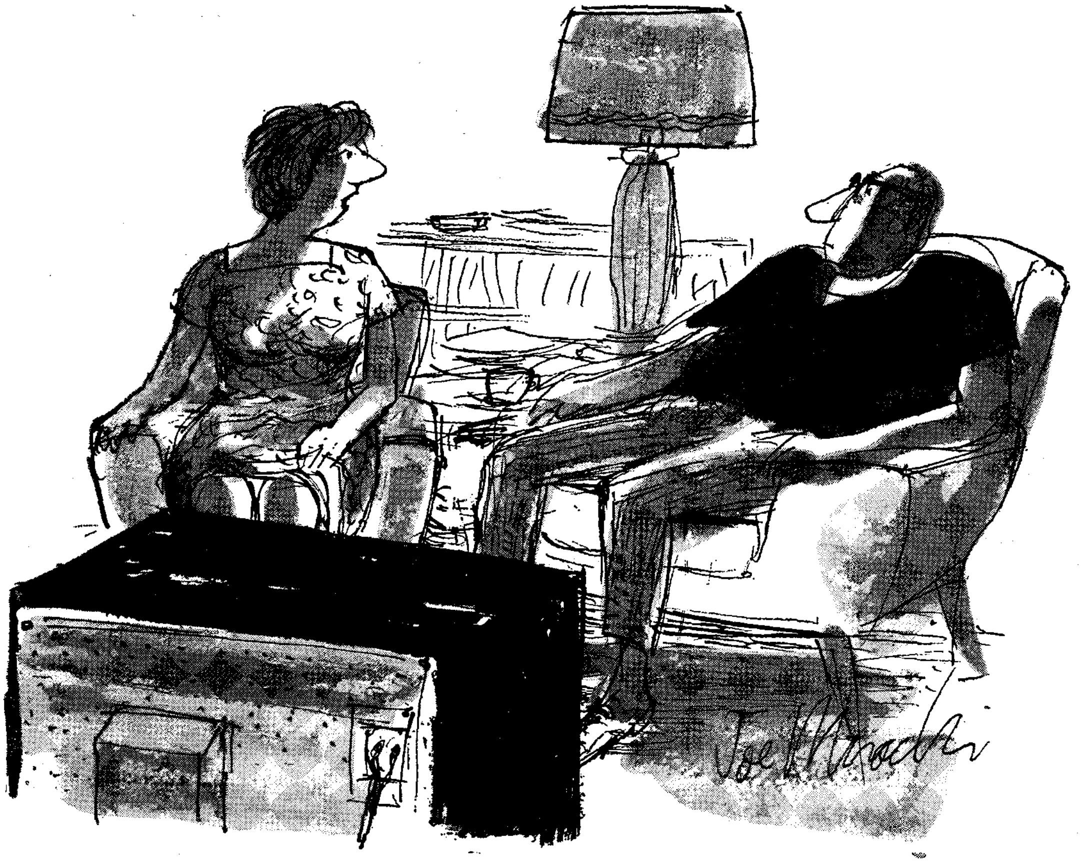
Not many compromisers, though, either among the speakers or among those listening to them. Early pro-Westway speakers include former United States Secretary of Labor Peter Brennan, now the president of the Building and Construction Trades Council; Victor Marrero, chairman of the New York City Planning Commission; and Harry Van Arsdale, president of the New York City Central Labor Council, who tells the panel officials brusquely to get on with the project. "People outside the city are starting to question why it is so difficult to get things done in New York," he says. "You have a responsibility to show that our kind of democracy can still work."



The early anti-Westway speakers include State Senator Franz Leichter, Councilman Carter Burden, Councilwomen Miriam Friedlander and Carol Greitzer, and former Representative (and as yet unannounced mayoral candidate) Bella Abzug, who tries without much success to draw Van Arsdale into a direct debate on the numbers of jobs the new highway would affect, maintaining that it would drive eight thousand from the city while creating only fifteen hundred, and those temporary.

From time to time, the chief hearing officer, Gerald Duckor, who is an administrative law judge for the State Department of Transportation, and a very patient presider, points out that "boos and yeas do not appear in the hearing records," but, as commonly happens at public hearings, the speakers on both sides are nevertheless cheered and booed by their supporters and opponents; the responses appear to be reflexive, without much consideration being given to any points that the speakers happen to be making at the time. This situation puts the union forces in the position of shouting down Mrs. Abzug's plea for additional jobs in the city and leaves the environmentalists hissing Mr. Brennan's call for better West Side air quality. Also reflexively, perhaps, Mr. Brennan later invokes the name of Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority Consultant Robert Moses as a Westway supporter. "Moses is against it!" one of the environmentalists shouts (and, indeed, Mr. Moses has issued a report calling the project a "West Side Fiasco"), and the environmentalists then cheer the name of Robert Moses. "Well, even he is entitled to a mistake once in a while," Mr. Brennan says, recovering affably.

For me, anyway, the major paradox



"How about changing seats? I've viewed everything from the same angle for twenty-three years."

• •

of the hearing—and therefore its high point—comes with its complete disruption in a reaction by several of the construction workers to indelicate language employed by a woman environmentalist, who happens to be defending a heckled speaker. "We kept our rhetoric clean," one of the union officials says in the course of making an unsuccessful demand that the woman be expelled from the hearing room. Up on the dais, Judge Duckor shrugs, and motions to the speaker to continue.

As for how the two groups compare, the labor forces have the lung power: they cause the hearings to be interrupted several times—once when they sing down an opposing witness with "God Bless America." The environmentalists, on the other hand, have the staying power: their hardiest leaders remain through the dinner break, and, in fact, when the hearing finally closes, at 10 P.M., Marcy Benstock, director of the NYC Clean Air Campaign, is still circulating to reporters rebuttals of points made by Westway proponents.

By this time, according to my rough count, the anti-Westway speakers have outnumbered the pro-Westway speakers twenty-six to twenty-one, and one speaker—Richard G. Stein, the president of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects—has come down somewhere in the middle. His organization, Mr. Stein said, favors a modified Westway if New Yorkers can be "reassured that a major mudflat will not separate them from the river for years to come."

When the record is eventually typed up and reviewed in Albany and Washington, I have no idea what testimony will be weighed most heavily in the decision for or against the Modified Outboard alternative, but the speaker I would rate as having been the most effective with the audience was Rachele Wall, a representative of Manhattan Community Board Two, and, as it happens, a Westway opponent. "I am a lady," Mrs. Wall began, "and I ask you to treat me as one." She was so treated. And ten minutes later, when she called New York "our neighborhood, our community, our people, our place in the sun," everybody cheered.

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Black Plane

ROBERT IRWIN, the contemporary American artist whose retrospective has been on display on the first and fourth floors of the Whitney Museum, believes that perception is the essential subject of art. He believes that when people see paintings and sculptures, they see these things as "artistic," and that this oversimplifies the act of perception and makes it less exciting. He used to paint in oils, then he painted with acrylics on aluminum discs, and now he is most interested in isolating perceptual situations. He has done this in the Whitney's fourth-floor gallery by stretching a hundred-and-twenty-foot white gauze scrim from the ceiling to a black iron bar about five feet off the floor. The scrim, which is twelve feet wide, bisects the room longitudinally; there is a black line around the walls of the room at the same height as the bar; and that is all there is in the room. The walls of the room are white plaster, and the ceiling has a two-foot grid pattern of natural-colored concrete; the light is natural light from the window at the west end of the room. To extend this work from the gallery into the city, the artist found analogous shapes and spaces in different parts of town. (He wanted to create a grid in midair out of laser beams to correspond to the grid design of the gallery ceiling, but this was too expensive and too hard to do.) A few weeks ago, to designate a shape analogous to the rectangle formed by the black line around the gallery walls, he connected facing upper corners of two buildings in the plaza of the World Trade Center with white rope in a work called "Line Rectangle."

To designate a horizontal space corresponding to the floor of the gallery, Robert Irwin decided to paint the square formed by the inside crosswalk lines at the intersection of Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue with blacktop sealer. He called this work "Black Plane." He could not take part in the painting himself, having returned to his house in Los Angeles, but the other night, at about eleven o'clock, Richard Marshall, the curator of the Irwin show, three other members of the Whitney staff, and two friends of the artist arrived at Forty-second and Fifth to paint the intersection. They had with them a permit from the Department of Highways, four five-gallon cans of Peerlux Acrylic Latex Blacktop Sealer, and six rollers with long handles. They set up fifteen barricades with yellow blinking lights, which had been delivered earlier in the day on the basis of one phone call to a traffic-equipment company, and which the painters found in a pile on the corner with their lights already blinking. They set the barricades around one quarter of the intersection, reducing traffic to two lanes on both the street and the avenue; and the traffic, pinched by the barricades, honked fiercely at itself but ignored the museum-staff members and friends. They began to apply the sealer in long roller strokes, being careful not to get any on the white crosswalk lines. A photographer for the Whitney recorded the event with a Nikon camera with a Vivitar Auto/Thyristor flash. He had the crew pose dipping their rollers in one of the five-gallon cans. It was a balmy night with an almost full moon, and moonlight was reflected in the wet sealer. After the crew had painted a quarter of the intersection, they had to wait for it to dry before they could move the barricades, so they went to Pete Smith's Hall of Fame Bar, on Forty-second Street, for a while.

What with painting the intersection a quarter at a time and waiting for the sealer to dry, "Black Plane" was not finished until about three in the morning. At about one-thirty, a police car pulled up. A blond policewoman whose name tag said "Petersen" got out. She walked over and looked at the barricades and the group with their rollers. "*What* are you *doing?*" she said.

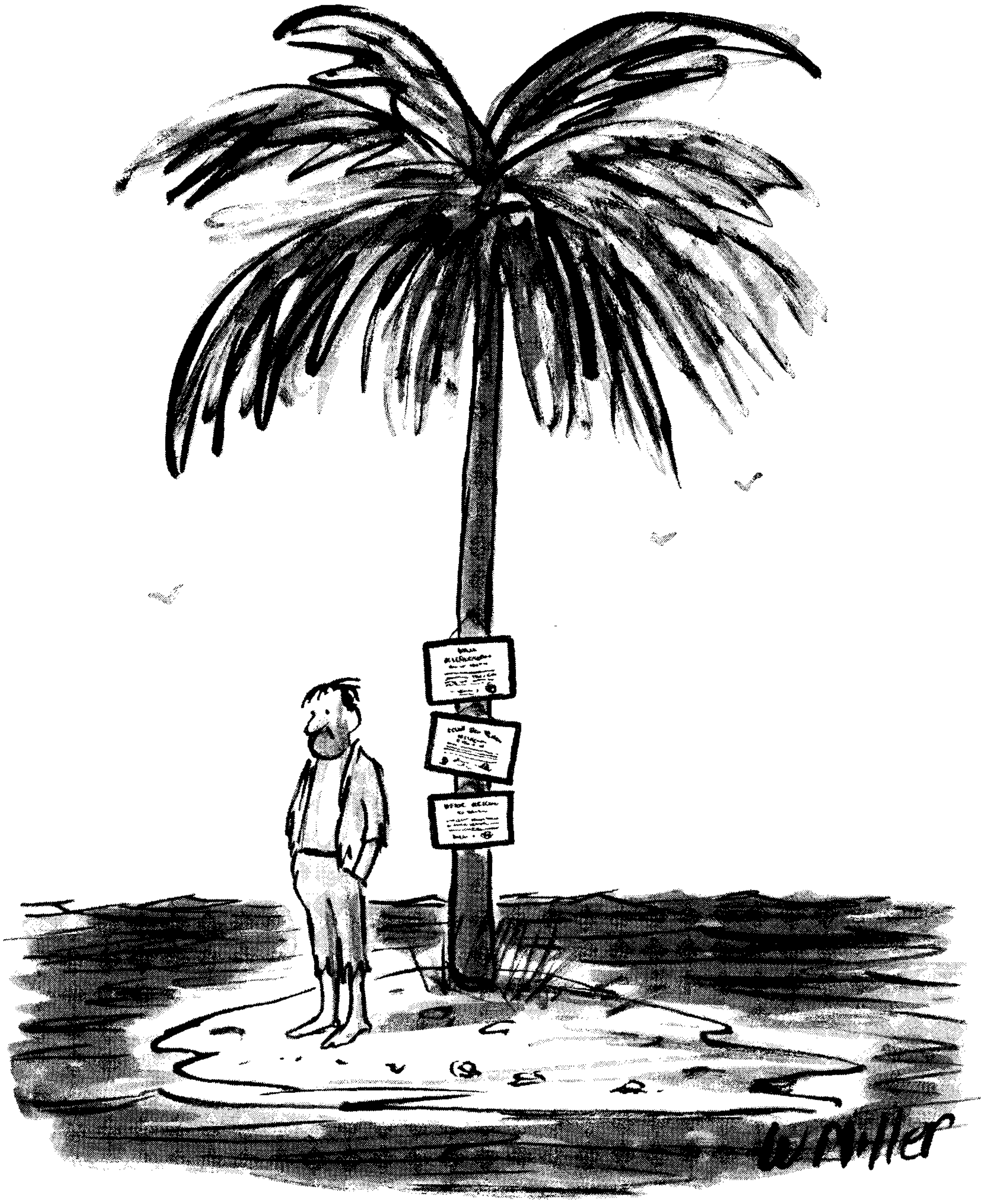
On the Move

THE first national croquet championship tournament in more than half a century slipped in and out of town recently, and we observed some of the fierce and esoteric action on the manicured grounds of the New York Croquet Club, a stoutly fenced-in Central Park enclave just northeast of the Tavern on the Green. A singles match was in progress as we arrived, its grim participants alternately coaxing two balls each around a British-type croquet course—a layout consisting of six improbably narrow wickets and a single midfield stake. One of the players, a chap in a white T-shirt with "United States Croquet Association" emblazoned on it, who was holding a square-headed mallet, watched intently as the other, a chap in pink pants with a round-headed mallet, deftly struck one ball with another from a distance we estimated at well over forty feet. "Super shot!" exclaimed White T-Shirt. Pause. "You stinker." The ambivalent speaker was identified for us, by a sweet-voiced onlooker, as Jack R. Osborn, an industrial designer who is very big in croquet, being both chairman of the local club and president of the national association. The woman with the dulcet voice then identified herself as his wife, the singer Jo Sullivan—who, we remembered, had previously been the wife of the late Frank Loesser, and had starred in Loesser's "The Most Happy Fella."

"I don't play croquet myself, but I'm the sport's greatest watcher," said Mrs. Osborn. "And watching this kind of expert croquet can take a lot out of you, not to mention what it takes out of the players. I watch Jack play in tournaments here in the spring and fall, in Bermuda in June, on Long Island in the summer, and at Palm Beach in the winter. John Young, Jr., there—Jack's opponent—runs the Lantana Colony Club in Bermuda." Mrs. Osborn thereupon introduced us to Mrs. Young, who was also following the contest; indeed, at that moment the duellists' wives were the sole spectators besides us.

"Nelga Young is the only woman in the eight-person championship singles flight," Mrs. Osborn said.

Mr. Osborn joined us briefly while Mr. Young was contemplating a tricky shot. "He's been beating me lately," said the home-club man. "That's what



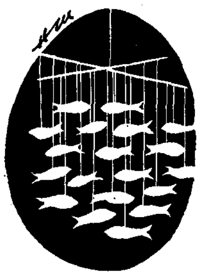
comes of having your own private year-round court."

"Actually, two courts," Mrs. Young told us. "In Bermuda, we have one for our guests and one for ourselves. Novices, unfortunately, dig holes in croquet lawns."

Her husband was poised to clear a wicket, and she closed her eyes. "Oh, don't miss it, baby," she crooned. He missed it. She opened her eyes. "I could tell," she said. "I heard the ball hit. He's had it."

Mr. Young had indeed had it. Osborn soon laid him low, and the victor joined his wife to watch Nelga Young match wits and strokes with Archie Peck, a Palm Beach real-estate man. "Archie is my partner in the doubles here," Mr. Osborn said, "but I hope Nelga beats him anyway, because if she doesn't I'll probably have to face him in the singles finals. He's good—reigning Eastern Seaboard singles champ, in fact. He's a natural athlete." (They eventually did meet in the finals; Peck won.)

While the male-female confrontation was heating up, Mr. Osborn told us that there were thirty players in the tournament altogether—eight in the championship division and the rest in various handicap events. "I've been playing this kind of demanding croquet since 1959, and I founded the United States Croquet Association a year ago," he said. "My dream is to raise the level of our play sufficiently to take an American team to England and make up for a humiliating defeat that the Westhampton Mallet Club suffered over there in 1968. We have ten good clubs in the country now, and I had a letter just this morning about a new one being formed in Lake Forest, Illinois. There's no doubt about it—American croquet is on the move."



Mrs. Young smote one of Mr. Peck's balls a terrible thwack. "Don't you think it's a lovely sound when the balls hit?" Mrs. Osborn asked us. "Nelga's got a chance! Wouldn't it be funny if she won the whole men's thing?"

Mr. Osborn did not seem amused. "Here I am two games away from maybe being national champion," he told his wife, "and you're rooting for that woman to beat me."

Mrs. Young, trying to negotiate a wicket from a difficult angle, got stuck in it, and Mr. Osborn evinced mixed emotions. Mrs. Osborn said she thought she would leave, because she had to have a massage before rehearsing for a Loesser-retrospective evening at the Players Club. "Usually, I pick up the cigarette butts at these tournaments," she said, "but today I'm going to let somebody else do it."

A teen-age boy materialized, and Mr. Osborn introduced him as his seventeen-year-old son, John, who was one of the real comers on the croquet scene.

Osborn *fils* said, with a long face, that he had just taken his driver's-license test and was afraid he had flunked. "I was nervous," he said. "First, I almost hit this car, and then when I was parking I banged into the curb." He wandered away to practice some long shots.

"I can't understand it," said Osborn *père*. "There is no greater test of nerves than croquet, and in croquet Johnny has nerves of steel."

Charm

FOR the last twenty-nine years, Ophelia DeVore, *through* her Ophelia DeVore School of Charm, has taught thousands of young black women how to do just about everything properly. She has given them lessons in Essentials of Good Grooming, Social Graces, Visual Poise, The First Step Into an Adventure of Loveliness, Positive Thinking, Microphone Technique, and Figure Control with Fencing and Ballet. She has had some famous successes. Diahann Carroll, the singer-actress, is a graduate of the Ophelia DeVore School of Charm. So is the WABC newscaster Melba Tolliver. The actress Cicely Tyson used to be an instructor.

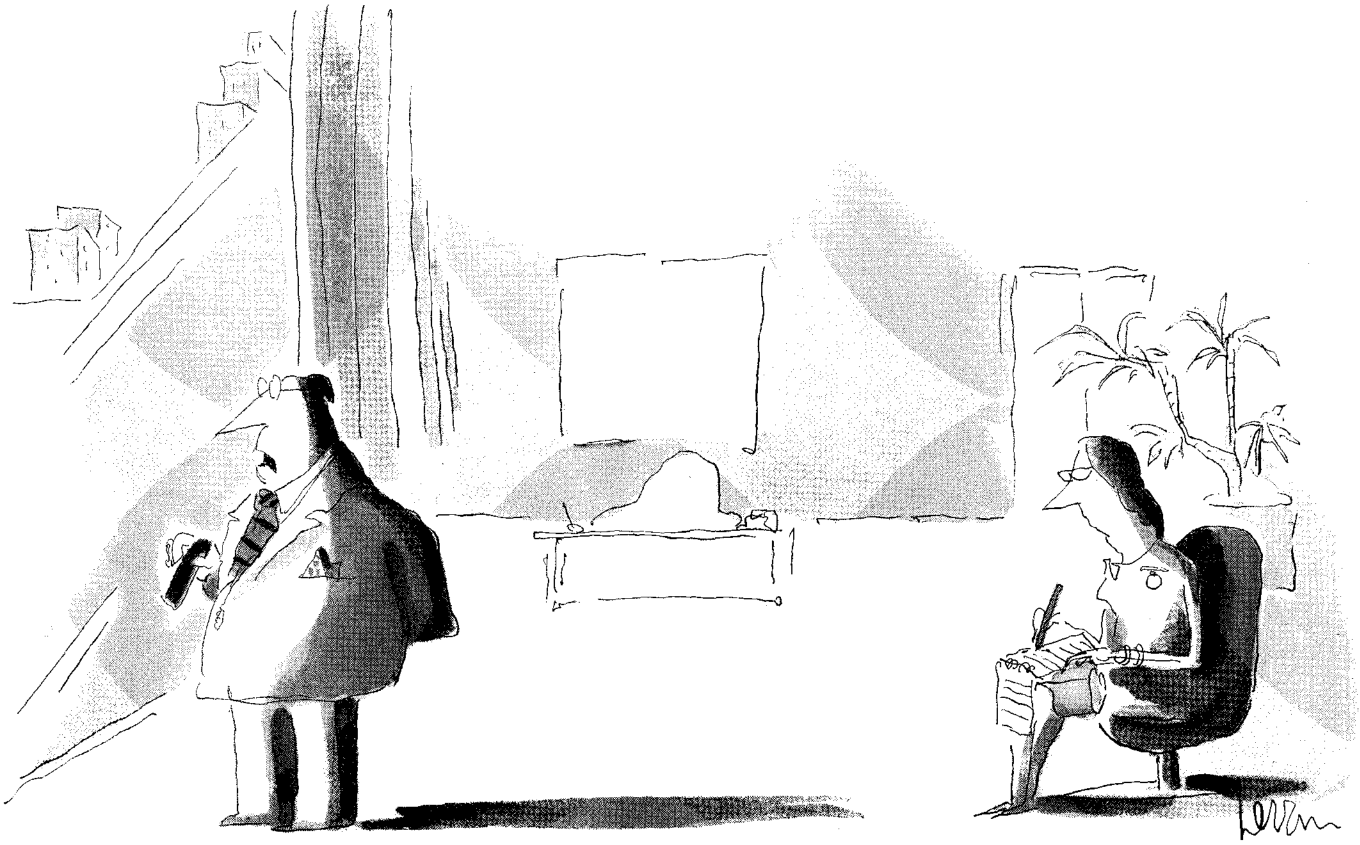
We recently visited Miss DeVore at the school, which is in midtown Manhattan, for a chat and a tour. She greeted us with a cheery "Hi!" A strikingly beautiful woman, with a smile that is both ready and winning, she wore a smartly tailored blue suit, a brown blouse, a brown scarf with blue dots, gold earrings, two gold rings on each hand, and brown shoes. Miss DeVore told us, "I started out as a model in New York in 1946, when I was sixteen years old, and then it was very hard for a black girl. In 1946, there were very few good, sophisticated career jobs for the black girl. In 1947, I started doing this. I had my first class in a photographer's studio in Queens. I rented the space. Then I fixed up the basement of the house my parents and I were living in, in Queens, and I became so successful that in 1950 I had to move in to Manhattan. I had my whole family working for me. My husband was doing one thing, my children were doing others. I became an adviser to industry. I had to tell them how to use blacks without offending whites. I had to create from scratch, because there was no place for me to go to find out. I created fashion shows and beauty contests for my girls, so that they could get some experience in how to handle themselves. I made them feel special. At some point, all this will become extinct. As black people integrate, they won't want to do the special little things that they needed to do in an earlier time to get them across."

Miss DeVore showed us a big black book that was filled with photographs and newspaper clippings of her and of some of her famous students. Some of the photographs had captions. We saw a picture of Diahann Carroll. It had a caption that read, "At fifteen years of age, Miss Carroll came under the Influence of the Magic Touch of Miss DeVore." We saw a picture of Miss DeVore modelling nylons. We saw a picture of Melba Tolliver modelling baby-doll pajamas. We saw a picture of LaJeune Hundley, who at the Cannes Film Festival in 1960 became the second black girl (Cecelia Cooper was the first, in 1959) to win the title of Miss Festival.

Next, Miss DeVore took us into a classroom, where two small girls were being instructed in wardrobe planning as part of a Little Ladies course. They were learning to tell the difference between Lounge Wear, Sportswear, Dressy, Casual, and Formal. Then we sat in on a class for older girls. They were studying Good Grooming and Health, and displayed much enthusiasm. Then we sat in on Makeup III—Corrective. The women in this class were studying when to highlight and when to shadow parts of the face. The teacher, Mrs. Phyllis Branford, told them how to get "the hungry look" ("Highlight the cheekbones, shadow the jawbone"), how to slim the nose, and how to put on makeup for the stage. "Girls, remember," she said. "Mascara is a must, must, must."

Departure

PIERRE BOULEZ, one of the most influential composer-conductors of the twentieth century, said goodbye to the New York Philharmonic recently with a non-stop series of public and private



"On second thought, let's make that 'Dear Occupant.'"

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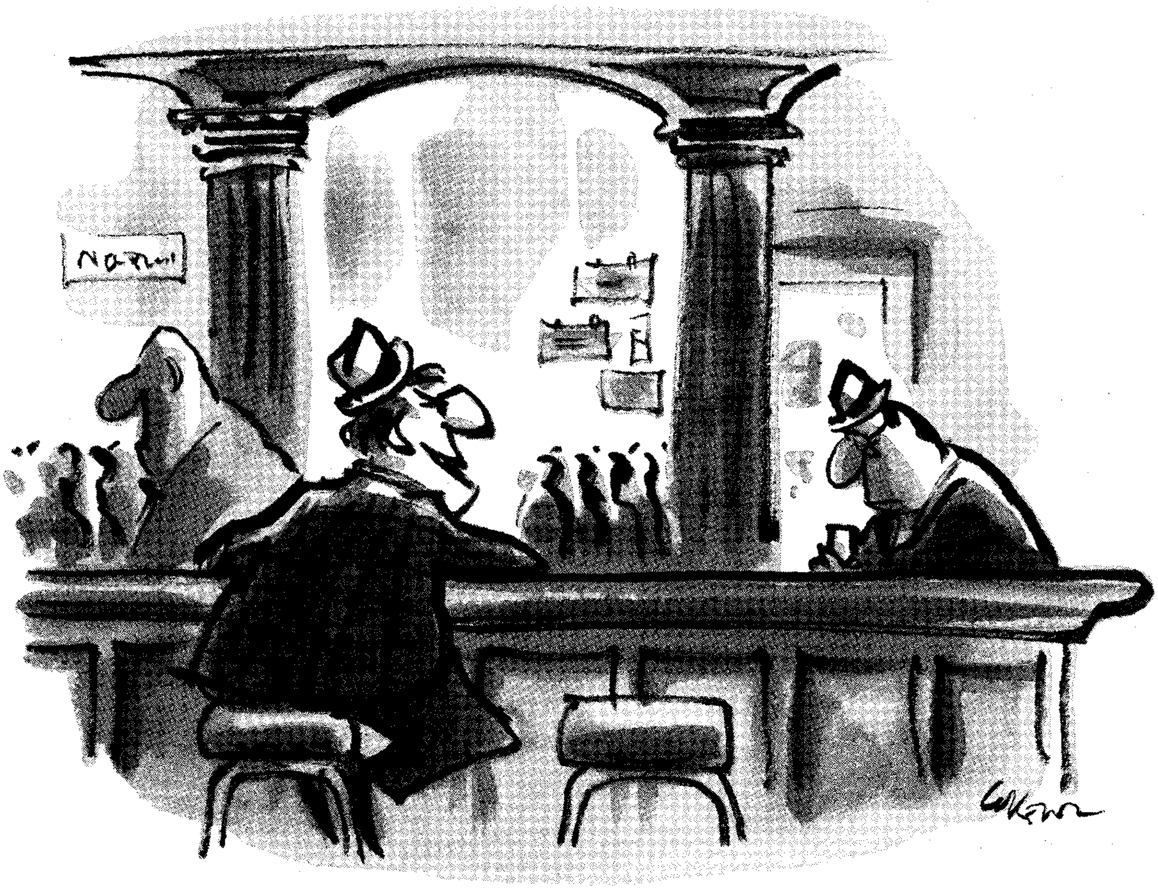
engagements that demonstrated his remarkable stamina, his wide-ranging musical interests, and his unflappable politesse. After six somewhat stormy years as the Philharmonic's music director—a post that enabled him to introduce a great many contemporary scores to an audience that has traditionally been skeptical about modern music—M. Boulez has now returned to Paris to become the director of IRCAM, an experimental research center that explores new ways of producing and organizing musical sounds. Musically speaking, his attention during his last five days in New York was divided, in typical Boulez fashion, between a large-scale nineteenth-century dramatic cantata (Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust"), at Avery Fisher Hall, and an avant-garde Prospective Encounter concert, in the subterranean vaulted auditorium of Cooper Union. When he was not rehearsing or performing one or the other of these, he taped some remarks on Gustav Mahler for a "Camera Three" television program, attended a luncheon in honor of two retiring Philharmonic musicians, greeted thirty American composers at a reception following the Thursday-night performance of the Berlioz work, delivered a fond farewell to his youthful Cooper Union audience at the intermission of the Friday-night concert, attended several private dinner parties, and found a few minutes to chat with us. Through it all, he retained the cool, organized, enigmatic, unfailingly gracious public personality that New York music lovers have come to know and respect. ("Pierre is primarily interested in ideas," says an old friend, "but he has learned to cope with American small talk by smiling a lot and saying 'Yes, yes' at regular intervals.")

Boulez's three final Philharmonic concerts were punctuated by affectionate speeches from colleagues ("We have come to a sad parting with this extraordinary human being," Amyas Ames, chairman of the Philharmonic board, said at the Thursday concert, and Aaron Copland said, "His very presence here has brought our musical scene into the nineteen-seventies"), prolonged bursts of enthusiastic applause, and, on the last evening, an unexpected shower of daisies, which ruffled the Boulez sang-froid for a delightful moment. The Philharmonic directors gave him a telescope for a new house that he is building in the South of France; the Philharmonic musicians gave him a Steuben decanter and an inscribed silver Tiffany tray; and the three boys' choirs participating in the Berlioz presented him with a jeroboam of retsina. His only public speech (made on Thursday to the Philharmonic audience) was very much in character. "I am touched that this honor by Aaron Copland came to me this evening for recognizing all the work that composers are doing here," he said, in his lightly accented English. "I know that I am stubborn. And that's a kind of game between the audience and myself. Who is most stubborn? But I think that we have finally come to an agreement about this. As I have brought many contemporary works to the Philharmonic, I know that my nickname in the orchestra has been the French Correction. And yet I hope that I will remain a sort of French Connection." At the reception that followed the performance, M. Boulez was surrounded by a veritable galaxy of American composers, who were drinking champagne and talking shop. As we pushed through the crowd, we recognized the white hair of Roy Harris, Milton Babbitt, and Elliott Carter, the bald head of William Schuman, the mustache and spectacles of Roger Sessions, the thick, round glasses of Charles Wuorinen, and the bushy graying beard of John Cage.

At noon the following day, after a three-hour Prospective Encounter rehearsal, M. Boulez offered us a ride



"And another thing—how come we're not sending guys to the moon anymore?"

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up to Avery Fisher Hall, where he was to conduct the second performance of "Faust" that afternoon. In the limousine, we asked why he had chosen the Berlioz cantata for his Philharmonic farewell. "The big works of Berlioz's youth have always interested me, because they are so full of new ideas," M. Boulez told us. "He had a genuine gift for timbre and color, and his instrumentation is so extraordinary that he is really the father of the modern orchestra. The germs of all the later nineteenth-century composers are there."

"What major changes have you made at the Philharmonic?" we asked.

"I introduced as much twentieth-century music as possible," replied M. Boulez. "It's a task that is getting rather urgent, since there isn't that much of the twentieth century left during which we can discover these works. And I tried to make the orchestra less of a fixed nineteenth-century institution. We have had musicians playing in small groups for the Prospective Encounters, and we have presented the informal Rug Concerts to attract young people."

"How does your work as a composer affect your conducting?" we asked.

"As a composer, when I write something, I want to hear *exactly* what I put down on paper," said M. Boulez. "Therefore, when I conduct, I don't aim for a kind of thick agglomeration of everything. I want the audience to hear the texture of the piece, according to what is important and what is less important. Sometimes I change the dynamics—in the case of Alban Berg, for example—so that one can hear the various themes properly."

"Has your conducting affected your composing?" we asked.

"Certainly," replied M. Boulez. "Through conducting, I have learned to use all the resources of a large orchestra. I've made notes on my scores, and some of them have given me ideas that I want to expand in my own music. In the second half of 'Rite of Spring,' there's a very small place where three oboes and three celli have the main line. But in the background there is a combination of tremolo and harmonics which is very interesting. It is a nucleus that I would like to develop."

"Tell us about IRCAM," we said.

"The evolution of music is blocked by a curious situation," said M. Boulez. "On one side, you have the official musical world, which is devoted mostly to performing and to historical preservation. On the other side, you have a community of specialists—many with rather weak musical training—who are preoccupied with research in electronic sound. At IRCAM, we will try to persuade these two groups to interact and find something new together. There is no auditorium in our facility—only an experimental space. I'm still in the process of inventing musical and scientific projects for IRCAM."

We asked M. Boulez what other projects he had planned, and he told us that his conducting would be limited to two summers at Bayreuth (where he is in charge of the controversial new "Ring"), an occasional BBC concert, and the first complete performance of Alban Berg's "Lulu," at the Paris Opéra. "I'm working on a piece for a large orchestra," he said, "and I'm building a three-story concrete-and-stone house at Saint-Michel-l'Observatoire, in the hills north of Marseilles. My first IRCAM project is a study of various types of scales, which are based on different divisions of intervals. We have been fixed for a very long time on the half-tone scale in the West, but if we can explore the possibilities of microtones, we may find a way to work in a different type of musical space."

"How would you feel if one of your IRCAM students called your work obsolete, which is what you once called some of Stravinsky's?" we asked.

"I would not be pleased," M. Boulez replied, with a smile. "But it would certainly make me think. When you are twenty, you cannot be part of the establishment if you have something new to say. But I'm equally suspicious of people who have not made their points by fifty or fifty-five. If an artist is not ignored, the simple process of aging is bound to push him into the establishment. But that doesn't mean that he cannot continue to stretch his mind with new ideas."

THE MIRROR AND THE MASK

THE battle of Clontarf over, in which the Norwegians met defeat, the High King of Ireland spoke to his court poet. "The greatest deeds lose their lustre if they are not coined in words," the king said. "I want you to sing my victory and my praise. I will be Aeneas; you will be my Vergil. Do you think yourself capable of this task, which will make us both immortal?"

"Yes, My Lord," said the bard. "I am Ollan. For twelve winters I have trained in the disciplines of prosody. I know by heart the three hundred and sixty legends that form the basis of true poetry. The cycles of Ulster and Munster are in the strings of my harp. The laws authorize me to be lavish in using the oldest words of our tongue and the most complex metaphors. I have mastered the secret of writing, which protects our art from the undiscerning eyes of the common herd. I can celebrate loves, cattle thieves, voyages, and wars. I know the mythological lineages of all the royal houses of Ireland. I possess a knowledge of judicial astrology, mathematics, canon law, and the powers of plants. I have defeated my rivals in public contest. I have made myself skilled in satire, which causes infirmities of the skin, including leprosy. I know how to wield a sword, as I proved in your battle. I am ignorant of only one thing—how to thank you for the gift you make me."

The king, who was easily tired by long speeches, especially those of others, said with relief, "I know these things quite well. I have been told that the nightingale recently sang in England. When the rains and snows pass, and the nightingale returns from its southern lands, you will sing your praises before the court and before the School of Bards. I grant you a whole year. You will polish each word and letter. Reward, as you know by now, will not be unworthy of my royal custom or of the sleepless nights of your inspiration."

"O king, what greater reward than to see your face!" said the poet, who was also a courtier. He bowed and withdrew, already glimpsing one or two verses.

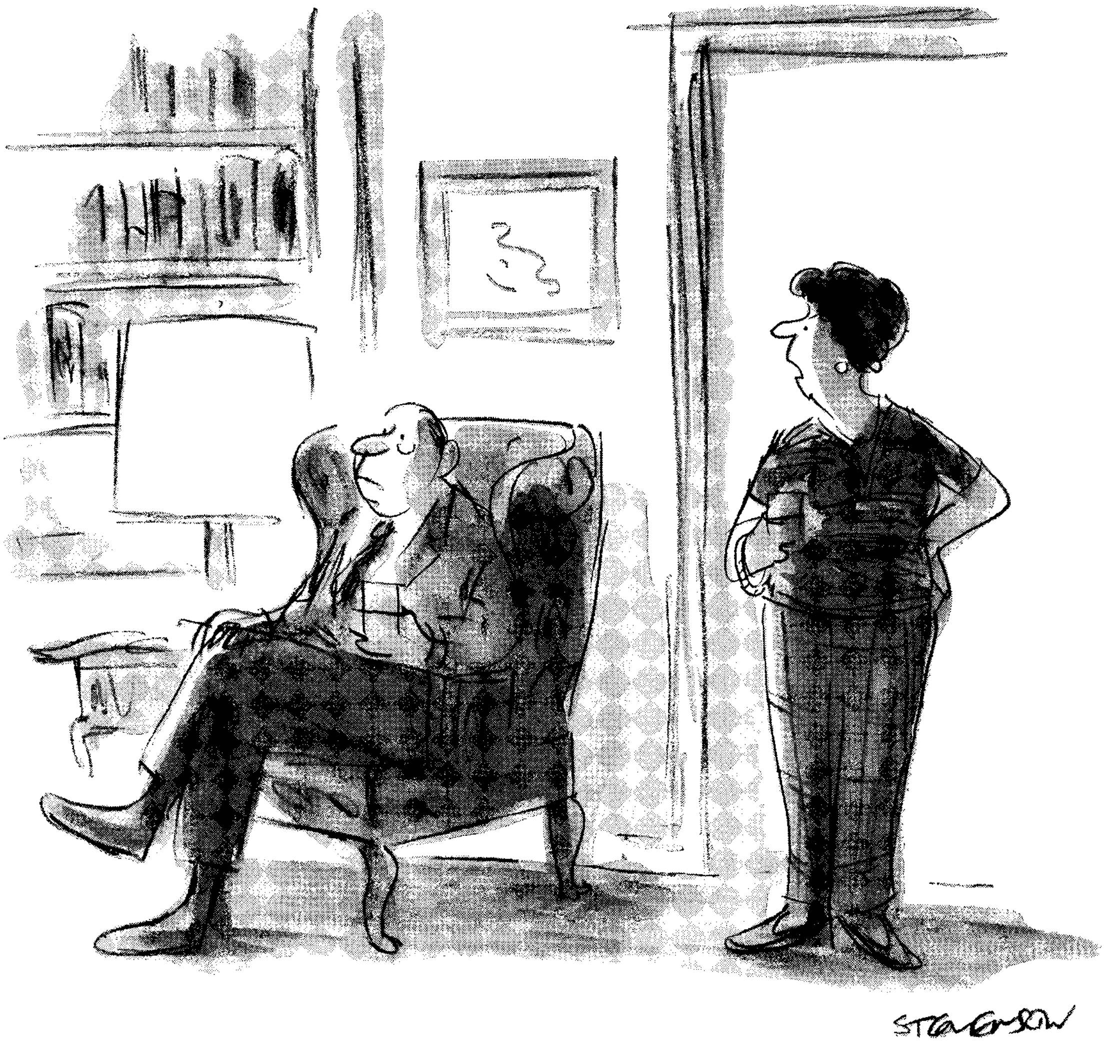
When the year came round—it had been a time of epidemics and uprisings—the poet presented his panegyric. He declaimed it slowly, confidently, without a glance at the manuscript. With his head the king showed his approval. Everyone imitated his gesture, even those thronging the doorways, who were unable to make out a single word.

At the end the king spoke. "I accept your labor," he said. "It is another victory. You have given each word its true meaning, and each substantive the epithet given it by the poets of old. In your whole panegyric there is not a single image unknown to the classics. War is the beautiful web of men, and blood is the sword's water. The sea has its gods and the clouds foretell the future. You have skillfully handled rhyme, alliteration, assonance, quantities, the artifices of learned rhetoric, the wise variation of metres. If all the literature of Ireland were to perish—*absit omen*—it could be reconstructed without loss from your classic ode. Thirty scribes shall copy it twelve times each."

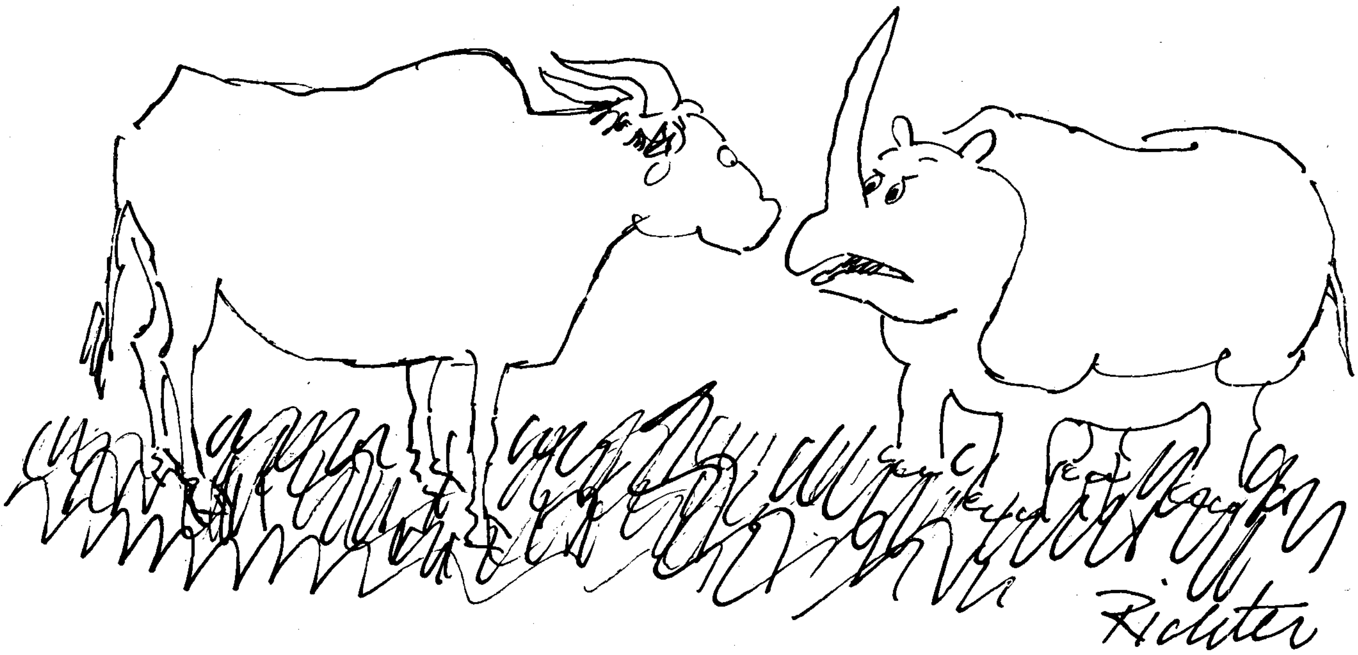
There was a silence, then he went on. "All is well and yet nothing has happened. In our veins the blood runs no faster. Our hands have not sought the bow. No one has turned pale. No one uttered a battle cry or set his breast against the Vikings. Before a year is out, poet, we shall applaud another ode. As a sign of our approval, take this mirror, which is of silver."

"I give thanks and I understand," said the bard.

The stars in the sky went on in their bright course. Once more the nightingale sang in the Saxon forests, and the poet came back with his manuscript, which was shorter than the one before. He did not repeat it from memory but read it, obviously hesitant, omitting certain passages as if he himself did not completely understand them or did not wish to profane them. The ode was



"There's something to be said for this, there's something to be said for that. There's __something__ to be said for __everything__."



"Oh, it's you! I can't see a thing with this damn horn in front of my eyes."

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strange. It was not a description of the battle—it was the battle. In its warlike chaos there struggled with one another the God that is Three and is One, Ireland's pagan deities, and those who would wage war hundreds of years later at the beginning of the Elder Edda. The form was no less odd. A singular noun governed a plural verb. The prepositions were alien to common usage. Harshness alternated with sweetness. The metaphors were arbitrary, or so they seemed.

The king exchanged a few words with the men of letters who stood around him, then spoke to the bard. "Your first ode I could declare was an apt compendium of all that has been sung in Ireland," the king said. "This one outdoes, and even makes as nothing, whatever came before it. It astounds, it dazzles, it causes wonderment. The ignorant will be unworthy of it, but not so the learned, the few. An ivory casket will be the resting place of its single copy. Of the pen that has produced so eminent a work we may expect one still more lofty." He added with a smile, "We are the figures of a fable, and it is good to remember that in fables the number three prevails."

"The wizard's three gifts, triads, and the unquestionable Trinity," the bard made bold to murmur.

The king continued, "As a token of our approval, take this golden mask."

"I give thanks and I have understood," said the bard.

The anniversary came round again. The palace sentries noticed that the poet carried no manuscript. In amazement, the king looked at him; the bard was like another man. Something other than time had furrowed and transformed his features. His eyes seemed to stare into the distance or to be blind. The bard begged to be allowed a few words with the king. The slaves left the chamber.

"Have you not written the ode?" asked the king.

"Yes," the bard sadly replied. "But would that Christ Our Lord had prevented me!"

"Can you repeat it?"

"I dare not."

"I will give you the courage you lack," said the king.

The bard recited the poem. It consisted of a single line.

Not venturing to repeat it aloud, the poet and his king savored it as if it were a secret prayer or a blasphemy. The king was as awestricken and overcome as the bard. The two looked at each other, very pale.

"In my youth," said the king, "I sailed toward the sunset. On one island I saw silver hounds that dealt death to golden boars. On another we fed ourselves on the fragrance of magic apples. On a third I saw walls of fire. On the farthest island of all an arched and hanging river cut across the sky and in its waters went fishes and boats. These are wonders, but they do not compare with your poem, which in some way encompasses them all. What bewitchery gave it to you?"

"In the dawn I woke up speaking words I did not at first understand," said the bard. "Those words were a poem. I felt I had committed a sin, perhaps one the Holy Ghost does not forgive."

"The one we two now share," the king said in a whisper. "The sin of having known Beauty, which is a gift forbidden to men. Now it behooves us to expiate it. I gave you a mirror and a golden mask; here is my third present, which will be the last."

In the bard's right hand he placed a dagger.

Of the poet, we know that he killed himself upon leaving the palace; of the king, that he is a beggar wandering the length and breadth of Ireland—which was once his kingdom—and that he has never repeated the poem.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.*)

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MENTONE, Ala. (UPI)—Eighteen years after it was mailed, a post card from an upholstery shop in nearby Fort Payne finally reached Eloise Temple's northeast Alabama ranch this month.

Mrs. Temple said the card, postmarked April 28, 1959, informed her that some work she ordered in 1959 was complete.

Postmaster Benny Goss was at no loss to explain why it took almost 18 years to travel 16 miles.—*Jersey City* (*N.J.*) *Jersey Journal.*

You can't stump Benny Goss. It was just one of those cards that had a normal cruising speed of a little less than a mile a year.

A WIDOW'S QUILT

"EMMA loves museums," said Helena, "and I think it's good for her to look at things being still, for a change, instead of that incessant jiggety-jog of television. Not like us when we were young, Charlotte—though you were never so tied to the box as I was."

"I hated watching people breathe."

The sisters were visiting the American Museum at Claverton, in Somerset. It was Charlotte's first visit.

"Do you come here often?"

"Yes. It's an easy run from Bristol, and I enjoy buying fancy jams from their shop. Expensive. But traditional things are always expensive. And Henry likes them. You should take something back to Everard."

"Remind me to."

Emma was staring into a quiescent period parlor. "That clock doesn't strike," she said. "Why doesn't it strike, Mummy? Hasn't it got an inside? Is it too old to be wound up?" Other visitors smiled, murmured, seemed inclined to enter into conversation. "Now I want to see the blue dogs."

They moved on into the quilt room. It was hung with pieced and appliqué quilts, brilliant as an assembly of macaws. Emma ran from one to another, identifying the blue dogs in an appliqué miscellany of rosebuds, hatchets, stars, kites, apples, horsemen, and shawled ladies encircling Abraham Lincoln in a stovepipe hat, quitting them for a geometrical pieced design of lilac and drab.

"Queen Charlotte's Crown—that's for you, Aunt Charlotte. And here's Fox and Geese."

"Darling! Don't touch."

One would always have to be being patient, thought Charlotte. On the whole she was glad she did not have a child. Her attention was caught by a quilt that stood out from the others, dominating their rich vivacity with a statement of dulled black on white. She moved toward it.

"That's a widow's quilt," said Helena. "Narrow, you see, for a single bed. I suppose you made one for yourself, when your husband died. Or your friends made it for you. Rather grisly."

"I think it's a hideous quilt," Emma said.

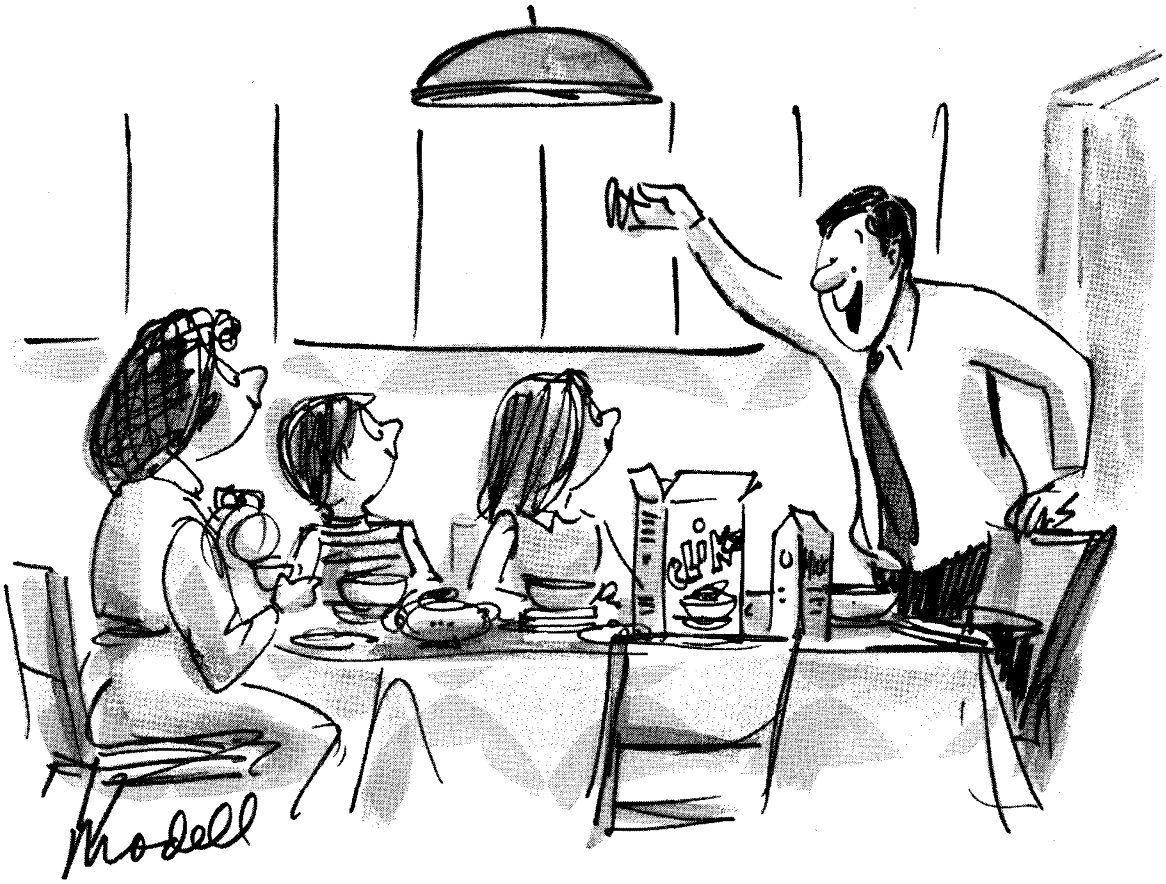
They descended to the shop, where Charlotte was reminded of the something she must take back to Everard, and chose horehound candies. Then Helena drove her to the station, and she made her platform thanks and farewells. "I particularly enjoyed the quilts," she said. "One doesn't see enough blue dogs."

But between Bath and London Charlotte sat in a dreamlike frenzy, planning the construction of her own black-and-white quilt. Built up from hexagons, and narrow, it would not be more than a winter's work, once she had assembled its materials: half a dozen exact geometrical hexagons; heavy paper, over which she would tack her patches; fine needles for the small stitches; a couple of sheets. The black would not be so easily found—that lustreless soot-black, dead-rook black. Perhaps she might find some secondhand weeds in the Chelsea fantasy boutiques. Or should she qualify the white unanimity of the sheets by using a variety of blacks already available? There were remains of the official blacking-out curtains drawn over the windows at home during the war, kept to come in useful, her mother had said, and still kept in the inherited piece box from which she had pulled fragments of chintz for the patchwork cushion cover started for Great-Aunt Emma but never completed. There was the black shawl bought at Avignon; some black taffeta; some sateen; quantities of black velvet. As she recalled these varieties of black, the design of her widow's quilt shaped itself to her mind's eye. In the center, a doubled, even a trebled ring of black velvet hexagons massively enclosing the primal hexagon of white wedding-dress brocade. Extending to the four corners of the quilt, long black diagonals, the spaces between interspersed with star-spangled black hexagons not too close together, and for a border a funeral wreath of black hexagons conjoined.

Dizzied, she got out of the terminus because everyone else was doing so, and took a wasteful taxi to the usual address without realizing she was going home.

NEXT morning, as soon as Everard had tapped the barometer, put on the indicated topcoat, and left for his office (he was a partner in a firm that sold rare postage stamps), she chose the pair of sheets and went out to buy the fine needles, going on to F. Wilkens,

TIME HAS NOT BEEN KIND TO YOU
KOREN



"Good morning, America!"

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Electrician and Household Repairs—for during the night it had occurred to her that the basic hexagons would be much more satisfactory if they were exact to measure and cut out of tin. F. Wilkens, oddly calling them templates, knew exactly what she meant, and would have them ready in half an hour. She spent the interval in the Health Food Shop, buying Everard's muesli, then collected the templates and went back to the flat in Perivale Mansions. By the time he returned she had assembled most of the double garland of black velvet round the wedding-dress brocade, folded it away in a pillowcase, and prepared supper.

That night her pleasure in the progress of the black velvet garland was soured by seeing it as so much done already. At this rate, the quilt would be snatched from her hands, no more to the purpose than a daisy chain. Patch after patch would lessen her private entertainment; the last patch in the border of black hexagons would topple her over the edge to drown in the familiar tedium. She did not want to make another quilt, or any other kind of quilt. This was her only, her nonpareil, her one assertion of a life of her own. When Everard left for his office, she hardly dared take out the pillowcase. While stitching in the first white hexagons, she realized the extent of even a single-bed quilt. She need not despair for some time yet.

By midday it was raining steadily. The barometer's counsel of an umbrella was, as usual, justified. The sound of rain was agreeable to work to. It rained. She worked. Between two and three in the afternoon, finding herself extremely hungry, she ravaged the larder for an impromptu meal—unwontedly delicious, since she fed on the tinned delicacies.

The weekend jolted her out of her contentment. Two days of Everard at home she was inured to, but to waste two days without setting a stitch in the quilt was torment. She festered in idleness; she had never hated his company more. And it increased her exasperation that he should be unaware of it.

Yet as time went on, and the quilt enlarged, and weekends fell into the pattern of her existence as though they were recurring hexagons of an unassimilable material which she would presently unpick, her disposition changed; she was complacent, she was even benign. Strange, to think that Everard, whose demands and inroads had compelled her to such an abiding rancor that seeing the widow's quilt had given her a purpose in life, should have supplied this soothing influence. Meanwhile, she went on with the quilt, never losing sight of its intimations and in the main preserving her original scheme—though the diagonals had to be revised: the single black line lacked emphasis, and had to be changed to a couple of lines hedging a band of white. This, in turn, involved a reconsideration of the corners. The solution had been found (there was exactly the right amount of the black shawl to supply its hexagons), when Christmas stared her in the face—and Everard. She could not securely hope that his seasonal influenza would keep him coughing in bed and out of her way; but she was on fire to get at the revised corners, and told herself that a little publicity would be the surest safeguard of the secrecy which was an essential ingredient in her pleasure. On Christmas Eve Everard came home to find her with the quilt on her knee. He glanced at it warily, as though it were something that might disagree with him. When it was there next day and the day after, he mentioned its presence.

"What's that, Charlotte—all those bits you're sewing together?"

She displayed it.

"How nicely you've done it. What's it for?"

"In time it will be a quilt."

"Oh. So it's not finished yet."

"No. Not yet."

She stitched in another hexagon.

"Do you make it up as you go along?"

"I saw one like it in the American Museum."

"In a museum. How interesting. Was that black and white too?"

"Yes. It's a traditional pattern. It's called a magpie quilt."

"Magpie? Magpie? Oh, because it's black and white, I suppose. Quite imaginative."

She stitched, Everard pondered.

"I wonder the United States Post Office doesn't use these old designs—

now that they go in for so many commemorative stamps."

She thought of the blue dogs, but refrained.

By the New Year Everard's cough was so insistent that he had to give up taking his temperature. She foresaw herself stitching her widow's quilt at his bedside. Instead, his partner brought a Puerto Rican violet for his opinion. Finding it spurious, Everard felt equal to going back to his office.

WITH the enlarging days the quilt gathered momentum. It outgrew the pillowcase and had to be folded away in a bedspread. Each morning it seemed to have grown in the night; each day it was more responsive, more compliant. The hexagons fitted into place as if drawn by a magnet. It had a rationality now, a character; the differing blacks superimposed a pattern of their own, as well-kept fields do with the various tints of their crops. She was so much at ease with it that she could let her thoughts stray as she worked—not so far as to make a mistake, though. She hated mistakes, even those she could unpick. But looking forward to the time when she would rightfully sleep under it, her mind made excursions to places where she might go as a quiet travelling widow. To Lincolnshire, perhaps, with its "fields of barley and of rye" bordering the river—a sinuous, slow-flowing river with no conversation, effortlessly engulfing the chatter of Tennysonian brooks. Then, on the one hand, a quiet cross-country bus would show her Boston Stump outlined against the pale eastern sky, or, catching a train at Dukeries Junction Station, she would survey the Vale of Beauvoir.

Not since her marriage had she gone beyond the home counties, and these had only been visited at licensed holiday seasons: a dab of green at Easter, in August a smear of summer with Everard's cousins in Surrey. Meanwhile, she had travelled a great deal in theory, studying guidebooks and ordinance maps and railway guides, even a list of bus routes in East Anglia which had chanced her way. The row of Methuen's Little Guides in the bookcase on her side of the bed had assured her in detail of the existence of what imagination left visionary: churches (E. E., Perp., restored in 1870), the number of different species of bat in Essex, an almshouse or a gasworks, a disused bridge, a local industry, an extensive prospect of rolling country, a forgotten battlefield, a clay soil, a sandy loam, floodmarks, plantations of conifer, a canal. On the whole, it was the dullish Midlands she preferred; romantic extremities, like Cornwall, could come later.

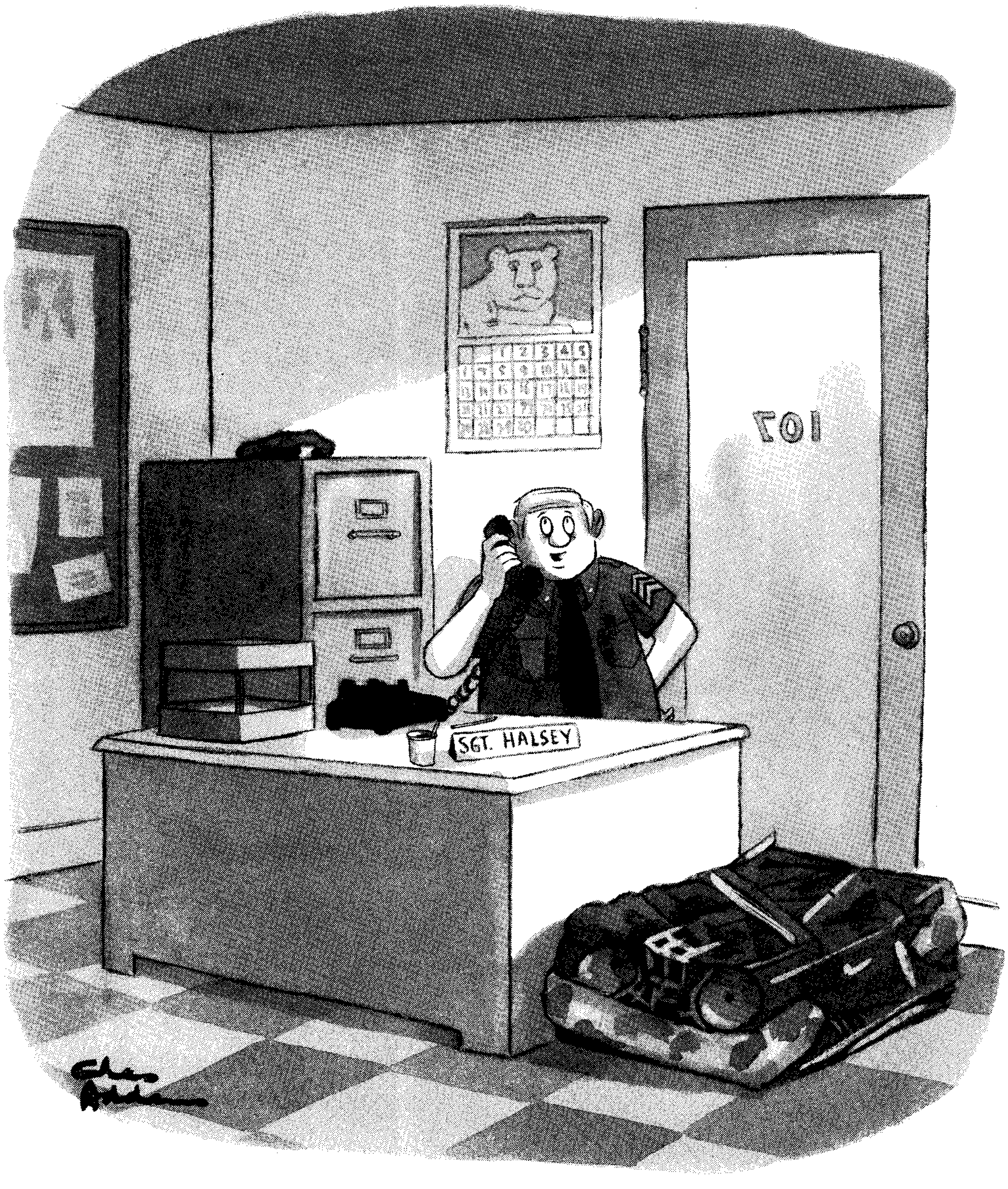
She was stitching away at Everard's demise—every hexagon brought it a step nearer—when Helena, who was in London to visit her dressmaker, came on to Perivale Mansions. After a momentary gasp, Helena admired the quilt, now three-quarters done.

"And what are you going to stuff it with?"

"Stuff it?"

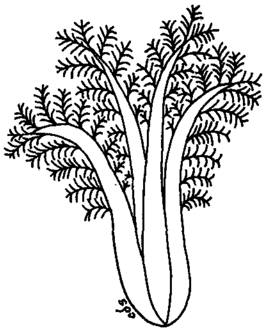
"It would have to be interlined and stitched through to the backing, you know. Otherwise it wouldn't be a quilt. The one you admired in the museum has harps outlined in stitching—I suppose he felt strongly about Ireland." She talked on about New England quilting bees, and left before Everard was due to return.

There was nothing for it but to swallow the shock, be glad that the quilt could continue into summer, and



"Mrs. Wilcox? I think you'll be happy to hear we've recovered your stolen car."

decide on the stitched design which should complete it. Not harps, anyhow. A speedy crisscross would be about as much as she could manage. For with the added weight of the backing and the interlined padding, the quilt would be too heavy to handle comfortably, could become a drudgery—another marital obligation, almost another Everard.



She began to make mistakes, straying from the order of her design, choosing the black sateen when it should have been the fustier black of the curtain material. Twice she sewed in a hexagon back side uppermost. The thread tangled, slid out of the needle's eye. When she came to rethread a needle, she had to make shot after shot at it, holding the needle with a grip of iron, poking the thread at it with a shaking hand. Her heart thumped. Her fingers swelled.

If I were sensible, she thought, I would take to my bed. But the voice of reason reminded her of Everard's disconsolate fidgeting, his dependence on her (Where do I find the toaster? Oh dear, the milk has boiled over again! What am I to mop it up with?) when she had rheumatic fever. She was not in a fit state to be an invalid. The widow's quilt, even if at the moment it was thwarting her intentions, was the more enlivening companion.

SHE was in the last corner now. It was mid-March, and the east wind was howling down the street like the harlot's curse, when the last of her misfortunes, the silliest and most derisive, tripped her: she had no more thread. She shook some of the ache out of her back, put on her thickest coat, eased her swollen hands into gloves, grimaced at the barometer, and went downstairs and out. It was as though the wind had whirled her out of herself. She was loose again, the solitary traveller, and back in Lincolnshire. She took the narrow road across the saltmarsh flats between her and the sea. They stretched on either hand, featureless, limitless. Nothing would gainsay their level till the enormous breakers reared up, one driven forward on another, and fell with a crash and a flump on the beach. The wind streamed through her; she fought it with every step, and was one with it. At the corner of Perivale Street and Sebastopol Terrace a burly holidaymaker off an advertisement was blown overhead, exclaiming "Skegness Is So Bracing!"

She had to struggle for breath before she could ask for thread and civilly agree with the shopwoman that the wind was quite savage, wasn't it. And, indeed, as she walked back she could hardly walk straight. The wind was still roaring in her ears when she stood in the hallway of Perivale Mansions, with the stairs in front of her—three flights, each of seventeen steps. She paused on the first landing. The roaring in her ears had changed and was now loud beats on a gong. Twice seventeen was twice seventeen. She mounted the second flight. The gong beat on, but irregularly—thunder to the flashes of lightning across her eyes. At the foot of the third flight she stumbled and fell. She saw her gloved hands clutch the air. A little paper bag fell from one of them. Two reels of thread escaped from it, rolled along the landing, and went tap-tapping down the stairs. Another of her misfortunes. Her lips tried to grin but had turned to lead. The wind had blown out all the lights, and down in the hallway the sea rose higher and higher. A seventh wave, a master wave, would surge up the stairs she had climbed so painfully, thrust its strength beneath her, carry her away like a wisp of seaweed. She was still vaguely alive when Everard almost tripped over her. He called "Help! Help!" and blew the polic whistle he always carried on his key ring.

"THERE was something wrong with her heart," he said to Helena, who came next morning. "I might have happened at any moment You can imagine what a shock it wa to me. I think I must move." He had not much to say, but he talked incessantly. "At first I thought she had been killed. You can imagine what I felt. There is so much violence abou nowadays—no post office is safe. I never felt easy leaving her. But it was something wrong with her heart. She was everything to me, everything, my poor Charlotte. Where do you think I should go?"

Helena had picked up the quilt and began folding it.

"And there's that quilt. What should we do about it? It's not finished you see. Poor Charlotte, so unfortunate! It's a magpie quilt."

"Magpie?"

"Yes, because it's all black and white—like the birds, she said."

"I see."

"I can't very well take it with me. Yet it would be a pity to throw it away. Could you take charge of it, Helena? It would be a weight off my mind if you would. You'd know how to finish it, and I don't suppose it would take you very long. Not that there's any hurry now. And then you could keep it, to remember her by. I'm sure she'd like you to have it. It meant a great deal to her."

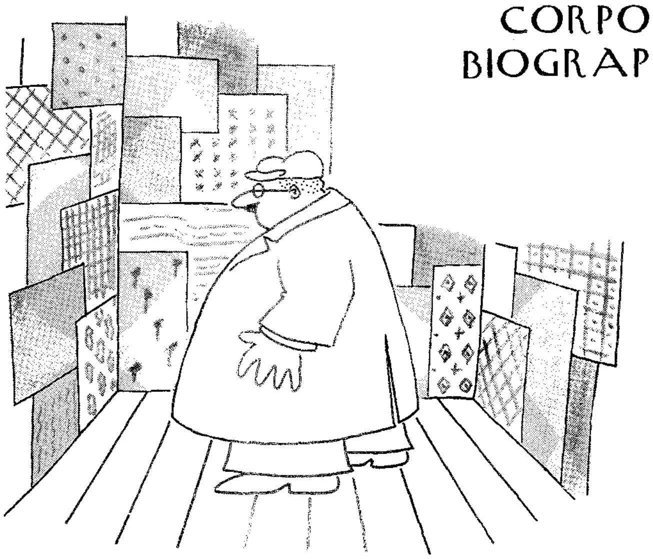
—Sylvia Townsend Warner

COAL TRAIN

Three times a night it woke you
in middle summer, the Erie Lackawanna,
running to the north on thin, loud rails.
You could feel it coming a long way off:
at first, a tremble in your belly,
a wire trilling in your veins, then diesel
rising to a froth beneath your skin.
You could see the cowcatcher,
wide as a mouth and eating ties,
the headlight blowing a dust of flies.
There was no way to stop it.
You lay there, fastened to the tracks
and waiting, breathing like a bull,
your fingers lit at the tips like matches.
You waited for the thunder of wheel and bone,
the axles sparking, fire in your spine.
Each passing was a kind of death,
the whistle dwindling to a ghost in air,
the engine losing itself in trees.
In a while, your heart was the loudest thing,
your bed was a pool of night.

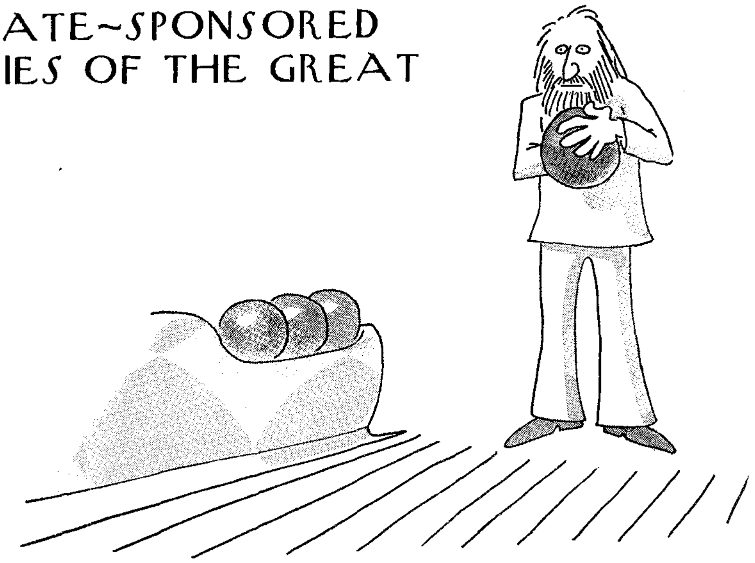
—Jay Parini

CORPORATE-SPONSORED BIOGRAPHIES OF THE GREAT



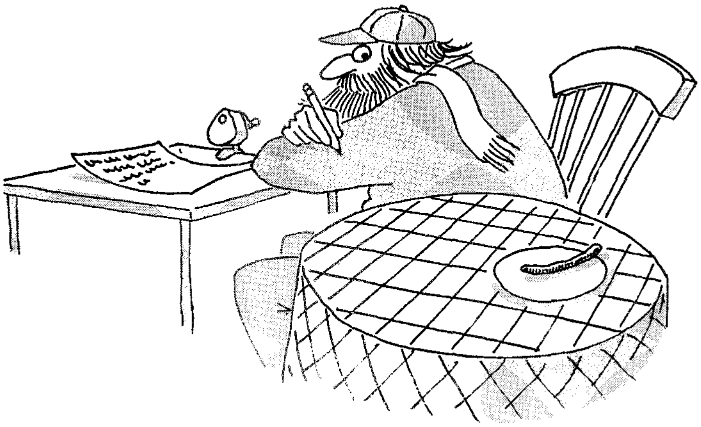
When young Pablo arrived in Paris, he was amazed it the variety of wallpapers he had to choose from.

—"The Youth of Pablo Picasso"
© 1975, International Wallpaper Institute



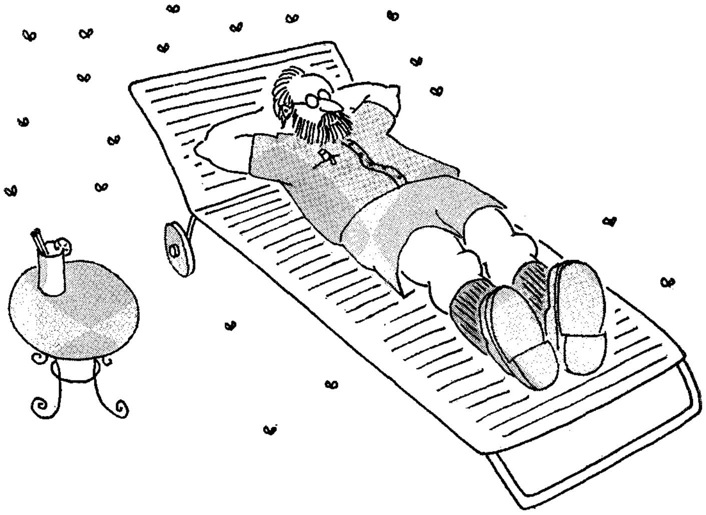
Fëdor smiled grimly, knowing that the future of his hard-earned dacha, troika, and samovar depended on this next roll. He stepped forward and sent the ball on its way home.

—"Dostoevski's Luck"
© 1969, United States of America Bowling Association



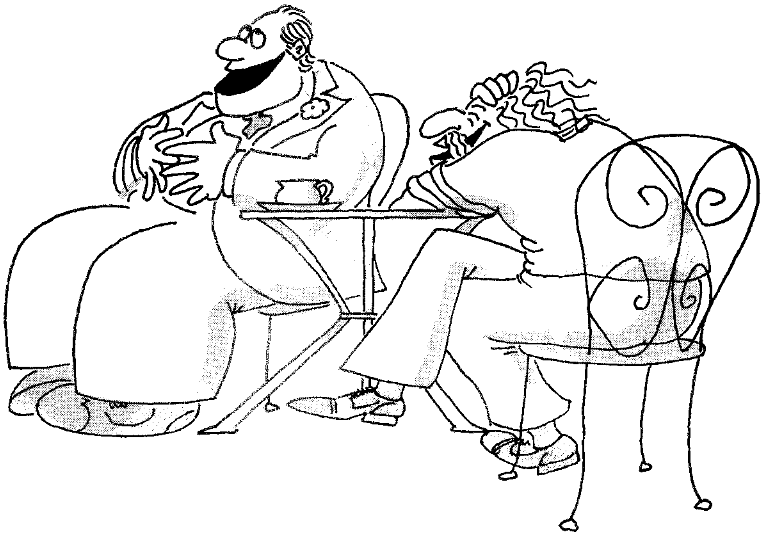
Karl glanced at the last stick of beef jerky on his plate. He onged to savor it through these final difficult paragraphs of the book that would bring him both fame and obloquy.

—"Capitalism and Lunch: The Secret Life of Karl Marx"
© 1973, Beefy Snax Corporation



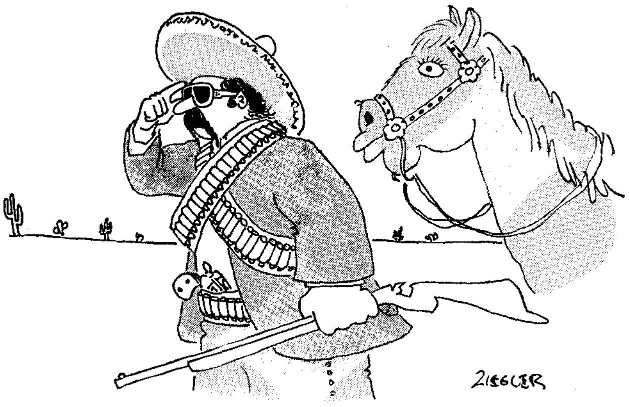
Freud lay down on the lounge chair. The gentle buzzing of the mosquitoes soon lulled him to sleep, and he dreamed a dream that would change the face of psychology forever.

—"Interpretation of Freud"
© 1958, Lawn Chairs Unlimited of Pasadena



Although Fiorello LaGuardia and Albert Einstein laughed and laughed and laughed at the joke, their socks did not fall down.

—"A Remarkable Friendship"
© 1971, He-Man Hose Manufacturing Company

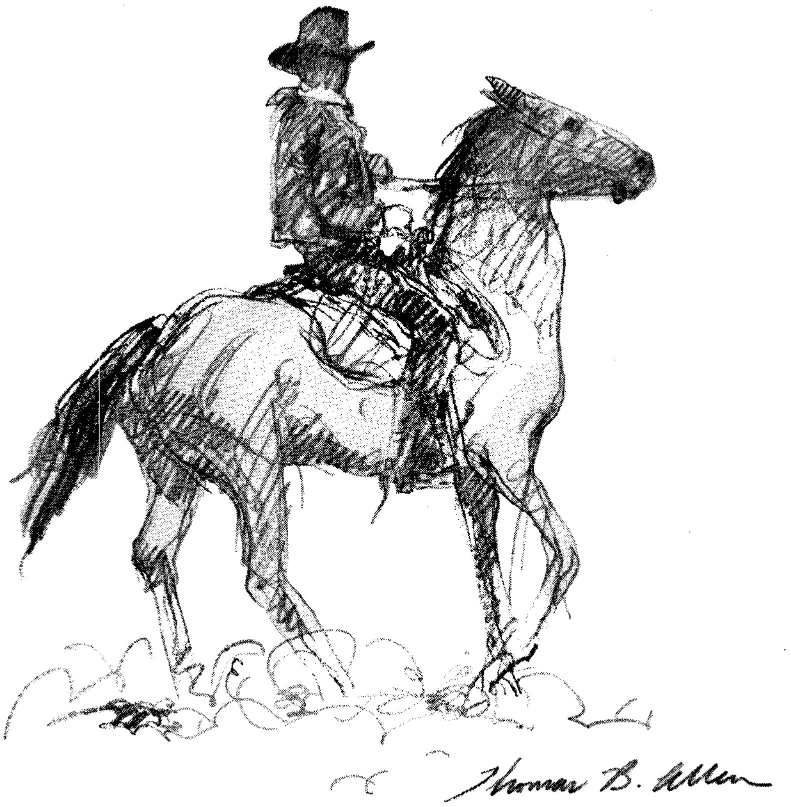


Villa readjusted his sunglasses against the blazing Mexican noon and stared out across the vast expanse. "So this is it," he murmured. "The whole enchilada."

—"Pancho Villa: The Action Years"
© 1963, Sun-Ban Company

PROFILES

COWBOY—II



ONE Sunday in May, about a month past his fortieth birthday, the man I call Henry Blanton hitched his horse trailer to his pickup truck, and he and his wife, Betsy, drove down toward the Canadian River breaks to pay a call on their friends George and Emily Smith. Henry was foreman at the Willow Ranch, north of Canadian, Texas, and in his nine years as a neighbor he had come to admire George Smith more than any other man he knew. He liked to say that George had come up in the world the right way—starting as a cowboy, working hard and saving money and, finally, leasing some land, one section at a time, and filling that land with a fine small herd of cattle. George was in his seventies now, and so was Emily, but they ran their spread themselves, without a hand to help them. Most mornings at six-thirty, they saddled their horses and rode out to check their cows and their fences—George with a day's supply of cigarillos in the pocket of his denim jacket, and Emily with her long, platinumed hair pulled back under the silk scarf with the golden bridle printed on it that she had discovered in the window of Hermès on her big fiftieth-anniversary trip to Paris.

Cowboys driving the highway that bordered the Smiths' pastures kept an eye out for George and Emily, and they always stopped to neighbor if the Smiths needed help. They took a personal interest in the Smiths' fortunes, because the Smiths were, as the cowboys put it, "one of ours." In fact, the Smiths were the only people a lot of Panhandle cowboys knew who had started off poor—as poor as they themselves were now—and made a success as ranchers without so much as a small oil well to tide them over in bad times. George and Emily, in their fifty years together, had survived the Depression, the dust bowl, another long drought, and two tornadoes that carried off their house and barn and killed their horses. They had lost the lease on their last ranch in 1969, when the man who owned the land started running yearlings, and that night they had broken out a bottle of champagne and toasted the future of their next one. Emily had sold her diamond-horseshoe earrings to pay for the sections they owned now, but, as she always said, no cattle she was likely to come across were going to know the difference between a diamond and a hunk of glass. She and George never went to the country club, where the women needed their diamonds for sitting by the pool on Sunday afternoons while their husbands played golf. George and Emily preferred the company of cowboys. Every Saturday night, George put on his fancy boots and a handmade Western shirt while Emily smudged her eyelids with bright-blue shadow, painted her mouth with Christian Dior No. 59, and hung her new rhinestone horseshoes from her freshly rouged ears, and then the two of them drove to the country-and-Western dance in Pampa, with enough bourbon in the trunk of their Continental for every thirsty cowboy at their table. Sunday mornings, they slept late and drank a lot of black coffee. By noon, Emily had usually set out a new bottle, a pitcher of iced tea, and a plate of Oreo cookies on the kitchen table and was ready for Sunday company. This Sunday, though, she and George had work. Their cows were calving. Some had already dropped their calves and were off grazing, but the pasture near the house was still full of huge, logy cows waiting to deliver, and George and Emily were busy sorting out the heifers due for their first babies. They intended to move them to a little calving pasture by the barn, where they could look after them and help them, because a delicate Hereford heifer bred to a big Brangus bull often had a hard time calving. Some years, only a few heifers suffered. But there were years when George spent half the spring pulling calves from their mothers, and so the Smiths liked to keep their heifers by the barn, where George stored the ratchet and ropes and pulling chains he used in an emergency.

It was Betsy who spotted Emily in a far corner of the pasture. Emily was running her paint, Diamond Lil, in fast, narrowing circles around a fat heifer, slapping her thigh and yelling "Ho hey!" while her Paris scarf flapped in the wind and her cigarillo bobbed up and down on her wet red lipstick. George, across the pasture on his bay, Rusty, was minding the gate to a roomy pen that already held some twenty heifers. He waved a stick at Emily when she rode toward him, driving in her heifer, and then he flicked the stick, beat the animal into the pen, and shut the gate behind it.

Henry led his black Appaloosa, Pepper, out of the trailer and rode back out with Emily. She had been having trouble all morning with one skittish heifer that even now, as they galloped toward it, ducked past them and burrowed into the protective jumble of the cows. Henry started circling in on it, slowly and precisely, and he kept on circling, cutting the herd back with every pass, until most of the cows had scattered and his heifer stood out, trembling and vulnerable.

"Pretty work! Pretty work!" George

called, pointing his stick at Henry.

Betsy, who had climbed onto a rail of the pen to watch, nodded. People enjoyed seeing Henry work with Pepper. He was at his best on the Appaloosa. There was something comfortable and generous about the way they accommodated to each other—something that made Betsy a little sad, because she saw it, with Henry, so rarely lately. Henry had bought the Appaloosa as a colt from a trader he liked in Perryton. He had broken him at two and a half, and trained him every day over the next year, until the horse was ready for his first roundup. Pepper was nine now. He was a big horse—nearly sixteen hands—but he was gentle and fast and accurate, and these days he was the only horse on the Willow Ranch that seemed to command Henry's tenderness and humor. No one else was allowed to ride Pepper, and by now he and Henry worked cattle with a rhythm all their own. Betsy hardly noticed Henry shift his weight a few inches in the saddle, but Pepper spun sharply, and in a moment the heifer blinked and looked around to discover herself alone in a stretch of pasture. After that, she came in calmly.

"Right pretty work," George said again.

Emily puffed on her cigarillo. "That was one jittery heifer," she said.

Henry grinned. He was flushed and feeling easy and accomplished.

"Old Em got the hard job this morning, seeing as it's me with the worst hangover," George said, riding into the pen with the heifer, which promptly began to bang a flank against the rails, lowing. "Just look at that silly old thing," George said. "She can't hardly move none, and she can't hardly stand still, neither."

"She's all floppy behind," Emily said fondly.

"She's fixing to have that baby any minute now," Betsy said.

Emily sighed loudly. "This sorting sure is hard. You have to round them in, and half the time they get away and you're back where you started." She leaned forward and rubbed her horse behind the ears while Betsy rummaged in her pocketbook for some sugar cubes. "I bet you're sweating, honey," Emily crooned to Diamond Lil. "That little old horned heifer, she sure got us up."

"Well, never mind. We'll have a pasture full of little old calves soon," George said, squinting out across the pasture. And then, to Henry and Betsy, "You know that there farmer that showed up at the dance last night? Well, it weren't more than seven this morning when the phone rings, and it's that old farmer, wanting to know if—"

"Like near scared me to death, hearing the phone ring that early on a Sunday morning," Emily said, producing a flask of bourbon from her saddlebag. Emily had the prerogatives of age and a lusty character, and used them. She drank with the men and cursed better than most of them, and she often said that she had kept George home nights for fifty years by providing the proper fuel and the proper company in his own kitchen. Even Betsy felt obliged to take a sip of bourbon when Emily passed a bottle.

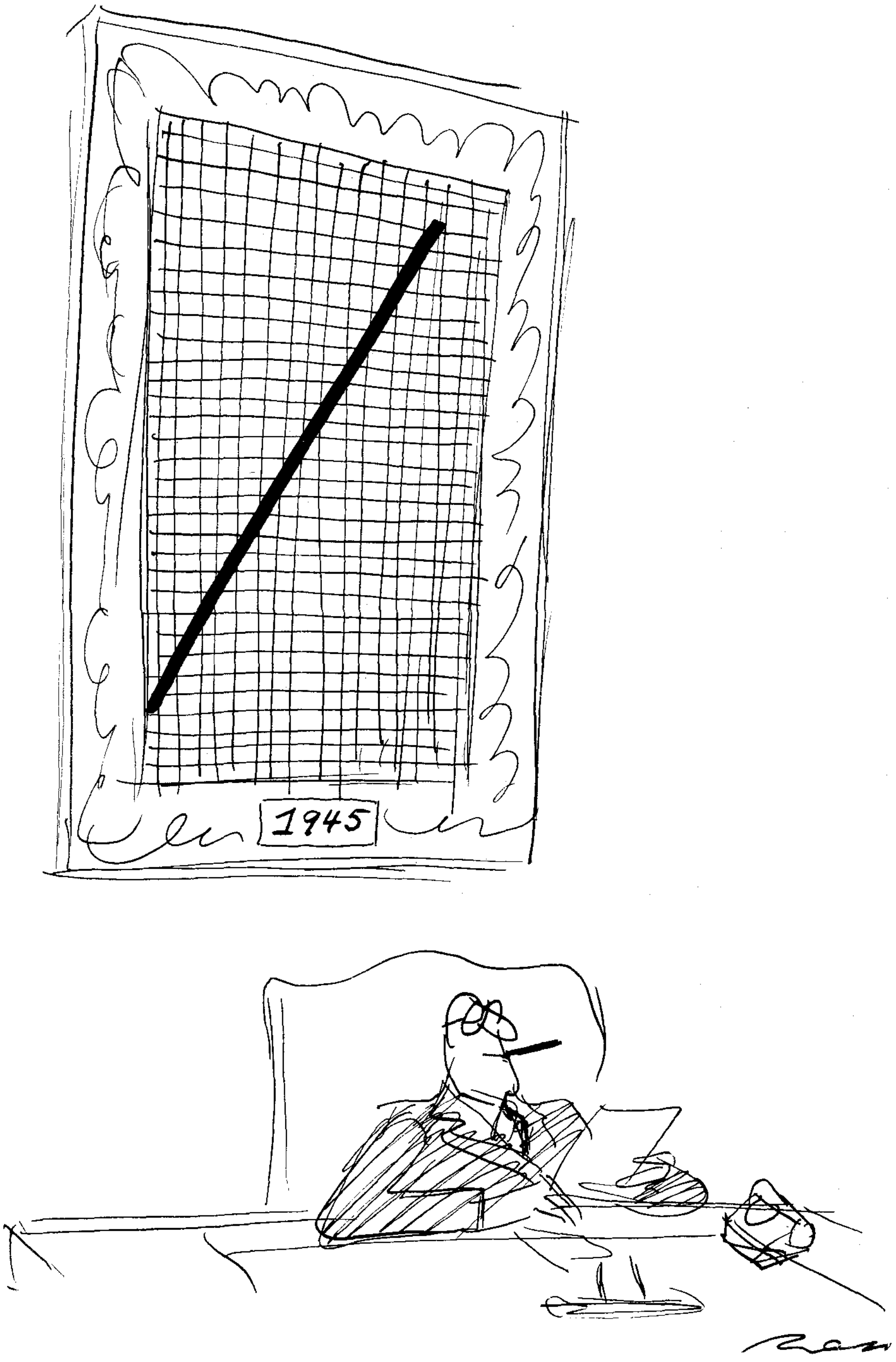
"Hush, Em," George said. "I'm telling this." He winked at Betsy, who was feeding a sugar cube to Rusty now. "Em is a little set up today, 'cause I danced with so many pretty girls last night. But I told her, 'Em, honey, it's you I always go home with and—' "

Henry blushed, and Betsy looked horrified.

"Now where was I?" George said, puzzled. "Right. This here farmer's on the telephone, and he's saying that since we all got on so well together last night, maybe I could do him a little favor and say if there's some old cowpuncher I know who'd like to make himself a little money helping this here farmer that's short of hands with his plowing."

"They sure are very different, farmers are," Henry said, shaking his head.

"That's what I told him," George replied. "I told him, 'Now, you don't want to insult nobody, do you, paying for a little help.' I said that cowmen, like me and Em—why, if we're fixing to brand we just notify our friends. The



way *we* live, it's just people helping people. It's people neighboring. Like when a cowman has a grass fire, I says, why you just get everybody out there helping. Whereas I heard for a fact, I says—but polite-like—that when certain farmers have a fire they have to go and call the firemen."

"They sure ain't independent—that's one thing," Henry said. "They got to have them co-ops, just to be sure no one's taking advantage of them. They got to have everything written down before they do for each other."

"Well, they do dance pretty," Emily said. "That sure was a bunch of them last night."

"*I* wouldn't sit down with none of them," Henry told her. "I got a lot of kinfolk is farmers, but I don't approve of them. You take a farmer—he's pumping five hundred gallons of water a minute. That's water that belongs to all of us. But if one of your cows gets on his land he'll start cussing, or if he's educated some he'll sue you. One of them pulled a gun on me last week when all I was doing was going down this road of his looking for a cow. Boy, I sure got mad. I said that to me the law always was that if a man wants to keep my cows out it's up to him to do it. Hell, farmers was the ones who fenced this country up in the first place. Anyhow, he got real mad and said he wants me to sign this piece of paper saying I'm responsible for any of my cows that get onto his land."

"Imagine," Betsy said. "I guess it's that farmers, they live in a different world. Ten miles—it could just as well be ten thousand. And they're not around each other much, the way cowboys are, so they don't know much about getting along with people."

George waited for a minute and said to Henry, "I sure do hope you and Lester Hill got something down on paper about that deal of yours."

Henry looked at the sky, embarrassed. Lester Hill was the Willow Ranch manager, and last month he and Lester had shaken hands on a deal that Henry was sure would start him making the money he needed to put toward a small herd and a few sections of his own. It was a kind of partnership, really, in a batch of Southern calves—cowboys call them Mississipps or Okies—that Lester had bought through an agent in Louisiana. Henry was going to look after those calves for a season. He was going to run them with the ranch cattle, and in return he and Lester would split the profits when the calves were sold.

THE LAMENT UPON THE WATERS

For the disciple nothing had changed. The mood was still
Gray tolerance, as the road marched along
Singing its little song of despair. Once, a cry
Started up out of the hills. That old, puzzling persuasion

Again. Sex was part of this,
And the shock of day turning into night.
Though we always found something delicate (too delicate
For some tastes, perhaps) to touch, to desire.

And we made much of this sort of materiality
That clogged the weight of starlight, made it seem
Fibrous, yet there was a chance in this
To see the present as it never had existed,

Clear and shapeless, in an atmosphere like cut glass.
At Latour-Maubourg you said this was a good thing, and on the steps
Of Métro Jasmin the couriers nodded to us correctly, and the
Pact was sealed in the sky. But now moments surround us

Like a crowd, some inquisitive faces, some hostile ones,
Some enigmatic or turned away to an anterior form of time
Given once and for all. The jetstream inscribes a final flourish
That melts as it stays. The problem isn't how to proceed

But is one of being: whether this ever was, and whose
It shall be. To be starting out, just one step
Off the sidewalk, and as such pulled back into the glittering
Snowstorm of stinging tentacles of how that would be worked out

If we ever work it out. And the voice came back at him
Across the water, rubbing it the wrong way: "Thou
Canst but undo the wrong thou hast done." The sackbuts
Embellish it, and we are never any closer to the collision

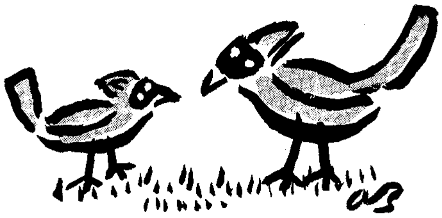
Of the waters, the peace of light drowning light,
Grabbing it, holding it up streaming. It is all one. It lies
All around, its new message, guilt, the admission
Of guilt, your new act. Time buys

The receiver, the onlooker of the earlier system, but cannot
Buy back the rest. It is night that fell
At the edge of your footsteps as the music stopped
And we heard the bells for the first time. It is your chapter, I said.

—JOHN ASHBERY

• •

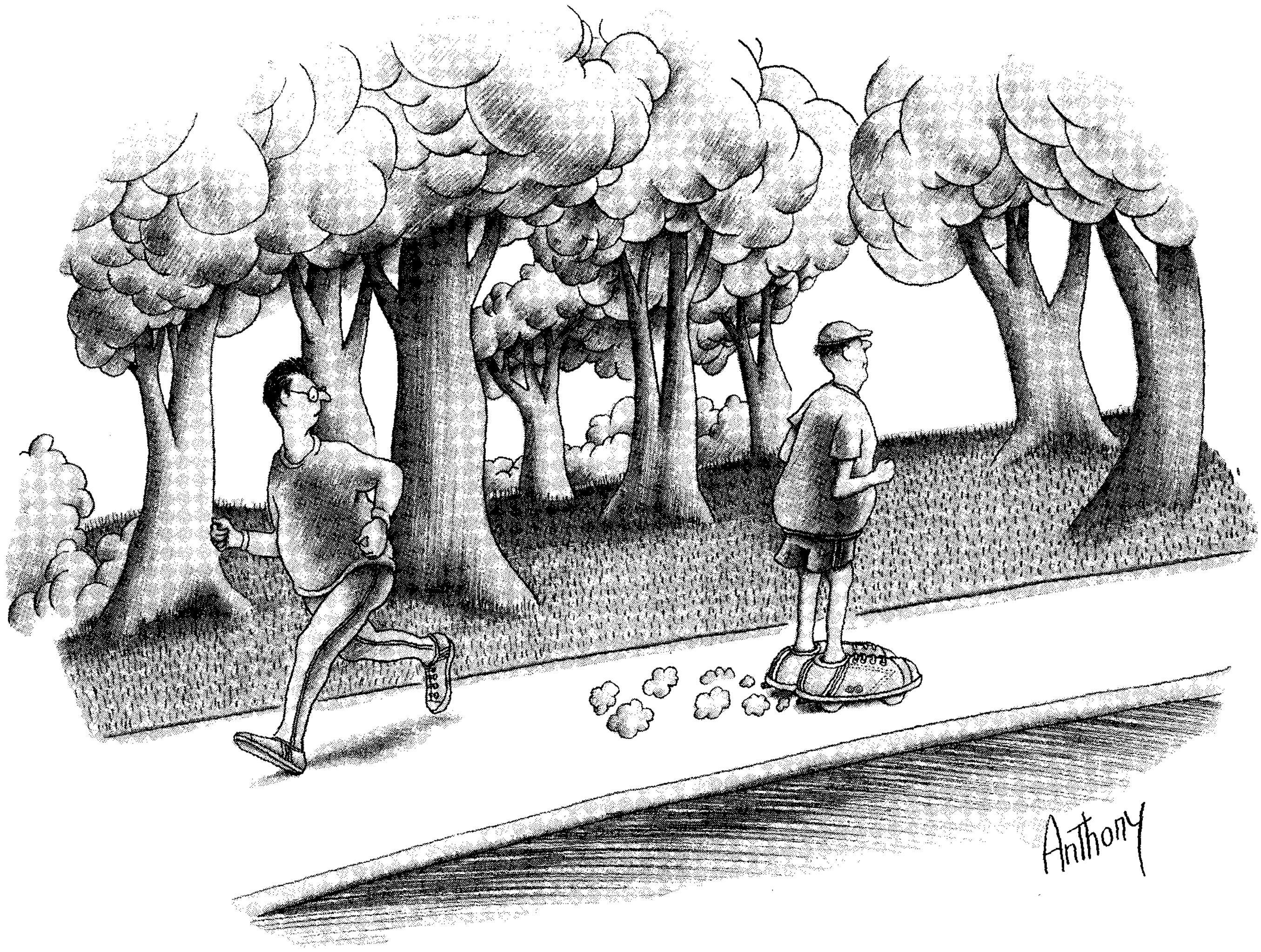
"That's what I keep telling Henry—sign something," Betsy said quietly. "It seems to me he ought to be a little cautious, seeing as how Lester is always taking advantage of him. I mean, the phone's always ringing, or that radio gadget in the truck, and there's Lester saying, 'Henry, do this, do that.' And it's not ranch work. It's Lester wanting someone to help him clean his swimming pool, or fix his roof, or run over to the feedyard and make sure those Okie calves he keeps trading on the side are getting the right feed."



Henry glared at her. "Seems to me a man's handshake ought to be enough. My Granddaddy Abel never signed no contract. My granddaddy always said a man's word should be his contract, and that's what I do believe, and that's what any cowboy believes, and"—he took a long drink—"that's how I'm going to live."

"Your granddaddy couldn't write," Betsy said. "Those old cowpunchers—they shook hands so as not to embarrass each other."

"Well, at least your granddaddy knew this place when it was cow-calf



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country," George said. "Before them yearling people discovered what stout short grass we got here." George shook his head. "I ain't meaning you, Henry—I mean about them yearling fellows. I know you hate those Okies as much as me and Em here. And a man's got to start somewhere."

Henry was thinking. "One thing's true, people sure is jealous of Texas grass," he said at last. "Remember when they had those caterpillars over in New Mexico? They wanted to spray, and we stopped them, 'cause one rain and that spray would come all the way on over here, polluting the reservoir down at Lake Meredith, polluting all our water. Boy, they sure was mad at Texas, I know. I was visiting in New Mexico then, and you could hear those caterpillars. They came in a line. On a clear day, you could hear them eating up that poor old Mexico grass, and—" Henry stopped himself. "You know, it used to make me bitter, not having my own ranch. Guess I always thought I would, someday." He leaned over and took an Oreo cookie from Emily's saddlebag. "I'll tell you what makes me bitter now—it's the ones who inherit, or the ones who come in with so much money and can't do what I do." Henry laughed. "Course, sometimes I think that if that old lake got polluted and had to be drained away, things might be a whole lot better. I mean, a lot of people would leave, and it'd be a real nice place again."

Emily looked cross. "It's their place—those people—as well as yours, Henry."

Henry shook his head. "It's getting to be like New York City around here. You know, I heard on television there's a million people on welfare in New York City. It's 'cause they got a bad system. Now, you study ants, that's got this real good system worked out, and you see why—"

"You can't go back, Henry," George said. "What if you was still having to go round in a wagon?"

Henry told George that he had a cousin who preferred wagons, a cousin who had stood at the gate to his land with a shotgun when the town came in with orders to lay a paved road.

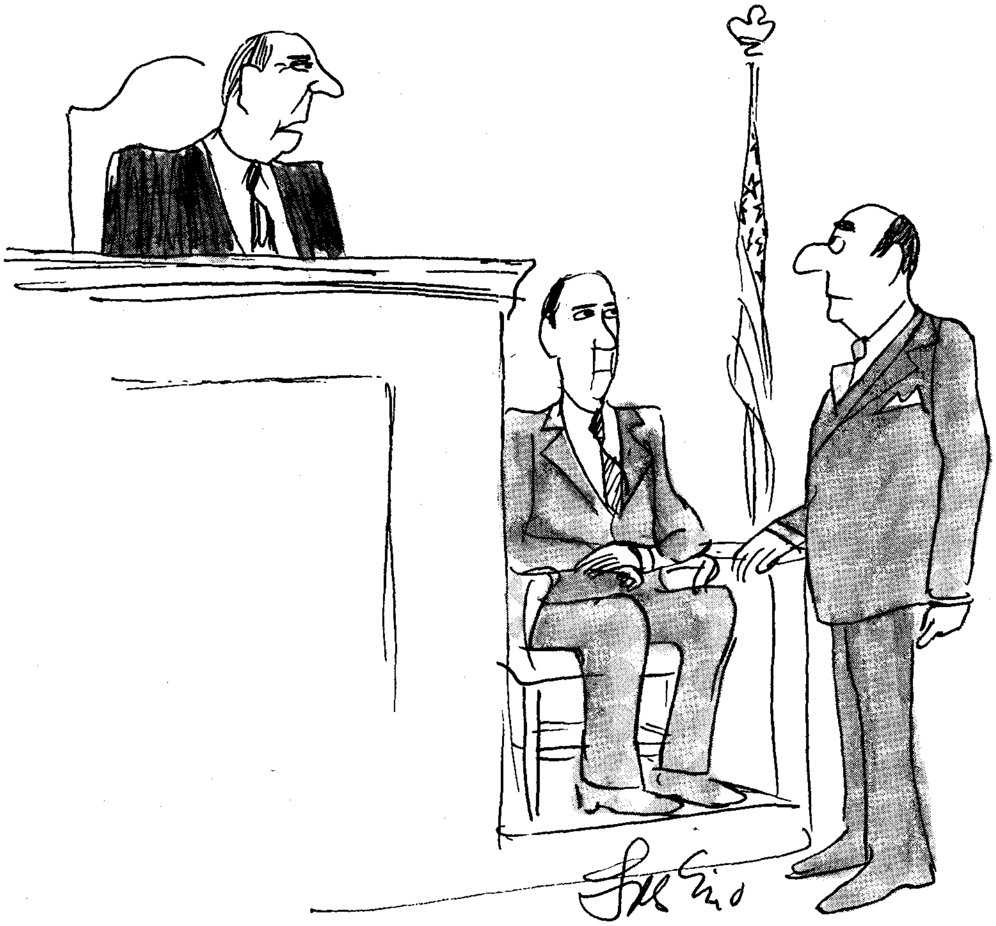
"Henry, we never had a toilet in our lives till we built this house," Emily said. "Hell, 1947 was my first bathtub. First hot water, too. And I'll tell you something. I like it, on a cold night, just when I'm getting to sleep, not having to go clear across the yard and—"

"We're all for modern times, me and Em," George put in. "You young ones never lived way back, jumping up in the middle of the night, with no lights, trying to find that old outhouse."

"I sure did," Henry said, fingering a cigarette. "Till I was five or six, anyhow. We had no electricity, no plumbing, no heat, no running water. And I did it again when I started cowboying. Least, I did till I got this job. And it weren't so bad"—Henry grinned suddenly—"though I never did know why they always put the outhouse way back behind the woodshed. To be inconvenient—that's all I can figure."

"Why, even here we didn't have a phone at first," Betsy said. "We been on six ranches since Henry started cowboying, and this is the first that's had any conveniences. There was one with no water for my washing machine. We had this pump in the well, but it didn't work, and I had to get my water from a creek. Had to carry it in buckets up a real steep hill."

Henry chuckled. "One day, Betsy here was packing those two buckets up the hill, and her mother and daddy showed up visiting. Well, her mother



"The prosecuting attorney will rephrase the question in a manner more suitable to a court of law and stop trying to sound like David Frost."

• •

fell to crying. She said she never did think she'd have to see her daughter doing that, same as she used to."

"And *I* said, 'Mama, if Henry wanted to go to Africa and live in a mud hut, I'd go with him.' " Betsy looked at Henry shyly. She had taken a drink, and bourbon made her sentimental. "I think back on those days, and I think that must have been the happiest time of my life."

Henry took the flask from her. "People knew how to do for themselves then. Nowadays, a kid gets scratched and it's right to the doctor. Now, when I was a kid it was kerosene and chewing tobacco."

Emily said that her mother had used kerosene for coughs—kerosene with a little sugar. And Betsy said that hers had mixed whiskey and rock candy when the children had a fever. Then Henry claimed he could remember the day he heard a radio for the first time.

George guffawed. "Henry, I *know* they had radios when you was little."

Henry shook his head, stubborn.

"Come on, Henry. Don't you tell me about those old days. I was in them. And don't tell me about those antiques, either, 'cause I lived with them."

"Well, there *was* a hell of a lot more family life then," Emily said, musing. She leaned down and patted Betsy on the arm. "Course, there weren't no conveyances to get you away from your family."

"Didn't you think people was better then?" Henry asked her.

George chuckled. "We never did get to see no people to find out. If there was a dance, it was once a month and you stayed two days." He squinted at Henry. "And when you did see someone, you was right proud."

"Then I just can't understand why you keep talking about liking progress," Henry said. "Progress *is* conveyances. It's old Ed"—Ed Loomis was one of Henry's hands—"cutting up and down some highway. That's progress. It's them farmers making seventy-five thousand dollars a year from the government for not growing anything. And a town where there's no more country-thinking people, and juries where they'll believe anything a nigger tells them, and all them long-hair feedyard hippies."

"Buffalo Bill and them Indians—they didn't go near no barber, either, and I don't hear you taking on against them," George said. George liked Henry, and worried a lot about him. People had noticed a kind of desperation in Henry lately. He was not "expressin' right," as he called it, but he did not know why and seemed ashamed of himself anyway for wondering—since expressing right, as a cowboy, had most to do with the sort of quiet and sustaining certainty that he had lost.

"Did your daddy have a mustache?" Henry asked.

"Yup."

"You see," Henry said. "Your daddy had a mustache, but you wouldn't ever wear one."

Emily tucked a strand of platinum hair back under her Paris scarf. "I remember when they let me bob my hair," she told Betsy. "Why, my daddy went round that pasture and like near cried. He said, 'Sweet babe, you don't look like yourself no more.' "

"Was it feedyard hippies you and Tom met in the package store the other week?" George said. "Seems like I heard something about you and that brother of yours and a little misunderstanding down in Pampa—"

Betsy said, "Oh, Henry."

"You and that little old brother of yours up to more mischief?" Emily said. "I swear, I don't know who's leading who astray. Like the time you and Tom roped that stray and hailed that poor old doctor in his car and talked him up about giving him that steer. Shoot, you had that poor old doctor believing he could drive right off with that old steer sitting like a baby in the back seat. Now, don't you deny it, Henry. I heard that old doctor like near died, trying to drive with that mean old steer hanging round his neck and bellowing like crazy and—"

"They called us goddam hats," Henry lied, and he immediately looked cheerful. "You should of seen Tom. He took to beating up on both them hippies just as they was taking off. And all the time he's shouting about how they owed him an apology."

George slapped his knee, laughing.

"Henry!" Betsy said.

"Well, Betsy, you got to be always ready to defend yourself," Henry said. "You know, I always figured a true cowboy was a little like a coyote. I mean, he won't bother you at all till you get him cornered."

Betsy turned away.

"If you was the sheriff, you would of said to shoot them hippies dead and lay a stick on them," Henry told her. "Truly. There was this one time I heard the sheriff say if you catch a man stealing your cattle or fixing to fight

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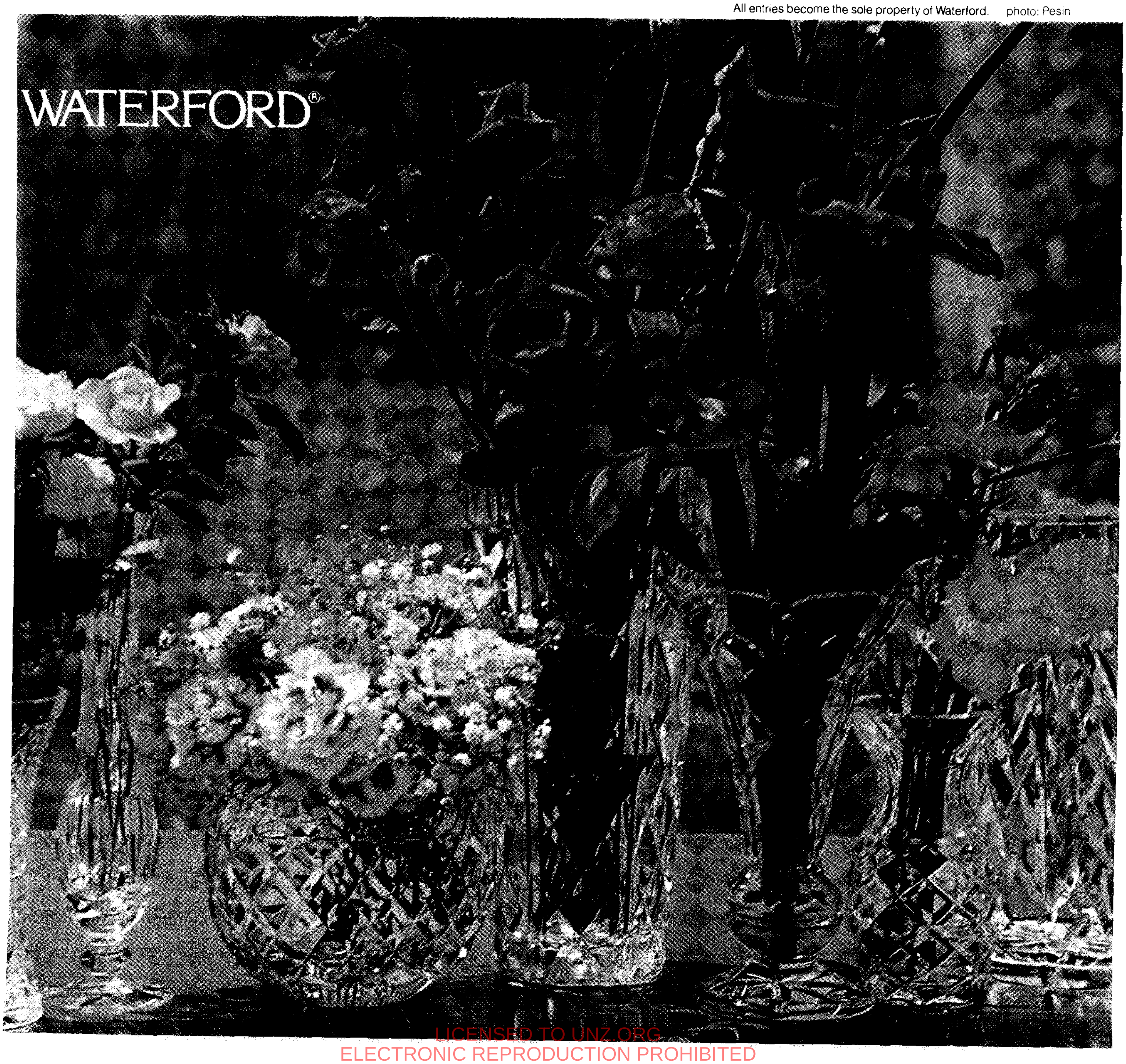

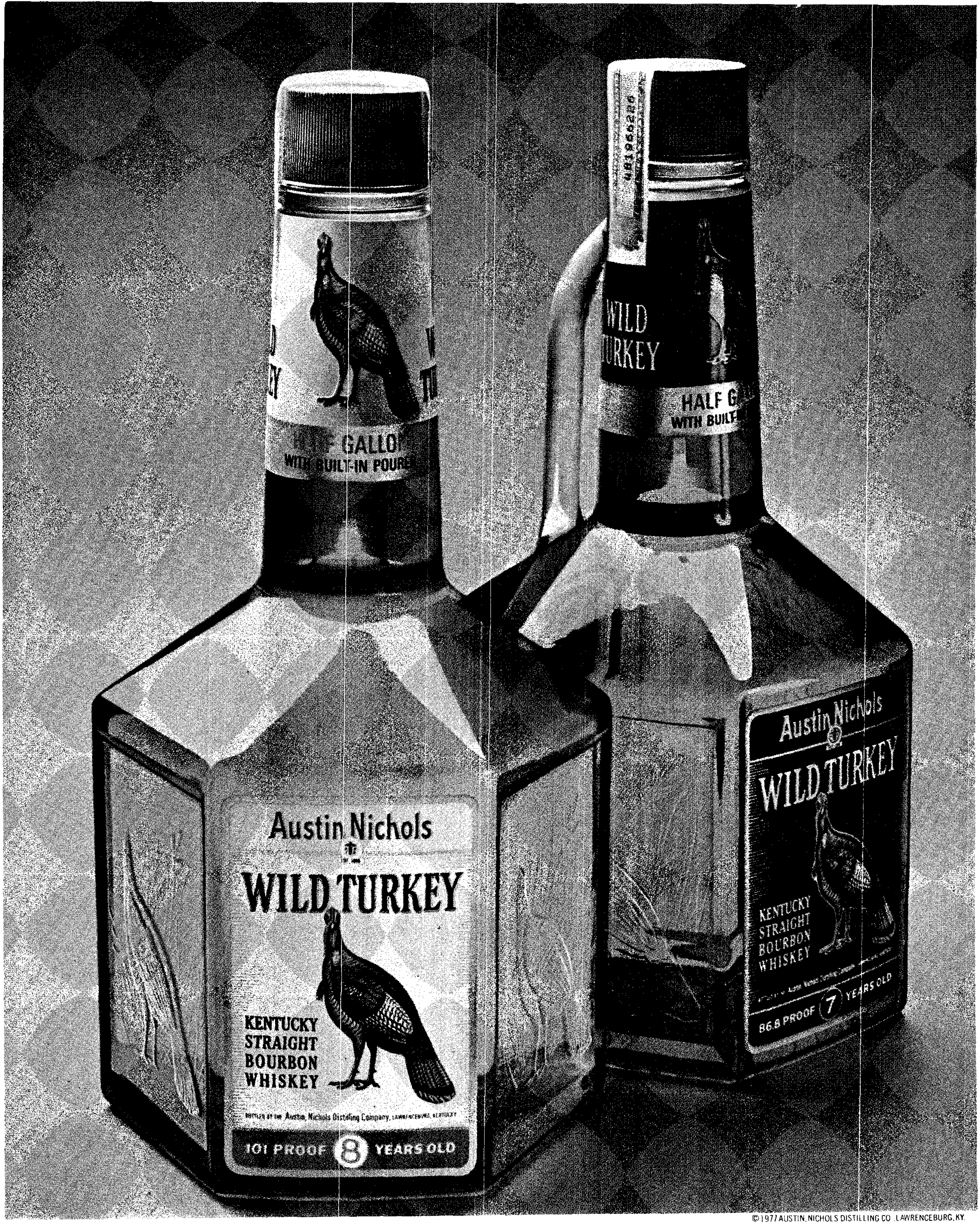
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you, don't arrest him and turn him in, and, whatever you do, don't wound him. Otherwise, he'll be after you with his gun or his lawyers. Best thing to do, the sheriff said, is to shoot him dead, where he can't touch you." Henry shifted, uneasy, in his saddle. "Well, that's what they always did when there was just cattlemen out here."

Betsy tried to smile. "Come on, now, Henry, you know you wouldn't kill no one." She looked at Emily, pleading. "Why, if Henry has a cow or a horse that needs killing, he goes and gets one of the hands to do it for him. And there was that day Henry gave a lift to two hippies. Brought them home to lunch, even—he felt so sorry for them. And once he gave this old nigger on the road five dollars, and when the girls asked him why he done it he said it was 'cause the nigger was sick and broke. He said he'd have done the same for a stray dog. Henry just likes to joke some, and . . ." Then, to Henry, "It was raining that day. You know I always worry on a rainy day. The cowboys start drinking early and . . . Oh, Henry, what good does it do you?"

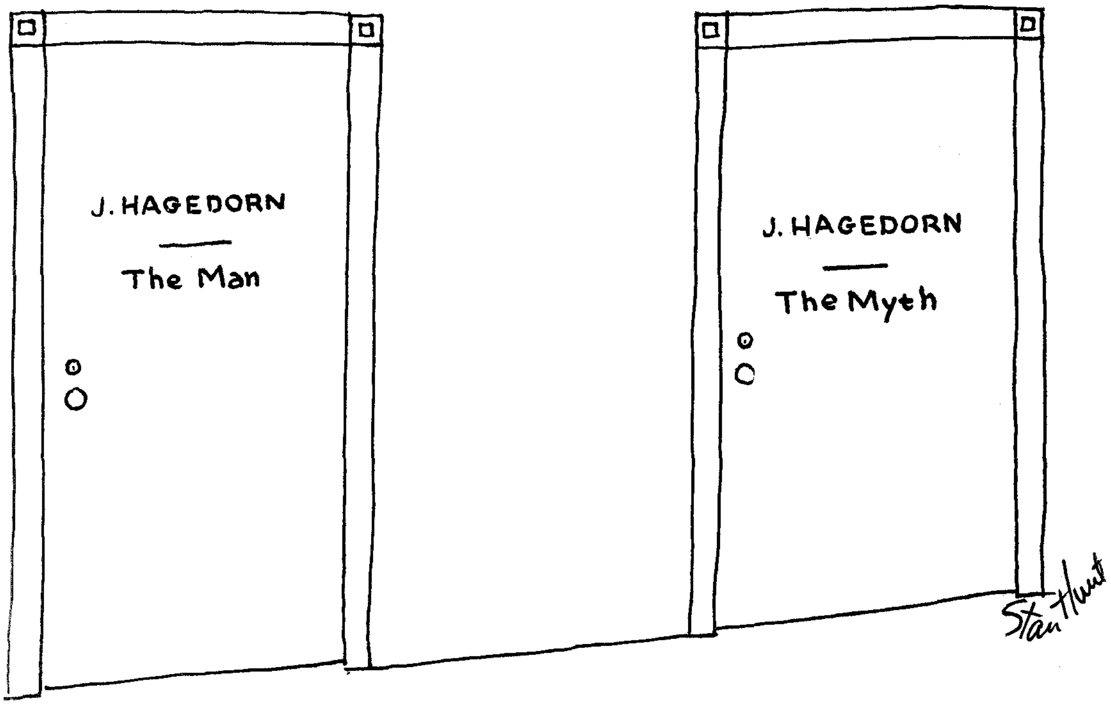
Henry leaned across his horse toward her. "I was protecting your interests, Betsy. Yours and mine."

HENRY was six years old when his family got together to see about a horse and the right gear for him. That was one of the responsibilities a boy's family had then, along with a hot meal once a day and shoes for school. It did not much matter if the boy lived on a ranch or had moved to town with his mother, the way Henry had in 1942, when the Army took his father. Panhandle towns were tiny in those days—a few houses, a store, and perhaps a post office. Most houses opened at the back on pastures, and even the smallest and shabbiest of them came with a provision barn, or, at least, a shed where a horse could winter. Henry's horse shared his shed with sacks of flour and potatoes and onions. At the time that Henry's grandfather Abel Blanton bought the horse, the horse was called Pal, but when he started nibbling through the sacks in the shed Henry renamed him Onion. Onion was a problem—"not what you would call a real good kind of horse," Henry always said when he was reminiscing. Onion was ornery and bucked a lot and enjoyed kicking over the chair that Henry, at six, climbed to mount him. It took a while for them to arrive at the abusive, affectionate arrangement that Henry later claimed was so instructive to them both.

Henry broke Onion to a big used saddle with a mended horn, which his Granddaddy Wesley—his mother's father—contributed, and to a bridle that came by way of his father's oldest brother. There were Blanton brothers all over Texas by that time. Abel Blanton was a lusty man, for all the hell-fire sermonizing that he did when he was a cowboy and preaching as a sideline on the Baptist ranch circuit. He had ridden home from every one of his long spring roundups with the intention of leaving Mrs. Blanton pregnant when he rode out again, and for years, more often than not, he did. Ten children survived, and seven of them were boys, and they all cowboyed—except one who roughnecked in the oil fields near Houston and one who took up pentecostalism and died from shock while caressing a prairie rattler at a revival meeting back east in Tennessee.

Henry's father, whose name was James Jonah Blanton, left school at sixteen for a job at one of the big Panhandle ranches. At seventeen, he was courting Amy MacLeod, the foreman's daughter, and at eighteen he married her, in spite of Abel's assurances that by marrying into Wesley MacLeod's Methodist family he was taking a long shot on his eternal life. James Jonah wanted to be a rancher. Like Abel before him, he dreamed of his own land and his own cattle, but the Depression and the dust had settled on west Texas, and even with the money he won bulldogging and racing wild mares at cowboy rodeos, there was never anything left at the end of the month for him to put away. He had heard that people were striking gold lodes in Arizona—cowboys who had lost their jobs at home were coming back from a few months' work in Arizona gold mines and talking about heading out again to prospect on their own. When Henry was nine months old and just past colic, James Jonah sold his horse and saddle, bought three tickets for the train to Tucson, and told his wife to pack lightly, because before she knew it she would be coming home. They spent the next year and a half in Arizona, in an Army-surplus tent that James Jonah found abandoned at the edge of a mining shantytown. Amy tried to make a home of it. She laid linoleum on the ground, and James Jonah built a pine cabinet for her pots and pans. They bought a kerosene lamp for the tent, and then a chair and a baby's cot and a big iron bedstead, but after a month they moved the bed outdoors. Once, when Amy was old and sorting out her memories, she told her sons that she and their father would lie in that iron bed at night crying—looking at the stars and trying to pretend they were out on a roundup at the ranch.

It was a bad year for Amy, raising a baby in a rough settlement, caught up in the desperation of poor people who lived for the strike that only a very few of them would make. James Jonah never struck so much as a nugget. Wesley MacLeod had to take up a col-



lection on the ranch to move the family home, and James Jonah never left the ranch again until he volunteered for the Second World War. He wanted to fight the Germans—he imagined the Germans as a whole race of homesteaders—but the Army sent him to the South Pacific, and he never forgave the Army for betraying him. Henry always said that it was missing the Germans that broke his father's spirit, as much as the Japanese shrapnel that left him lame in the right leg and ended his days as a cowboy and his future as a cowman. James Jonah Blanton came home from an Army hospital in the Marianas and never worked the range again. He repaired the pine cabinet from his Arizona tent, and—while Amy was busy teaching grade school or practicing hairdos for her beautician's license, and little Henry was matching wits with Onion in the back yard—he sat in the parlor polishing his old rodeo trophies and arranging and rearranging them on the cabinet shelves. He took a job, finally, checking stock in the warehouse of a barn-construction company, and after that he led a quiet, bitter life and laid his hopes on Henry.

James Jonah used to tell Henry that there was cowboying in the family blood. He invented glorious tall stories about Henry's Granddaddy Abel and Granddaddy Wesley, who in fact had stowed away in the bedroll wagon of a passing trail gang at the age of eleven and had never shown up again at his parents' cotton farm, down in Coleman County. But James Jonah no longer had the heart to take up Henry's education as a cowboy. His grandfathers saw to that instead. Henry worked a branding iron at the age of eight. At ten he cut his first steer, and a year later he could rope a calf by the hind legs. He rode dogies and then steers and saddle broncs. He learned how to fall, and how to take a lot of kicking, and how to walk home black and blue without crying. He was out with his cousin Petey MacLeod when Petey's horse tripped and fell and split Petey's head open. Henry slung the dead boy over the empty saddle and, leading Petey's horse, brought him home to his mother. He was out roping with one of Abel's hands when a crazed steer dragged the hand to death. Abel, who drove his cattle like a herd of sinners and encouraged his hands to do the same, had this to say at the funeral: "Old Father Time, he'll get you in the end, and it don't matter none that you been taking precautions." But Granddaddy Wesley, whom Henry consulted, grieving, started his lessons in cowboy common sense. He taught him that a cowboy was always gentle, that the best way and the right way to ride a horse or rope a calf was the quietest way possible. He said that what made a real hand was not so much knowing how to do something as knowing when to do something—the most important "when" being when to leave an animal alone.

Wesley was a patient, humorous man, but he and Abel Blanton argued a lot over Henry's instruction—the two old cowpunchers rocking fiercely in the chairs reserved for them on the neutral ground of their children's parlor. Wesley had the authority on the ranch where he was foreman. He liked to experiment, crossbreeding cattle, whereas Abel was convinced that breeding animals was a wicked trick of the evolutionists. Abel did not want his grandson listening to nonsense about crossbreeding for a better beef stock, but breeding happened to be one of the things that troubled Henry most when he was growing up. He and his Granddaddy Wesley used to talk secretly about the problem—Henry always took his religious problems to Wesley—and eventually they managed to work it to its logical conclusion, which was that cows evolved but people were set down perfect, at the Creation, by the hand of God. That was what Henry came to believe at ten, and it was what he still believed at forty, although by then he rarely went to church and knew from his girls that some teachers at the district high school had been mentioning evolution for years.

No one was allowed to mention evolution in school when Henry was a boy. There were Bible classes every day, and boys who told dirty stories about the Virgin Birth got ten strokes from the principal's horsewhip. Henry was whipped once. He came home from school with welts on his back that were far worse than any welts he ever got when his father or Abel beat him in the shed for misbehaving or sassing. His little brother Tom cried, seeing him so hurt, and got a whipping, too. That was when Henry started taking his instruction from the movies, where all the cowboys were like Abel's hands and practiced the religion of the great outdoors.

At first, Henry's Granddaddy Wesley took him to the movies. Every other Saturday—except, of course, at calving time on Wesley's ranch—they drove in Wesley's jeep a hundred and five miles to Amarillo and made the rounds of the

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movie theatres, watching one Western after another, with the old man poking and pointing and guffawing, and sometimes even shouting at the screen. Afterward, at the soda fountain, they went over the day's movies, one by one, discussing what was accurate and appropriate and what was not. In a few years, Tom joined them on their Saturday excursions. And then Henry and Tom started playing hooky on weekdays and hitching rides to Amarillo alone. They took up brooding like Joel McCrea. They practiced staring into sunsets. They tried on John Wayne's wise, squinty looks and Gary Cooper's virile silences. They lit campfires in the back yard and sat there after supper, alert to all sorts of danger in the darkness past the shed. They rode their horses as if rustlers were after them, or wild Indians. They longed for six-guns. They kept the girls in town giggling as they trotted down Main Street with their empty holsters, tipping big black hats to everyone they saw.

Henry had plans for the future. He was a grade-school and then a high-school hero. He won the games for the football team, and took all the track trophies home, and scored the most points in basketball. Mothers like Betsy Barton's mother made a great deal of his rosy cheeks and pale-gray eyes and the shock of sandy hair that fell across his forehead. For three straight years, he was voted the best athlete in his class and the boy most likely to succeed in life. The high-school yearbooks were full of his pictures—Henry Blanton throwing the touchdown pass, Henry Blanton shooting the winning basket, Henry Blanton raising the Confederate flag in the senior homeroom. He had given his class ring to the prettiest girl in high school—it was Tom who had pointed out that Betsy looked just like Jennifer Jones in "Duel in the Sun," only blond and, of course, white. Betsy was Homecoming Queen to Henry's King. People saw her in the paper twirling her baton in the finals of a big state contest on the same day that Henry was on another page accepting a football scholarship to college. That night, Hugh Doyle, the rancher who had always hired Henry summers, paid a call on James Jonah and Amy Blanton to offer his congratulations. He said that once Henry finished college, he was going to take him on and, if things went well, help him get started on his own.

Henry had one year at a big state college before he lost his scholarship. He often thought of that year now, wondering why, suddenly, he was so ashamed of himself and so unimportant to everybody else. He had never been a stranger anywhere before except as a baby in Arizona. He did not know what to say to boys who had money for cars and whiskey and fraternities or to teachers who could look at a paper he had spent a month writing and tell him he had managed "an adequate sixth-grade theme." The girls, especially, confused him. He was never able to forget the day a girl corrected him in English class, in front of everyone—people had started laughing when he got angry and told her that, as he understood the Bible, women were supposed to listen respectfully to men, not speak out against them. That was the day he wrote home to Betsy saying that the time had come to get engaged. They were married in June, in the Baptist Church where Betsy had gone to Sunday school. And they had a fine wedding, although Henry's Granddaddy Wesley did remark several times that he would have given a lot to see old Abel Blanton, who had died at ninety, alive and kicking up a fuss about Baptists. Betsy walked down the aisle with a pouf of tulle balanced on her blond head and six bridesmaids marching solemnly before her; Henry waited at the altar, scrubbed red, half scalped by a Pampa barber, and dressed up in his going-to-college suit. That night, Henry locked himself in the bathroom of their motel room on U.S. 66, reading and rereading the instructions on a box of contraceptives, which he had no idea how to use. It was Betsy who got him out, banging on the door and saying that God would guide them, that God didn't approve of those contraptions anyway. The next morning, they went shopping in Amarillo. Betsy bought a rocking chair for her first parlor, and then Henry took her to Feferman's Western Wear and asked Abe Feferman to show him the best black rancher Stetson in the store.

Mattie Blanton was born one night the following spring while Henry was working the late shift in an east-Texas foundry. East Texas was full of little church colleges with basketball and football teams, and one of them had offered Henry another scholarship. It was Betsy who talked him into going back to school. She had never intended to have a baby then. She wanted to study home economics, and Henry was trying to make sense of a major in animal science from a Christian perspective and at the same time hold down his job at the foundry

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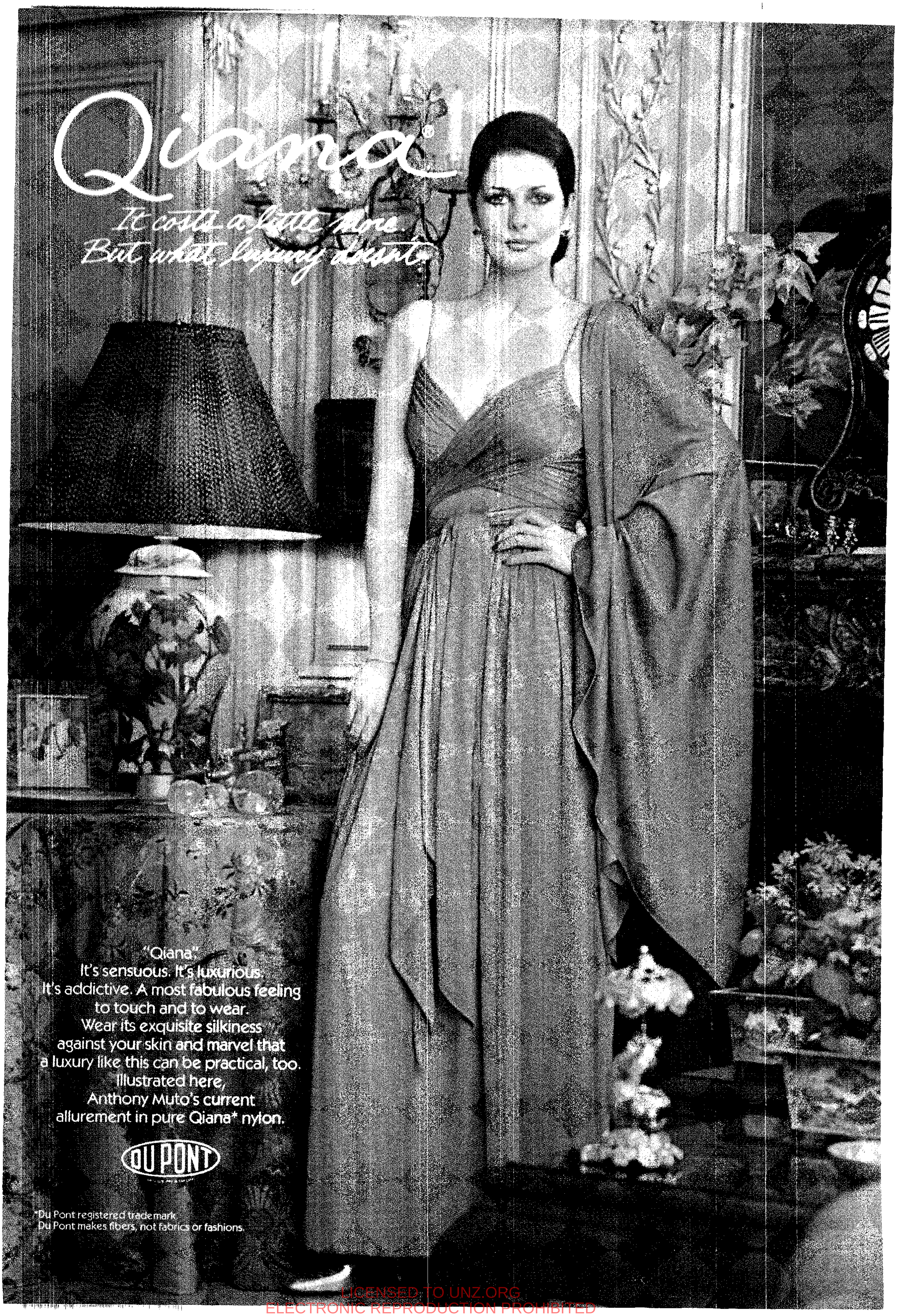
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to support them both. He might have stayed in school if there had been a ranch nearby where he could have worked after classes and had the use of a free house for his new family.

"I'd wake up in the morning all tired from that foundry deal, and then I'd get to thinking about those summers cowboying," Henry said a few days after his visit to the Smiths. It was early in the morning, and he was sitting on his Granddaddy Abel's restored chuck wagon, out by the well at Willow headquarters, watching the sky take color and waiting for his hands to drive over for the day's orders. "I'd think how I knew more about cows than any of them professors, and how maybe education and experience don't necessarily work together. What I mean is, if you're going to run a ranch you're going to learn how on that old ranch better than in any classroom. I'd keep on thinking all day at college. And at night, in that old foundry, where the heat was so intense, I'd be daydreaming about some pasture, and I'd come home and say to Betsy that it sure beat me if this was any way to live. Betsy, she'd get after me to stay and get me an education. But, you know, a cowboy can't stand a domineering woman. I mean, I always did look down on a woman that tried to tell a man what to do. But then Mattie got born. We didn't expect her, and Betsy cried and cried, and I got a little scared, even. But when that baby came I couldn't feel too bad about it, 'cause I never could stay studying *and* support a baby, and that kind of settled things, didn't it? The first thing I did was call up old Mr. Doyle. He had this office at the Amarillo Hotel, and I called him there and he was real disappointed—I mean about my leaving college and all that—but he was real nice about it. He said, 'You always got a job with me, Henry,' and I said, 'Sir, I'll take it now.'

"He put us in this old house on his ranch. It wasn't much—the house. It was north of the breaks, over near the New Mexico border, on some sections where he ran about a thousand head of cows winters and summered his yearlings. We was really alone there. The closest town was thirty miles, and there were no neighbors—only farmers. I mean, no one to neighbor for me unless old Doyle sent them in. The manager, he'd come around some, but Mr. Doyle, he told the manager to kind of leave me alone to be learning for myself. I got paid two hundred fifty dollars a month, and the use of some old furniture, but I sure did learn a lot. I was up on my horse at three

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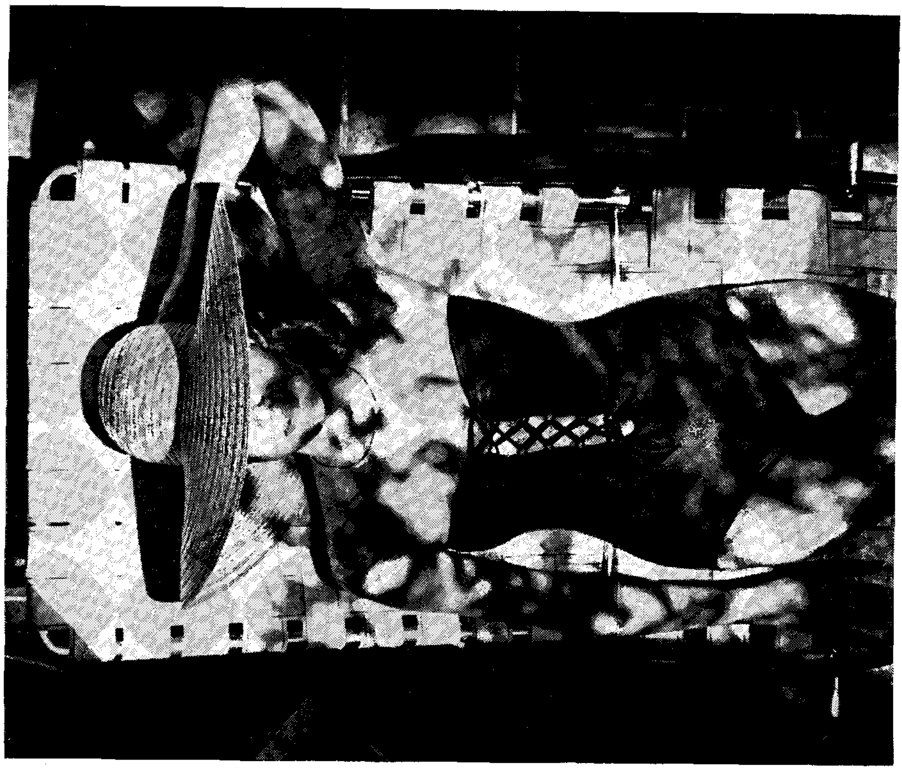
some mornings, trying to do a good job for old Mr. Doyle, who'd put so much trust in me. It wasn't like today, when they call nearly anybody that wears a hat a cowboy—and pay them for it, too. But I was doing what I wanted, and I don't believe a person's got to be paid all the time for everything he does if he's learning from it. It's like I'd tell Betsy—if we was paid more, we never would've learned so much.

"Course, Betsy thought old Mr. Doyle was right mean. He'd drive up in his Cadillac, and if he didn't like something he'd cuss me out and stamp his foot and throw a right mean tantrum. Betsy said he had no respect. But he had psychology, that's what he had. And he knew cattle better than anyone I ever knew. I didn't make him near a good enough hand. It took me years to see how I never would have known nothing like I do now without him using that psychology—leaving me alone for two, three months and then driving up in that expensive car and cussing me out. Course, it was hard on Betsy. She was lonesome, I guess, with no women around to talk to. And it must of made her nervous, being way out there with a baby to look after and the twins on the way and no water for diapers, no electricity or telephone or nothing. Why, we was so far from anything that when those old twins was near born, the doctor, he told me to carry around a clean white shoestring, in case I had to cut the cord. Betsy got so nervous then she got her mother to come on out and pull—I mean, help her have Pearl and Laurie. Course, Betsy had her home and her babies, and that's everything a woman should need. And I tried to be real good to her. There was only one time I hit her. I swatted her with a rope—I never did hit a woman openhanded. But, like I said, she was alone most all the time, except for the babies.

"I'd talk to Betsy about the kids and the house and all them things you talk to a wife about. But riding around all day alone—that suited me fine and it still suits me fine. I don't know what lonesome means, and I'd rather be a-horseback, thinking, than talking to a woman. Cowboys don't like the company of women much. We don't really have much in common with them. A cowboy figures that when a man gets old he's got plenty of time then to sit around in some old rocking chair talking to his wife. Course, there's Calvin"—Calvin Pratt was one of Henry's hands—"who talks over all his business with Annabel, but he's really a farmer. I know one thing sure—if a man is a



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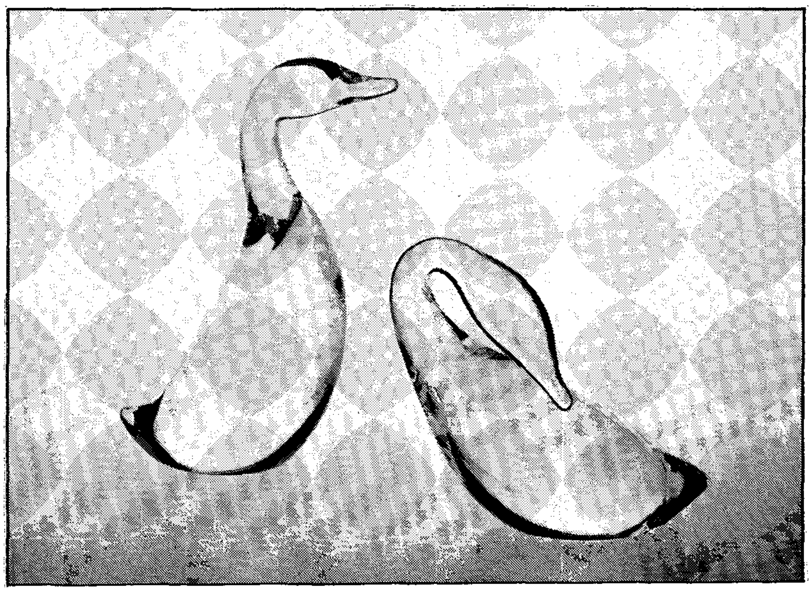

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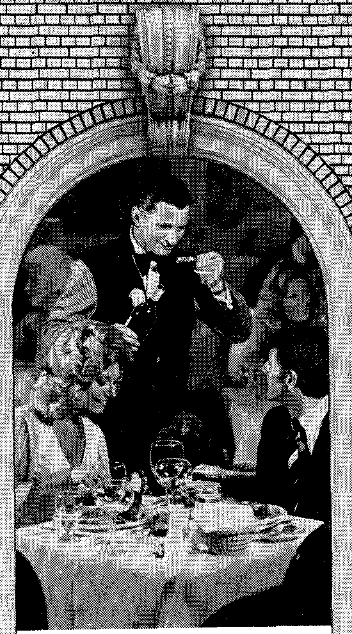

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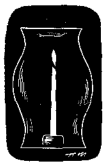
sure-enough cowpuncher, he don't want no woman knowing his business. Like I tell Betsy—'This ranch, it's none of your business. It's *my* job, *my* worry.' Seems to me if you start talking to a woman she thinks she knows what's going on. It's something that just comes natural to a woman. Course, some is different. Like Em Smith. What I admire about old Em is she don't ever say nothing in front of people to make them think she's the boss. And Betsy's like that. She never complained much, out there on Mr. Doyle's ranch. She was willing to work hard so as I could accomplish something, and she never took no credit. If I needed neighboring real bad, and Mr. Doyle sent some of his hands in—why, I could leave instructions with Betsy and she'd always give them right. She'd say, 'Henry wants you to do this.' Or 'Henry wants you to do that.' Where lots of women would say, '*I* want this done.'

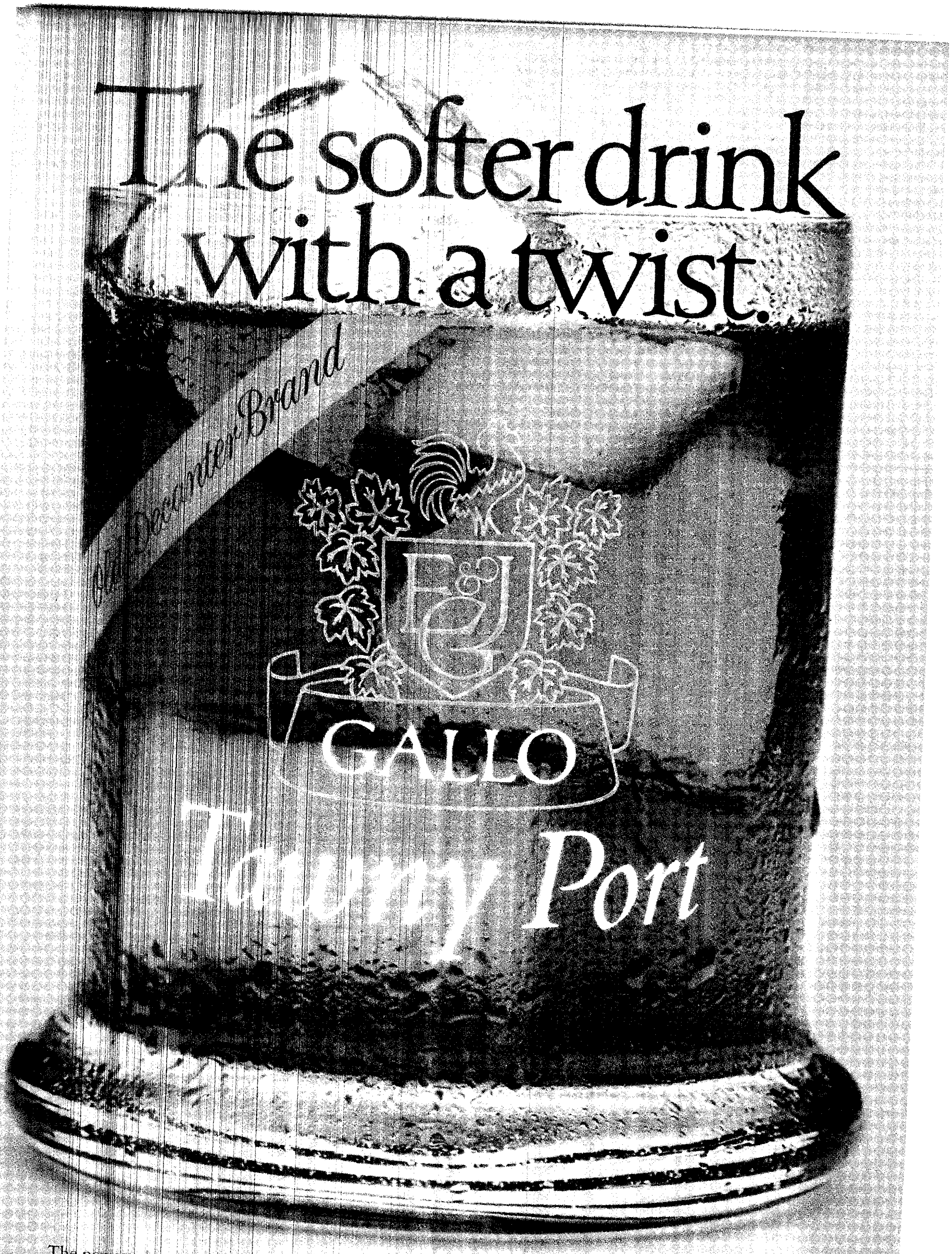


"Like Betsy says, those were the happiest days she had, out there on that old ranch. We was working for the future, because old Mr. Doyle, he had offered me this deal. It was toward spring, in '60 or '61. Old Doyle, he drove up one day and we visited some, and Betsy cooked this real nice lunch. And afterward old Doyle says that maybe it's time I got started on my own. The deal was this—that next fall he'd let me cut out fifty head of heifer calves from the herd and pay for them when they had calves. What I mean is, for every steer those heifers had at their first calving, I'd trade old Doyle the steer for ownership of the heifer. And it wouldn't cost me nothing to run them, he said. I could use those cows. They was registered Hereford, and you got near five hundred dollars apiece for a registered Hereford back then. I could use those cows as collateral on some homestead land and get my own spread going. Oh, we was real excited about that. Betsy wrote to her folks and then to mine and said we was going to be ranchers. And her mother wrote back offering a little money she'd been saving up to help us out. But then old Doyle, he up and died that summer. And his children sold every bit of his land.

"Course, they didn't know about our deal. I mean, it was just a deal between him and me—I don't know as his wife even knew about it. Mr. Doyle, he had offered me a contract back when we first talked about it, but I said, 'Shoot, if a man's got to make a contract!' I said, 'Mr. Doyle, the way I was raised, a man's word is good as any contract,' and I could see he was real pleased, 'cause that's the way he was raised, too. So when he died, course I got nothing. Old Mrs. Doyle, she came calling once or twice, but we wouldn't say nothing to her. It's like with Lester and my percentage of the gross here. I know what's due me, and Betsy says I should be asking about that money—like asking to see the ranch books. But, hell, a man don't ask that. And it was the same with Mrs. Doyle. We had a deal, Doyle and me, and it was something just between us, and it didn't work out, and it wasn't nobody else's problem.

"Seems like we moved around a lot after that. Five ranches in seven years before I got this here job. It's just that no place seemed right—I mean, it always seemed like we was having to start out all over. I'd be working on a ranch. Some was good, but most—well, the yearling men were getting in and they treated their hands like something subhuman. So I'd be there working hard with someone else's cattle, and I'd get to thinking that if old Mr. Doyle was alive those heifers of mine would be dropping their first calves, or those heifers would be old mama cows by now and I'd have bought some land and . . . It sure is strange. Some guys I know—one of them got himself a deal running six thousand head for one of them rich Arabs. And there's another that just walked into the bank one day when the manager must of felt real good, 'cause he walked out with enough money for ten sections down in Mexico. Now, I know it's not so important for a man to be top deal, but sometimes I get to thinking that I could of raised up four girls and worn out a couple of saddles and got to be forty years old in the time it took to get another chance to have some cattle of my own."

HENRY tried to cover the ninety thousand acres of the Willow Ranch every week in his pickup, and he almost always found work for himself somewhere. Summers, when the sun had cured the grass to a dry, tough scrub, the problem was usually water. There were sixty-seven windmills on the Willow Ranch, and it was up to Henry to keep those sixty-seven windmills pumping. Winters, the problem was cows, grazing a crooked way across the ranch's biggest pastures. Henry had to find them and mark their whereabouts on a ranch map, so that his hands, heading out in the morning with the daily feed cake, knew where to go. In early spring, calves were born, and there were al-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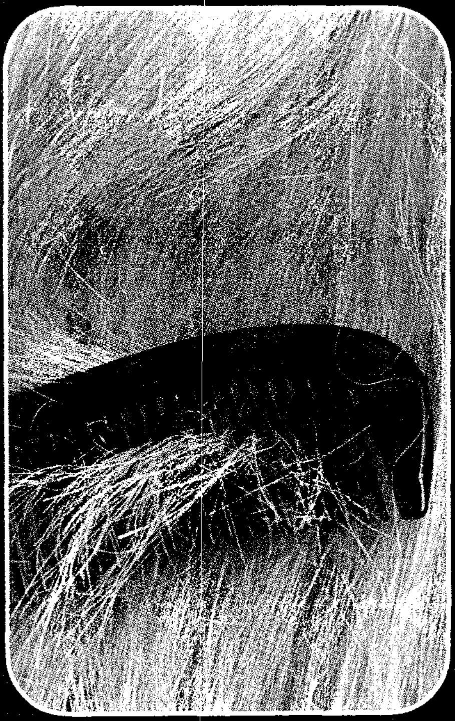

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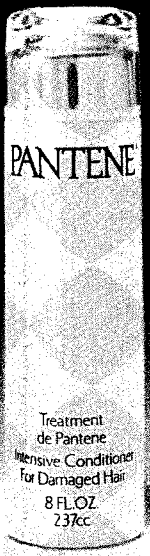

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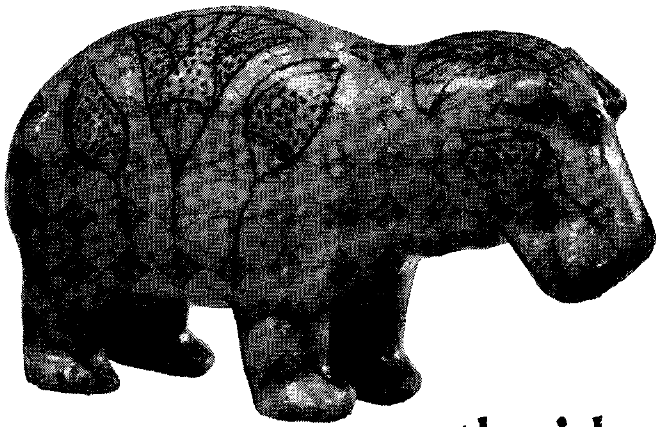
ways fence posts torn up by the spring rains which needed sinking. And now, in May, with yearlings coming off winter wheat, it was time to start checking pastures—time to test the grass for summer grazing and make a decision as to where the different cattle on the ranch belonged. Henry could remember checking pastures with his grandfathers back in the days before cowboys drove around in pickups. A foreman rode so much in those days that he usually took a string of ten or fifteen fresh horses to make the rounds of a ranch the size of the Willow. Henry himself got by with only three or four horses. He rode, of course, when he was roping and dragging calves at brandings, or when he was sorting cattle or moving a herd from one pasture to another. There were places, too, where a pickup was useless. No pickup could get down into a caliche gully and flush a wayward cow, or drive a lost calf out of the corner of a pasture where cactus and bear grass and mesquite had conspired to make the brush tortuous. And a lot of the work that felt proper to a man on horseback simply seemed comical and laborious when it was done behind the wheel of a truck.

Still, Henry was used to a truck by now. He figured that over the last nine years he had put in more time breaking in his string of pickup trucks than he had ever spent breaking in his horses, and each of those trucks had been as personal to him as a favored horse. He had shaped them to his needs and his temperament, the way he had trained Pepper as a colt, until they suited him precisely. People could look at Henry's newest pickup and know in a minute that it belonged to him. They could do the same with any cowboy's pickup: with Tom Blanton's, which was a friendly, muddled sort of truck, with its stash of cookies and candy bars and sugar cubes and his children's abandoned toys; or with Calvin Pratt's pickup, which was such an orderly, cautious truck, with its box of requisitions and receipts, its snakebite kit, its labelled satchels full of fence-mending tools, and the neat row of hooks along the sides where Calvin hung his booster cable, his air pump, his pruning saw, and his shovels. Henry's truck at the moment was a 1976 Ford—three-quarters of a ton, painted red, and already scraped and a little shabby. The cab floor was littered with old receipts and crumpled notes from Henry's scratch pad, and at least half a dozen mismatched pairs of fence-mending gloves were piled on the dashboard, next to a pint of Jim Beam bourbon. In the back of the truck, there was al-



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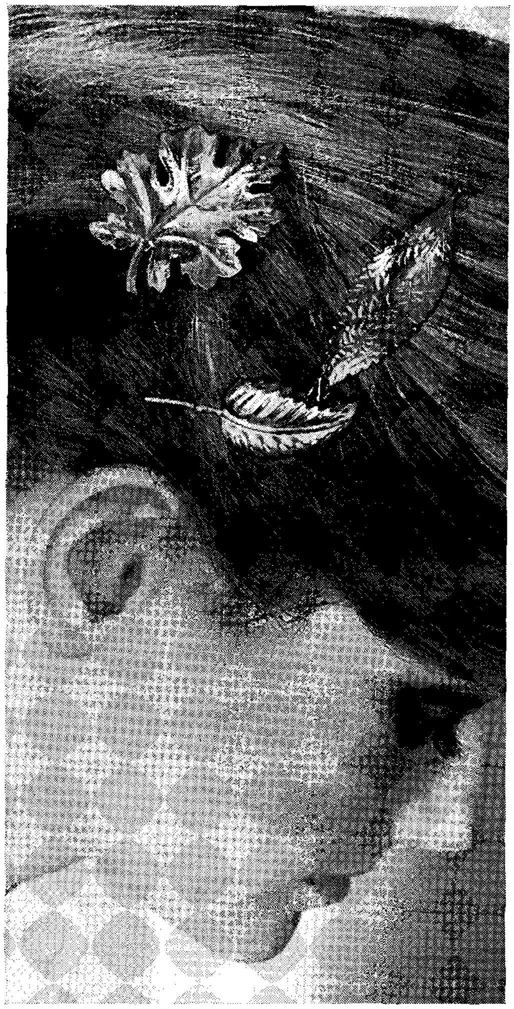

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ways a paper bag full of canned sardines, sausages, and chili, along with a big metal water jug, Henry's Winchester rifle, a thermos to keep his bourbon cool in the summer, and a horse blanket and quilted parka to use at night, winters, if the truck broke down. Some of his tools had been dumped in an old feed bucket which already held an assortment of odds and ends that changed trucks whenever he did—old bridle bits, a roll of rattlesnake-fence wire, a hammerhead without a handle, a single boot. The rest of his tools were handy, as he put it—which meant they were lying all over the truck floor, getting rusty. They gave the truck a bleak, neglected look, but that look had seemed to suit Henry's spirits over the past few years. Now that he had made his deal with Lester Hill and was on his way to a fortune, he kept meaning to straighten up his truck—to sort the tools, get rid of the debris. It was just something he never got around to. He still drove off on his rounds with everything aboard except the tools he needed most. He was apt to forget his shovel or the giant pair of pliers he used for tightening fences, and have to drive back to the barn to get them, muttering and killing time. This morning—five miles out on his rounds, towing Pepper in the horse trailer—he stopped to check a windmill well and discovered that he had left his pump jack at home. He was heading in when Lester Hill signalled on the pickup's two-way radio.

"You there?" Lester's voice crackled.

Henry mashed the button, scowling.

"Don't know who else it'd be," Henry said softly.

"What?"

Henry shrugged. "Yeah, it's me."

"Just checking in," Lester said. There was a low chuckle. "Don't call for a bit—hear? I'm going back up. Get myself a little you-know-what."

Henry switched off, wincing. That was the way his manager liked to talk to cowboys, and there was not much that Henry could do about it except wince and assume that talking coarse to a cowboy must make Lester feel like one himself. Most of the hands just figured that Lester was a little perverted. There was a rumor in town that Lester liked to come home at night, all sweaty and filthy from working cattle or prowling around some feedyard, and drag his dainty Pennsylvania wife upstairs to bed. Henry had disputed the rumor for a while, since he knew for a fact that Lester never left his Buick if there was

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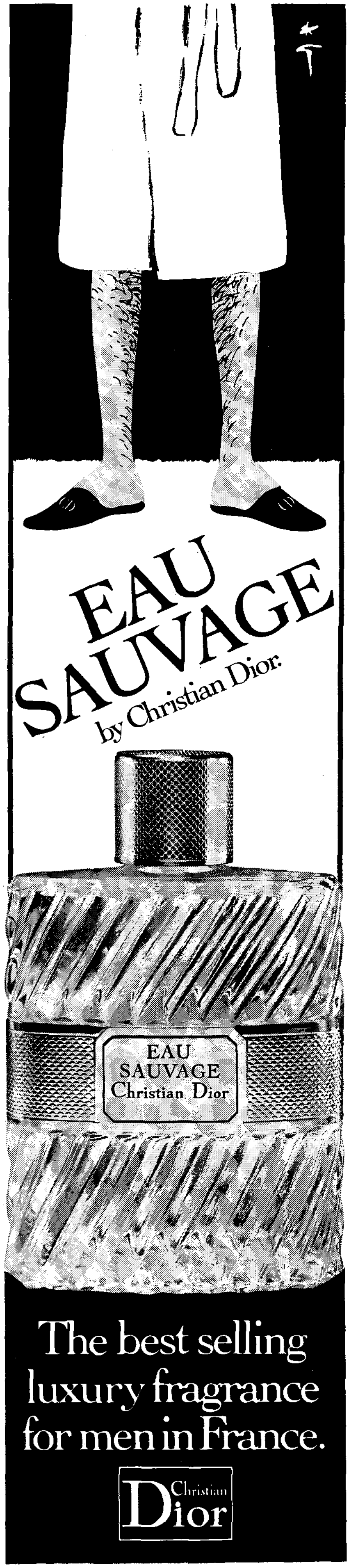
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a cow within a hundred yards, but then word got around that Henry was Lester's boy, and when that happened Henry stopped arguing. What really bothered him about Lester anyway was that Lester sat in his Buick drinking expensive bourbon and never offering his men a drop. Henry used to let Lester know how he felt about the bourbon; he did it by completely ignoring Lester whenever Lester was around. Lester longed for attention from his cowboys. He wanted Henry to admire him, but Henry figured that Lester needed him too much to start complaining about hurt feelings, and, as it happened, Henry was right. Lester was a Texas boy, but he had no notion of what should be ordered for a ranch or what the right price was, or even who was a reliable supplier. He did not know much about evaluating cattle, either, even after four years at Cornell University's agricultural school. There had been times when Henry was ready to tell Lester off—but that was before they made their deal. Now they were partners, to Henry's way of thinking, and Henry felt a kind of responsibility to be polite.

"It's a hard thing for me, being that fellow in the middle," Henry said after he had found his jack and was heading out again on a bumpy cowpath to the ranch's north pastures. "It's like you're responsible but at the same time you got no authority. Take them cows." He pointed out the window to a herd of cows watering at the big round stock tanks near a wooden windmill. "I know in my own mind that a lot of things ought to be done different with them cows. I know there's some over there that needs selling. Last year, I had them bad ones all cut out for shipping, but Lester, he never did ship them, and now them cows is right back eating up the grass. To my mind, if that old cow over there don't produce, she shouldn't be eating up that grass another season. They wouldn't keep me around for long, or one of the horses, if we didn't produce. That's what I keep telling Lester—we should always be calving more heifers than we need, and always be culling. The ones that done that, they've been real successful ranchers. But Lester never does like to listen."

Henry had turned off the path to scatter salt licks. The cows, which had backed off at the sound of his horn, came padding toward the truck now, expecting feed cake. Henry got out, looked them over, and made a mental note of the ones without a calf suckling. Then he walked over to the windmill with his pump jack. He had seen from the truck that the water in the tanks was low, and now, jacking up the rod that drew that water up from three hundred and fifty feet below the ground and stretching out on his belly in the mud, he put his ear to the raised rod and listened. He said he always had trouble with the windmills in this pasture. The wells beneath them were drying up, and none of those wells could be deepened, because the casing on their pipes was too small to accommodate drilling tools. Larger casings would have solved the problem, but they were expensive, and Lester refused to buy them, even when a well dried up entirely and he had to have a new one dug. The most that Henry could do under the circumstances was to keep the checks working and the windmills repaired, and pray that the water lasted out the season. It saddened Henry, because he loved windmills. He loved to see their blades whirring in a good breeze, and fresh, cold water pouring into their stock tanks. He was proud of his skill with windmills. It was a skill he had taught himself, over years of listening to slender pipes for the subtle and intricate sounds of trouble hundreds of feet beneath him. He had never been farther from home than Arizona, but today, at the windmill, he announced that once he'd made his money he was going to visit Holland, which had the best windmills in the world.

"This sure is one pretty pasture, with all them windmills," he went on, starting the truck. "Lester had some of them government specialists in a few years back and they said this pasture was way too big. They said you got to have small pastures, so you can look after the cattle better, feed them better. But I argued that if you give a mama cow plenty of room she'll go her natural right way. If a pasture's big enough—why, it might rain on one part and not on the other, and those old cows, they'll just move with the weather and the good grazing in their own time, and you won't have to go gathering them in whenever there's a little problem. You can let them alone and gather twice a year—which sure is enough gathering, if you ask them cows."

Henry drove on, talking, to the next pasture. The grass was greener there. It was growing close and thick, and Henry stopped the pickup and jumped down for a better look. "There's just no way to see from a truck the way you see afoot or a-horseback," he said, breaking a couple of blades and sniffing them. "I'm kind of watching this

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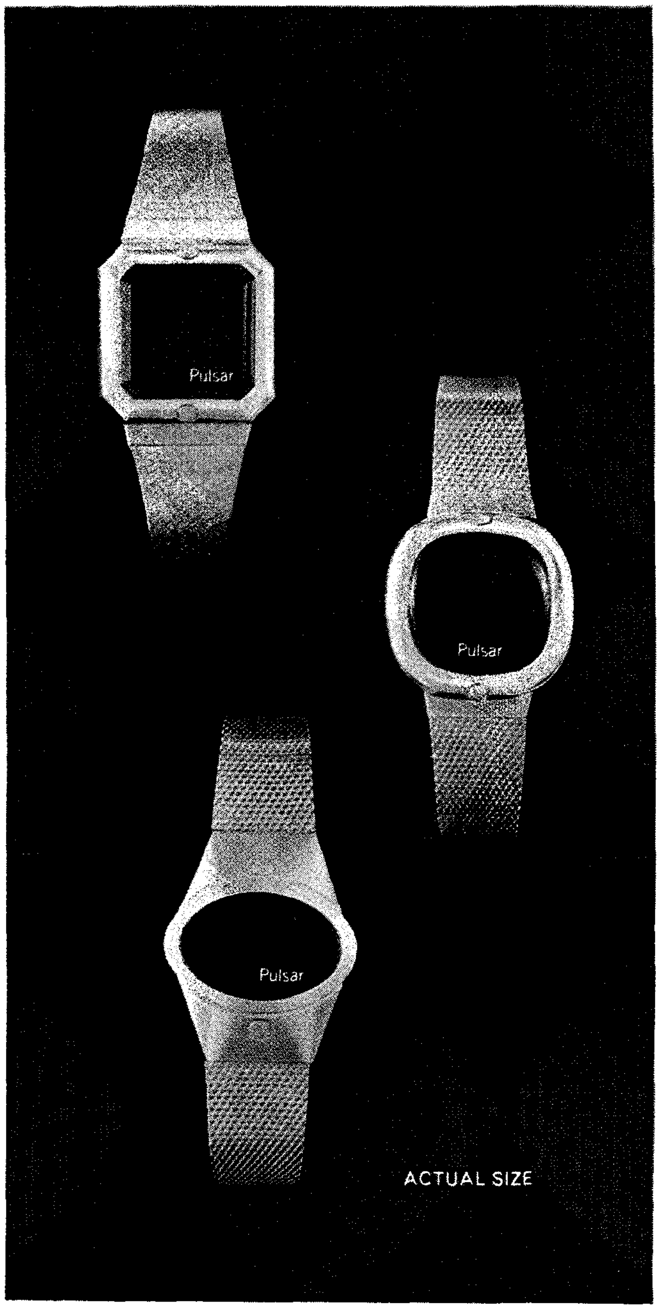

Top: Model 4927—14 kt. gold-filled case, faceted time screen, matching gold-filled mesh bracelet, $375. Center: Model 4926—14 kt. gold-filled case with matching bracelet, $350. Bottom: Model 4912—14 kt. gold-filled case with matching bracelet, $350. Other models from $240 to $3950.

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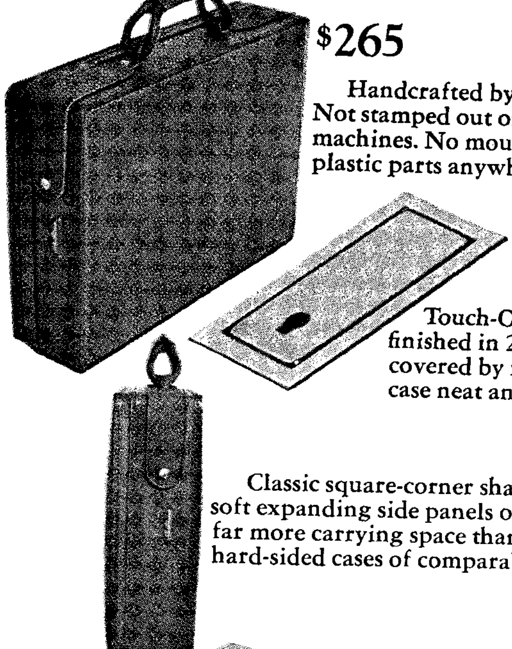

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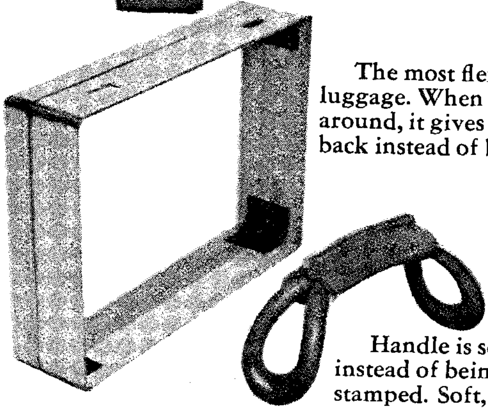

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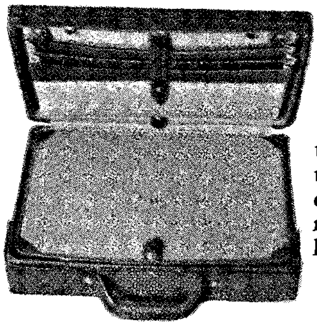
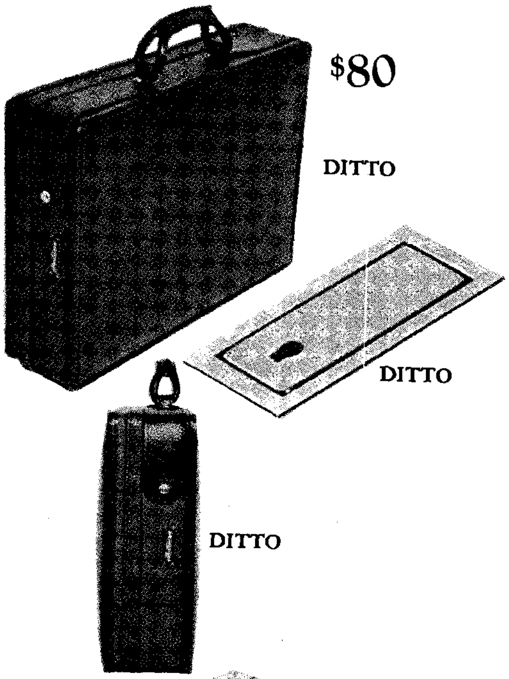


Interior is crafted and tailored by hand. Edges are turned or bound. Large expanding 3 pocket file and removable desk. Zepel® treated lining repels stains.

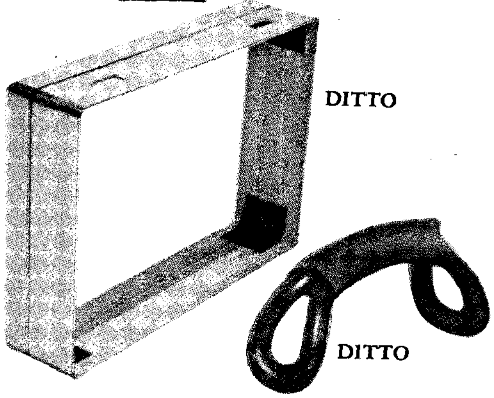


$80

DITTO

DITTO

DITTO



DITTO

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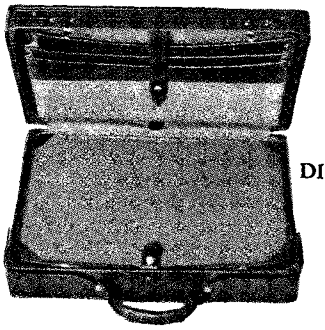

DITTO

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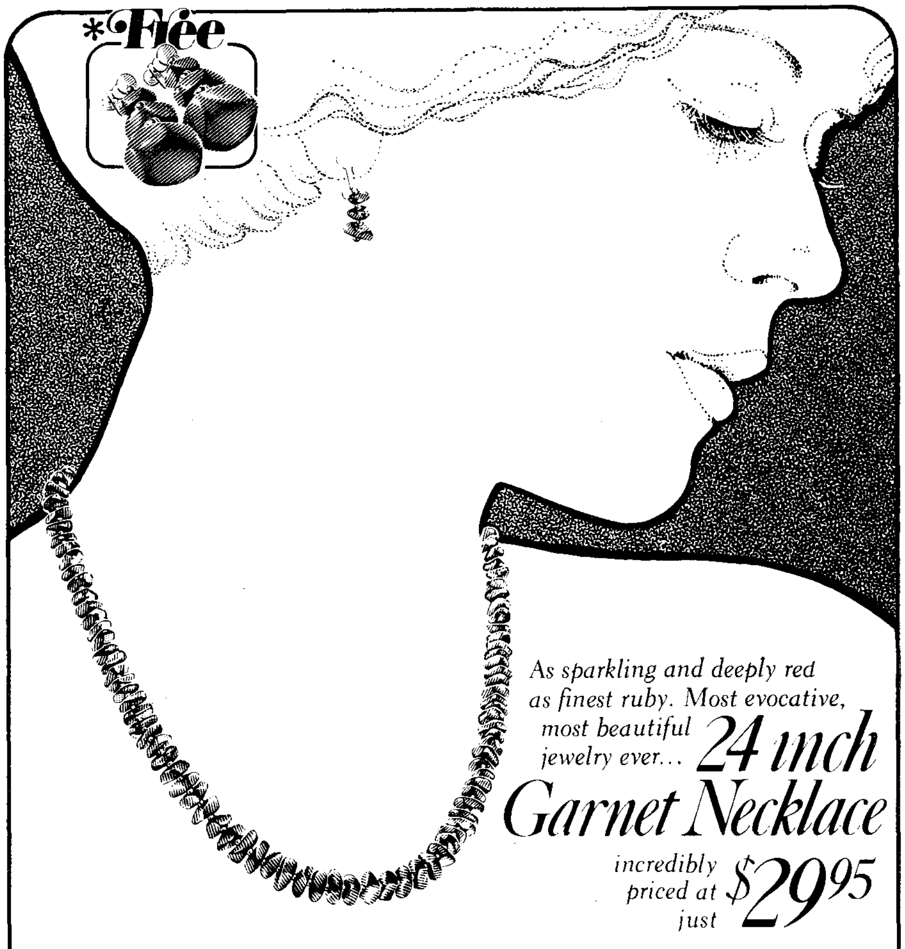
grass. It's had a rest since last October—everything here kind of gets a rest, certain times. And now it's growing real good, and I'm going to put some cattle on it." Henry stood up, grinning. He said he was thinking about the calves that he and Lester were going to sell—his birthday calves, Betsy and Melinda, their youngest daughter, called them, because Henry had made a birthday resolution to do something with his life, and only a week later he and Lester made their deal. The calves were in one of the small south pastures now, in sight of headquarters, but Henry figured they would do much better on this stout, nutritious grass.

"It used to be you sold cattle by the head, big or little," Henry said. "Course, now it's all computers and futures that determines prices, but the care of them's still the same. There's no rancher yet can get along without a good cowboy, unless he's one himself. A lot of them ranchers think that if a cowboy's running cattle of his own they'll lose him. You'd of thought they'd know how much money it takes to go into the cattle business. Course, things is getting better now. They got retirement plans and real good health insurance at most ranches, and there's a lot of them starting those percentage deals. But, still, there's a part of a rancher's attitude that says taking care of a cowboy is just like taking care of a good slave before the Civil War. If you make some rancher a good hand, he'll likely see you don't go hungry when you're old, but mostly an old cowboy's like an old horse to him—no matter how much he's liked you, even if you've made him the best hand in the world, he's going to put you out to pasture soon as you get to be a burden to him."

Henry stopped the truck suddenly. "See that cow?" he said, pointing. "She's looking for her calf. It's kind of hard to explain, exactly, but a cow with a calf on her—there's something about her. You can just tell." Henry waited. In a few minutes, a tiny calf came skittering out from behind a cactus. The cow stared hard at the pickup. She lowed for her baby and kept on lowing until it had skittered past the truck and was nestled underneath her, suckling, but she never once took her eyes off the pickup until her baby was safe. Henry chuckled and drove off, talking about cows. He said that the hardest thing about moving mama cows was making certain every mama had her calf. Calvin Pratt was good at that. He had patience and let a cow take her time finding her baby. But



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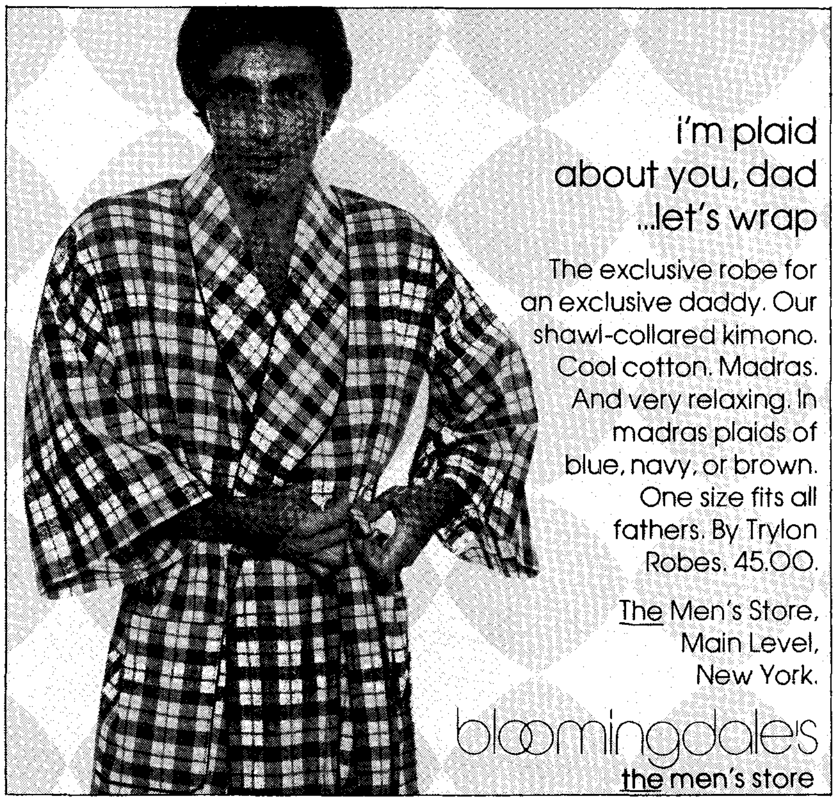
Ed Loomis, who had a reputation for wildness— Henry shook his head. He never let Ed near his mama cows, because Ed was so fond of galloping around and roping every animal he saw. There were gentler ways of moving cows, Henry said. Sometimes he took one of the milk cows from the barn and tied a cowbell to her neck; then the herd would follow calmly. Sometimes he got down on the ground himself and lowed and lowed until the cows gathered—but that was something he felt a little foolish doing.

It was nearly noon when Henry stopped again. The sun was high, and the air came in hot blasts through the open windows of the cab and hung there, dusty and stifling. Henry had been driving with his gloves on since ten o'clock, when the steering wheel began to burn his hands. He had eaten lunch, driving—a couple of packs of peanut-butter crackers and a Hershey bar—but he had forgotten to fill his jug back at the windmill, and he had just cut across a weaning pasture to the bunkhouse for a glass of water. His three Mexican hands, who were already taking their siestas, woke up when they heard his horn. They stood at the bunkhouse door, blinking and yawning, and in a minute another Mexican, who was a stranger to Henry, joined them.

This new Mexican—each of the bunkhouse hands swore in turn that he was his cousin—had crossed the border alone a week ago. He had made his way to the Panhandle, travelling nights, and now, evidently, he was hiding out in the bunkhouse while Henry's hands asked around about work for him on a friendly ranch. Wetback wages were five dollars a day, at most, in the Panhandle, and for those wages Mexican hands were expected to do the jobs that none of the Texas cowboys liked doing. They cleaned the barns. They sank fence posts. Sometimes they hauled and scattered feed cake. But they were not allowed on horseback at most ranches—the opinion in west Texas being that Mexicans were cruel to animals. There were ranches in south Texas—along the Rio Grande or in the Gulf Coast archipelago—where all the cowboys were Mexican. In south Texas, wetback hands, working for chattels' pay and under conditions of appalling squalor, rode and roped and tended cattle, but in the Panhandle a man on horseback was supposed to be a "white" man, even if a white man cost more.

There was a time, just after Reconstruction, when a lot of the Panhan-



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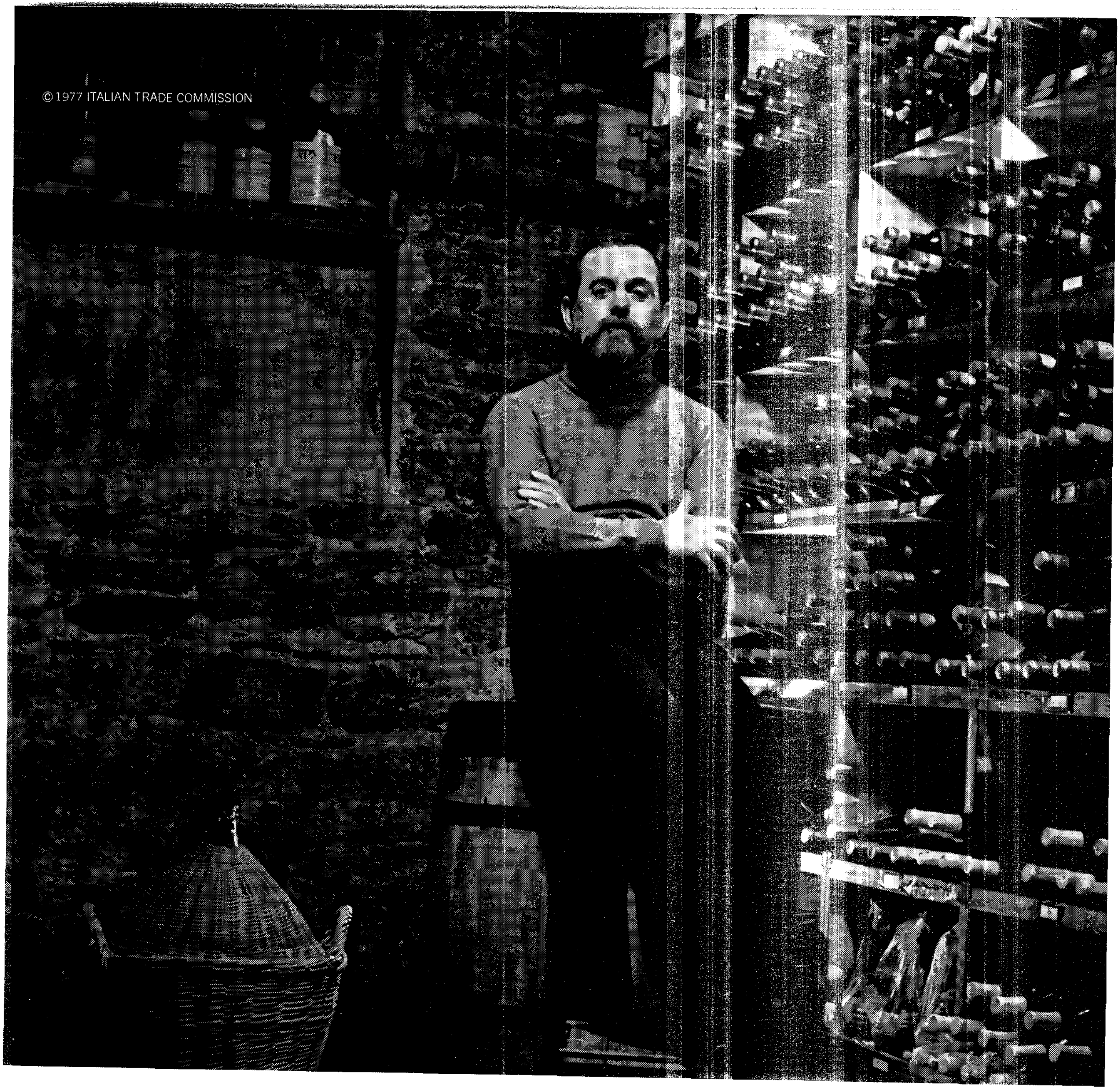

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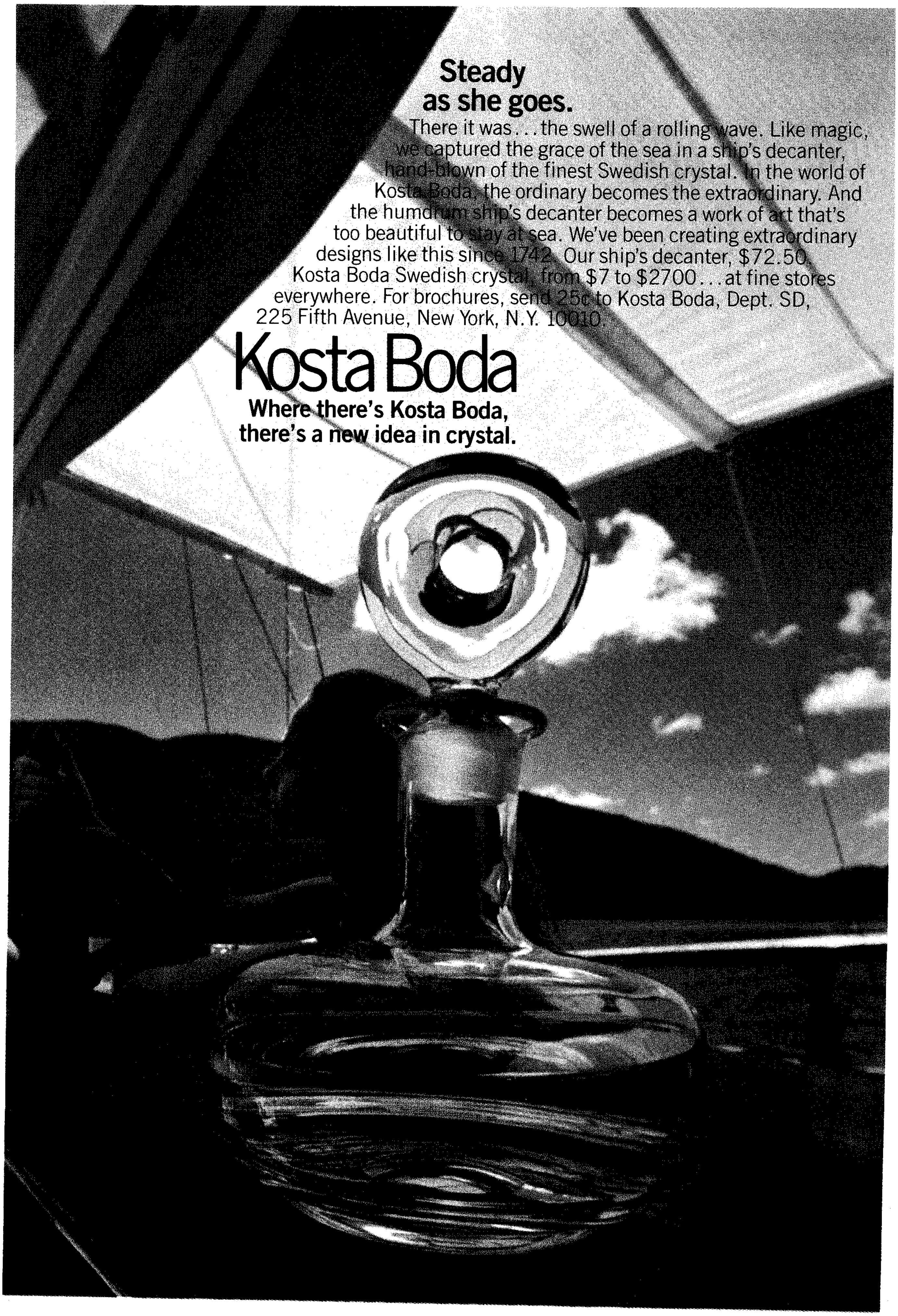
dle's range hands were black. They were freed slaves, mainly, who had come west in the seventies and eighties, and for a while some of their sons and grandsons stayed on to cowboy, too. Henry's Granddaddy Wesley once rode with a black cowboy. He liked to talk about the summer they had worked a line camp together—they were both boys then, and they would sit up half the night swapping ghost stories, but when the time came for sleeping, the black boy would always excuse himself politely and lay his bedroll on the ground outdoors while Wesley settled down to the relative comfort of a cot in the line-camp shed. Henry had met that black cowboy once, when he himself was nine or ten and the cowboy was well past seventy. There was a dinner in Amarillo honoring the old Panhandle cowpunchers, and Henry had gone to the dinner with his Granddaddy Wesley and his Granddaddy Abel and sat proudly with the men at a big banquet table shaped like a horseshoe. He never forgot the way the old black hand had stood at the back of the room all through the dinner and the speeches, smiling gratefully whenever his name figured in a story. That night, Granddaddy Wesley had proposed a toast to him—"If there's a nigger Heaven, old Amos here will be the first one in," Wesley said—and even now, years after Amos died in a shack in northwest Amarillo, people still talked with great feeling about how proper and respectful Amos was. Amos, in fact, was one of the last black cowboys in the Panhandle. Those who could get out did. Those who stayed had long since fled the range for the slums of Amarillo, where, according to Henry, they drank all day and plotted crimes of considerable fiendishness against defenseless cowboy families. But the truth was that no black man with any sense showed up on a Panhandle ranch without a good reason for being there, and cowboys north of the Canadian River, where sentiment ran high and primitive, liked to boast that no black man could spend a night in *their* part of the country and count on leaving alive in the morning.

It was hardly surprising that by Henry's time there were few blacks left in the Panhandle with any appetite for cowboying. Mexicans had replaced them as the woebegone factotums on the big ranches, and ranch talk nowadays ran to keeping Mexicans respectful. Henry's Mexican hands were named Juan, Pedro, and Fortunato—Henry had trouble with their last names—and Henry often said that they were a good example of Mexicans who knew their place. Actually, their patience and inscrutable good humor made him feel awkward. They were so agreeable that Henry was fairly certain they were making fun of him. Something about the way they looked bothered him. They were meticulously dapper. They wore their Mexican cowboy clothes and their gleaming *mostachos* like jewelry. Their tight fawn trousers, their patent-leather boots and fake Stetsons seemed to Henry a kind of mockery of his own. He rarely went into the bunkhouse. Today, he stayed in the pickup while Fortunato got the water and Pedro, talking half in English and half in Spanish, went through a cheerful monologue of family tragedies—of hungry children and sick mothers and aging spinster sisters in need of dowries.

Henry drove off, muttering to himself. He had promised the new cousin a month's board at the bunkhouse in exchange for some work sinking fence posts, and now he regretted it, though not enough to turn around. He was eager to see his birthday calves, near headquarters, and he drove as fast as he could now, raising clouds of dust and lurching across the path until Pepper, whinnying in the trailer, slowed him down. The path led to the Willow's western boundary, then turned and followed the boundary south for a few miles before it dipped toward headquarters. Henry stopped once to make a note about calling the foreman at the Triple R, next door, and setting a date to inspect their joint fence. Texas fence laws were peculiar. The law was clear for farmers—farmers in Texas who wanted to protect their fields from a neighboring rancher's cattle had to fence those cattle out, and it did them no good to complain to Austin that there were a lot of states in the country where ranchers were obliged to fence their cattle *in*. But a fence between ranchers was considered something of a sacred trust. Texas would not offend its cattlemen by interfering in the sort of business that cattlemen, as men of honor, had always settled among themselves with a firm handshake and a toast, and consequently it was impossible to tell from any of the fencing statutes who was responsible for a broken fence between ranches—or even, sometimes, who owned that fence in the first place.

When Henry first came to the Willow, he and the foreman at the Triple R had spent a few years waiting for each other to repair the fence they shared, and the result had been that



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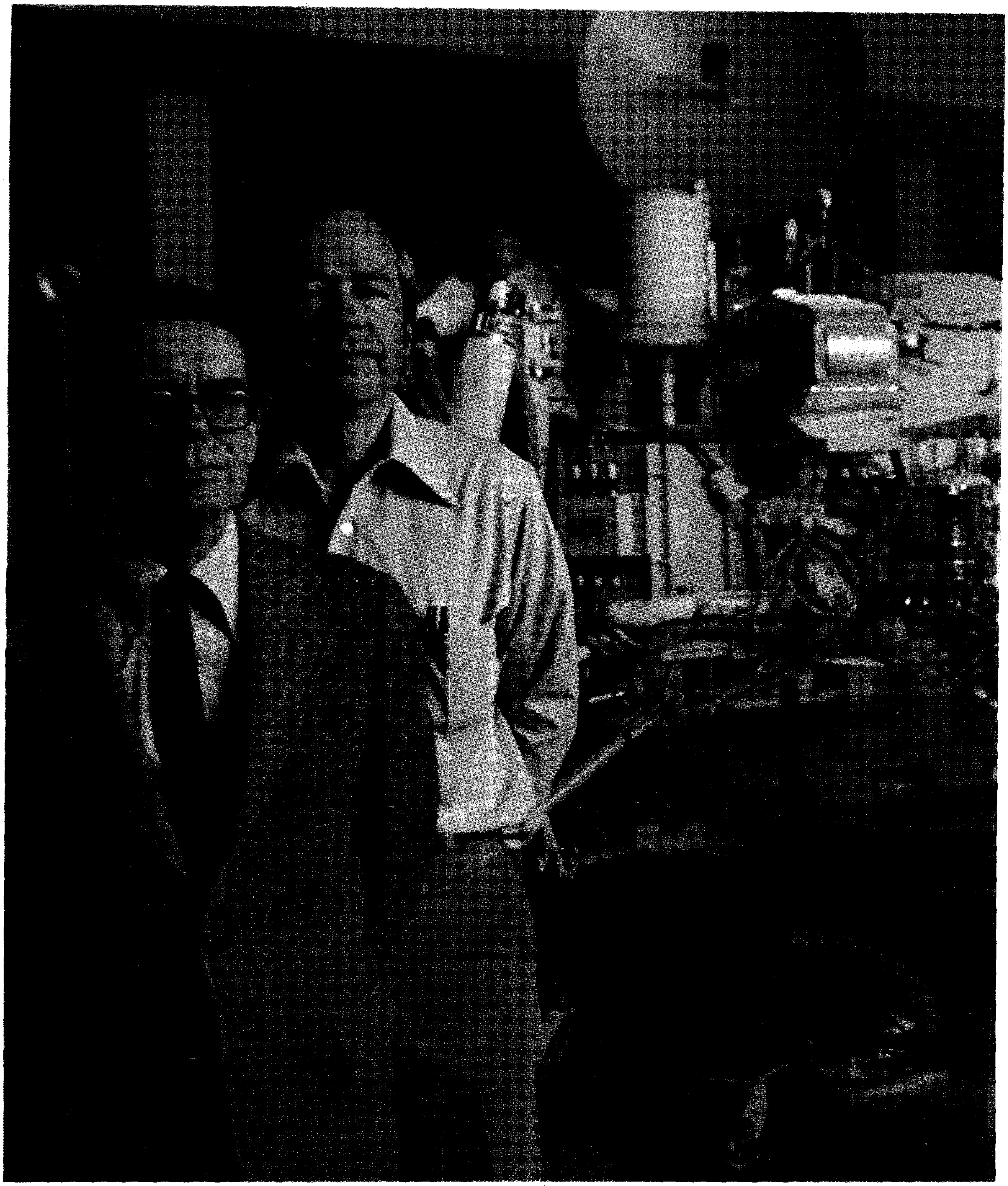

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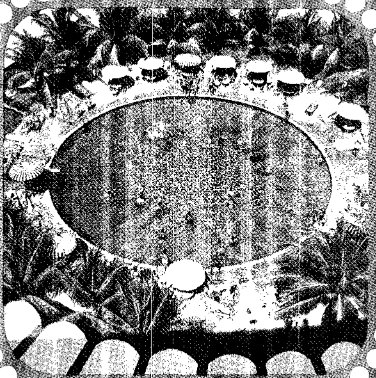

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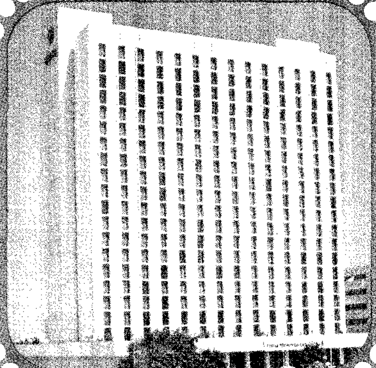

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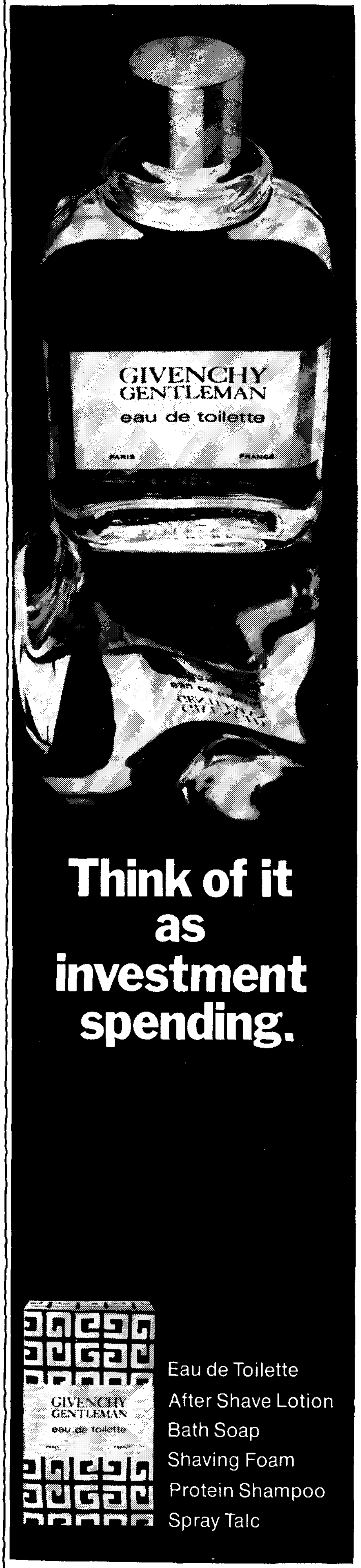
Henry talked all the way home. By the time he reached the little pasture where his birthday calves were grazing, he was full of schemes for the future. The calves looked good—healthy and gaining—and it was hard to imagine them as the scabby, scouring Okies that Henry's friend Sam Otis had prodded down a chute to be cut, branded, and dehorned less than a month ago. Henry led Pepper out of the trailer. For a while, he rode the pasture, sitting tall and praising everything his calves did. That evening, after supper, he told Betsy that it might be nice to take their iced tea out behind the barn and watch the sunset.

LATELY, Betsy Blanton had been thinking a lot about loneliness. She felt it coming on, like gray hair or another wedding anniversary or a new tornado season. She began to dwell on memories of when the girls were small and she was always too busy cooking and ironing and worrying over colds and broken bones to fret about herself. In memory, the isolation of her life then never bothered her. Daughters, after all, were the best company a wife could have. Her mother had told her that just before her wedding, and she had prayed for a daughter during each of her three pregnancies—though she never mentioned those prayers to Henry, and was even a little ashamed of them herself, because she suspected that praying for things like daughters or oil wells was something Catholics did. Her cousin Madge had married a Catholic, to the family's horror, and he had in fact struck oil. His well came in on a useless section over the Oklahoma border that he was trying to farm for alfalfa, and now Madge had ten million dollars, a swimming pool, a little blue airplane of her own, and a stack of gold and diamond bracelets for each arm. Betsy liked Madge. Twice a year, they met in Amarillo and had a fancy lunch at the city's second-best country club—not the Amarillo Country Club, where the old ranching families went, but the Tascosa Country Club, where rich cattle traders and people who had just got their oil showed off. Betsy always had a fine time with Madge, and forgot how nervous she had been about her clothes and her hair and what to order. She was not a jealous woman. She liked to say that Madge got the oil and she got the daughters, and that just showed how the good Lord always divided up His blessings fair and proper.

Three of Betsy's girls were gone now. Mattie had married a cowboy and moved to a ranch in Colorado. And Betsy's twins, Laurie and Pearl, who were so good at basketball and track, along with having been the first girls in the history of the district high school to make the grass-judging team—they had left for the University of Texas last fall on scholarships. Melinda, of course, was still at home. She had three more years of high school, and, as Betsy always said, she was a good Christian girl. Actually, Melinda had inherited some of the extraordinary ardor that ran through the Blanton family, and just recently, to her mother's bewilderment, had been so taken with the Holy Spirit at a revival meeting at the rodeo grounds near town that she had started to shake ecstatically and talk in tongues. Betsy could not really complain about her youngest daughter. Melinda got her homework



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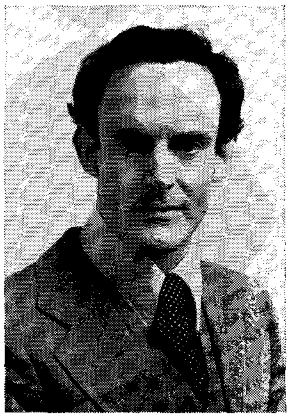

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in on time, and ran for the girls' track team, and twirled a baton to her mother's credit. Her report cards were always good, and to Betsy's knowledge she had never been sent to the principal's office, where blasphemers, smokers, and kissers now had a choice of three strokes of the principal's yardstick or a month of hard work after school.

But Melinda was not much company to her mother anymore. She was silent and mysterious lately. She came home from school, fed the horses and put the dogies on the milk cows, and then disappeared into her bedroom. She seemed to divide her time between homework, romance magazines, and the Bible. She was as fervent about boys now as she was about Jesus, and in a way she combined her passions with an enviable efficiency. She had a cache of makeup and fingernail polish in the dresser drawer where she kept her slide rule, her science notebooks, and her collection of transcripts of revival-meeting testimonies. Her biggest problem at the moment was whether, as a Christian, she would put her immortal soul in jeopardy by going to the Friday-night socials at the Catholic parish hall. It was a real problem, the Catholics being the only people around who held regular teen-age dances, but by now it was more theological than practical, since Henry refused to discuss it and had whipped her soundly with his belt the one time she tried to argue with him about going.

Betsy wished that Melinda and Henry got along better, the way they had when Melinda was a little girl. It used to please her, seeing them together. They looked so much alike—Melinda was big, like her father, with the same gray eyes and sandy hair. But Henry seemed uncomfortable, and even embarrassed, around Melinda now that she was fourteen. It was something that happened to cowboys when their daughters started growing up. Cowboys preferred their daughters small. They doted on them then. They loved making cowhands of their frisky little girls—they took them riding and roping and rodeoing, and showed them off to all their friends. Henry used to say that Melinda was his best hand. He gave her a big black hat like his, and on Saturday mornings the two of them would put their hats on and disappear—and Betsy would worry till they rode home at dinnertime, battered and scratched and full of gruesome stories. But Henry had not had one of his Saturdays with Melinda in the last two years. It did not seem right to him any longer. He had given Melinda a merry childhood out-of-doors, and

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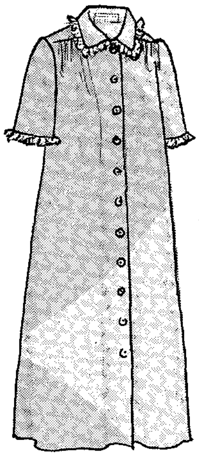

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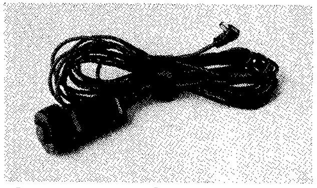

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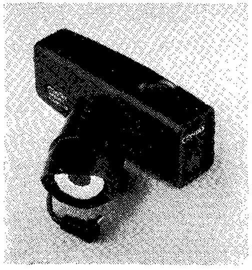

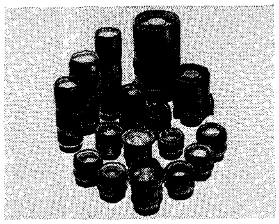

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then Melinda was returned to her mother as abruptly and unexpectedly as she had been put on a pony for her first ride at the age of three. Betsy had looked forward to that day, what with her other girls growing up. Mattie and the twins, at Melinda's age, had been her confidantes—more her sisters, she always said, than her daughters—and the kitchen then was thick with giggles and conspiracies and secret talk. Of course, Betsy had had more time for her girls before she took a job as an invoice clerk for a grain-sorghum dealer with a warehouse thirty miles down the nearest highway. Now, working so far from home, she got back at night with barely enough time to cook the supper. The kitchen seemed too quiet to her lately. And when she knocked at her daughter's door at ten to say goodnight, and saw the pink bedroom, with its soft lights and organdie ruffles, that she had copied so faithfully from her fantasies of a perfect girlhood, she could not help thinking that the room would be empty soon.

A few years back, Betsy began to cry in bed at night. She would wait for Henry to hear her. She wanted him to wake up when she cried, to comfort her when she said that she was lonely. But Henry, not knowing much about comforting, usually laughed nervously and tried to say something cheerful—something like "This country's good for a man and a cow, honey, but it's always been hell on a mule or a woman"—and then Betsy would cry some more. Soon she was crying all the time. She was alone most days, having done her job so well that the sorghum dealer let his other clerk go. Saturdays, she had to clean the house and do the laundry. And that left only Saturday nights—when Henry was willing—and Sundays for dry eyes and real company. Then, last fall, Betsy's appendix burst. She spent two weeks in the hospital, and by the end of those two weeks she was having such a wonderful time visiting up and down the corridors, talking to people about their troubles, that when the doctor dismissed her she begged him to let her stay. She told the doctor she was grieving. He looked puzzled for a moment, but then he smiled and said that she should take up "serious reading," because it was clear, as he put it, that Betsy was an intelligent woman, only more sensitive than some. Later that day, at the town library, Betsy asked for serious books about women grieving. She tried a novel called "The Bell Jar," which was shocking to her and difficult to understand, and when she returned it, asking for another, the librarian said that as far as she knew "The Bell Jar" was the only serious book about grieving women the library had. The librarian recommended Victor Hugo, Charles Dickens, and James Michener, whose books were too long. Then she recommended poets. Keats, Shelley, Browning—Betsy checked them out, read them, and returned them. Then she discovered Kahlil Gibran. She loved Gibran. She bought her own copy of "The Prophet," and even started reading it out loud to Henry at night after supper. She hoped that the words would move him and make him tender. They made him bored and fidgety instead.

Betsy kept on reading her Gibran. He gave her strength, she said. But in the end he didn't help her with a brooding husband who either sat up half the night watching television Westerns or drove off to town and caroused and drank. She went to her preacher for advice next. She said to him, "Reverend, I'm tired of grieving when no one's died." The preacher thought about that, looking puzzled the way the doctor had. Finally, he told Betsy that her life would definitely change for the better if she persuaded her husband to come to church with her. There was a lot of arguing about churchgoing at the Blantons' that night. Betsy said she *liked* the idea of having a husband next to her in church Sundays. Henry, as usual, said that *his* church was the great outdoors. Then Betsy said that if Henry thought the great outdoors was a church, he was misinformed—and the result was that Henry stormed out of the house and started toasting nature from the driver's seat of his grandfather's chuck wagon. Betsy, in tears, called the Smiths. George had just dozed off with the latest *Calf News*, but Emily told Betsy to drop everything, get in the car, and meet her at the ranch gate, and then she left a note for George: "Chaperoning Betsy. Go to bed."

The women drove around for an hour and a half, and ended up in the dance lounge of a Pampa motel. It was Emily's idea to make Henry jealous with a night out, and it had sounded like a good idea to Betsy until she got to the lounge and discovered herself in a dark room full of noisy salesmen and of women in low-cut blouses who sat alone at little tables waiting for company. Betsy was terrified. She forced herself to drink a Daiquiri—Daiquiris

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were Emily Smith's favorite cocktail—and even to dance with a young salesman from Lubbock who had a wedding ring on his finger, but when the man put his lips to her ear and whispered, "Room Eleven," she ran out of the lounge and waited in the car for Emily to pay the bill. The worst part of her adventure, she said later, was coming home at two-thirty in the morning ready for a thrilling scene and finding Henry in bed, peacefully snoring. Henry was so full of sweet bourbon dreams that night that when Betsy joined him he smiled graciously in his sleep and moved over to give her room.

Annabel Pratt, who was married to Henry's hand Calvin, scolded Betsy about her adventure when they were having coffee in the church rectory after Bible class that Sunday. Annabel and Calvin played canasta with the Smiths once a month, but Annabel did not really approve of Emily Smith and her influence. A perfect home—tidy and soothing, like the home she had made for Calvin during *his* troubles—was what Annabel recommended. And so for the next few months Betsy was busy painting and polishing, sewing and shopping. She went to the bank and withdrew the money she had been saving for her Christmas clothes. She cancelled her weekly appointment at the Pampa beauty parlor. She started skipping lunch. Saturdays, now, she drove for hours to compare the prices of chintz and paints and wallpaper at the big country discount centers. Sundays, she stayed at home, scraping furniture and piecing together carpet remnants for a new rug.

Betsy's house on the Willow Ranch was small and not very solidly constructed. It had no basement, and Betsy, who worried about tornadoes, had kept it spare and simple, as if she half expected it to blow away one day. She had the example of the Smiths' houses, and the house that Henry's parents lost to a twister twenty years ago. No house was safe, really, whether it was in town or in the country. A tornado that hit Lefors in the spring of 1975 destroyed sixty of the town's buildings. Five years earlier, a twister cut an eight-mile path through Lubbock. It came down on the city with such speed and such force that the warning siren was never sounded. Lubbock was devastated and twenty-six people were killed. There were rules to follow in tornado season. Pressure could explode a sealed house during a tornado, and so whenever a warning was out for the Willow the first thing Betsy did was open all the doors and windows. Then she let the horses and

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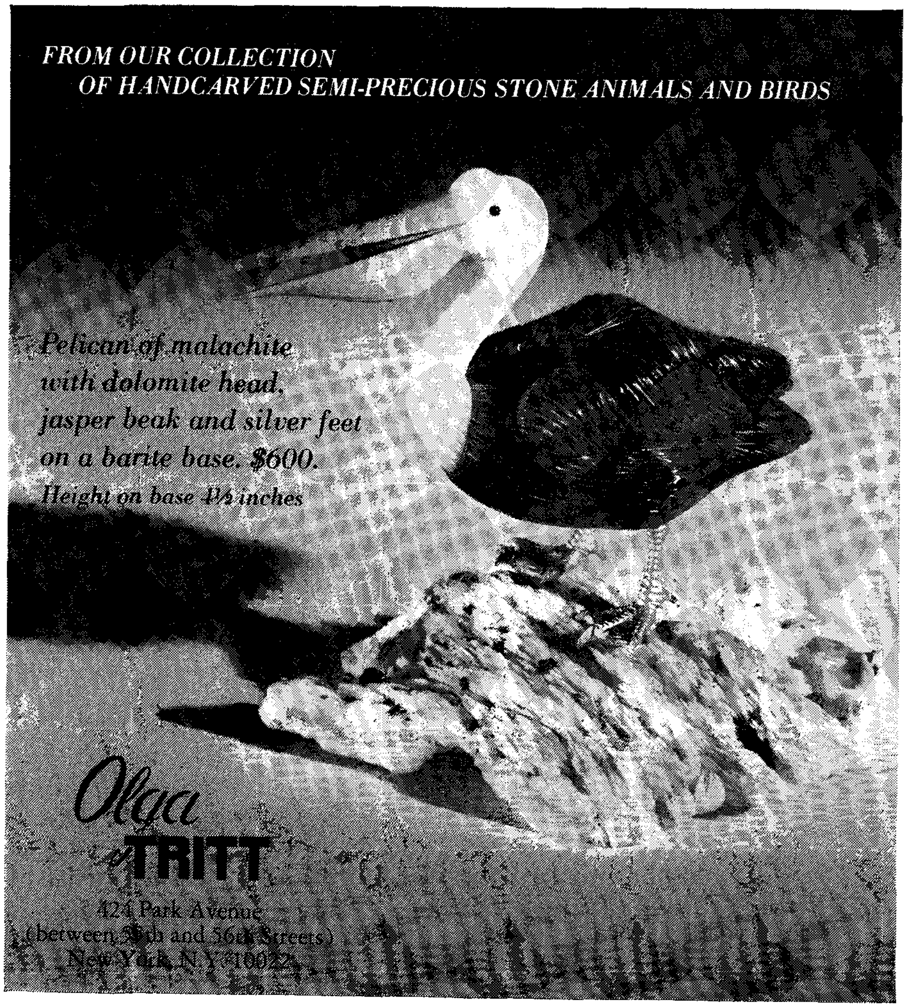

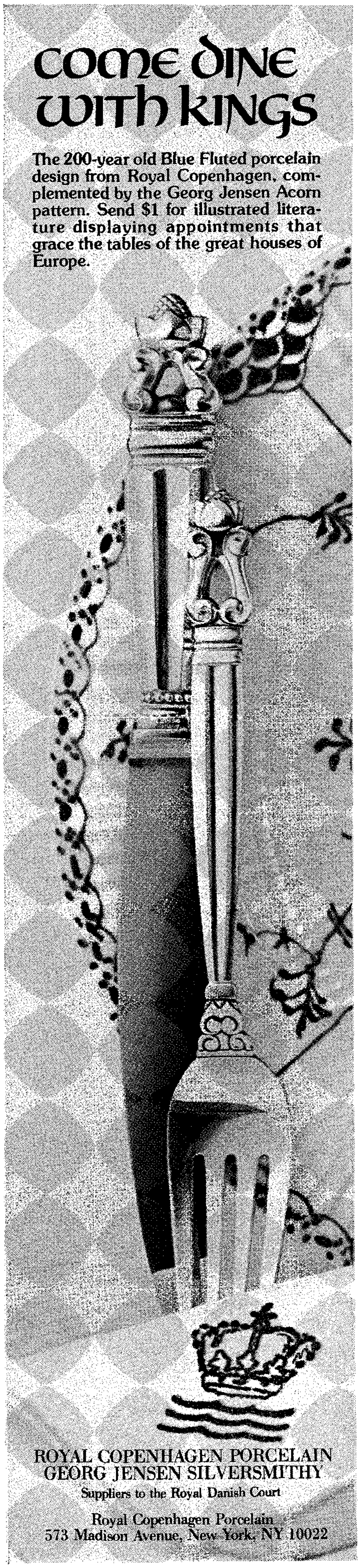

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the milk cows out of the barn, packed her picture album and a few of her favorite things in a suitcase, called whoever was at home, and tried to outdrive the storm. She knew that the men, out in the pastures, would find a creek or a gully to protect them, but to her mind a flimsy prefabricated ranch house was no place to wait out a tornado—even though Annabel Pratt maintained that a person was always safe in the bathtub or under a bed, covered with mattresses. Some cowboys' wives crawled under their houses, but rattlesnakes nested under the Blantons' house, and Betsy had never tried it. There was a time when Betsy could kill a rattler with a shovel or a stick and think nothing of it. Now that she was older, she was too frightened of snakes to get that close to one, and so she used Henry's shotgun, reasoning that age and motherhood made every woman cautious. She was scared of coyotes, too. Years ago, she had found a coyote, sluggish with rabies, camped on her doorstep a few yards from where the twins were playing with their dolls.

Once Betsy started decorating, she changed her mind about tornadoes. As she explained it to Henry, they had survived nine years on the Willow and watched a hundred tornadoes gathering above the pastures, and the house was still standing. Now there was a lot for her to do, she told him, because the girls' room was the only room she had ever really fixed up. She began with the bathroom. Two satiny blue shower curtains went up, drawn back on either side with velvet bows to frame the bathtub. Soon plastic ivy drooped from the ceiling. Plastic chrysanthemums, in little gilt pots, sat precariously around the rim of the washbasin and the tub. The room took on a wet, heady smell, which came from steaming bathwater and too much Airwick Herbal Bouquet, and one morning, after searching in the mist for half an hour, Henry was horrified to discover his toothbrush in a bud vase and his razor and shaving soap in a Maxwell House coffee can disguised by grosgrain ribbon and paper lace. He complained for a while. He did not like having to take his boots off at the bathroom door, either, but Betsy insisted that boots, and even shoes, would damage the new shag rug.

Betsy was full of enthusiasm by then. She stripped the varnish off her old bedroom set and painted it antique white with gold trim. She made bedroom curtains out of a bolt of filmy white nylon with golden pineapples on the border that she had found for a dollar a yard on one of her shopping

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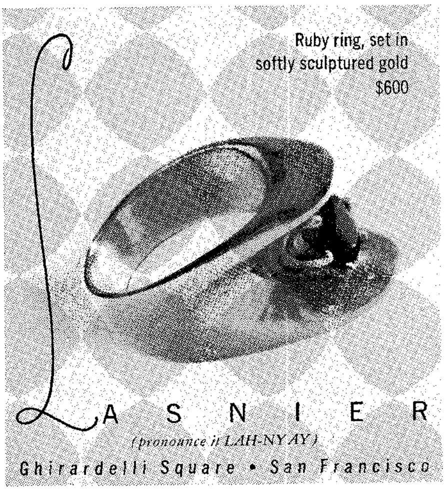

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Saturdays. She bought a big scented candle to replace the white china bull—it was a Charolais—that Henry's brother Tom had wired as a bedside lamp on the Blantons' fifteenth wedding anniversary. Then she took on the parlor. In one weekend, she waxed the upright piano that Henry had bought for eighty dollars at a Pampa bar closing, selected two bucolic landscapes from one of her mail-order catalogues, painted the bookcase that held Henry's rodeo trophies, and took the rest of the furniture out behind the barn and stained it fruitwood brown. The next weekend, she was at the sewing machine again. She made ruffled curtains out of a pretty green-and-yellow wildflower chintz, and then she made matching slipcovers for the couch and the rocker, a ruffled cushion for the piano seat, and a ruffled cloth for the little round table where she kept her *Woman's Days* and *Reader's Digests* and Henry his *Western Horsemans* and *TV Guides*. By Christmas, the house was ready. Betsy had stayed up late every night for a week finishing the kitchen. It was a proper ranch kitchen—it took up half the house, with the three other rooms opening off it like afterthoughts—and had a big round table by the window, where twelve hands could sit down comfortably to a branding lunch. Betsy had oiled the table till the oak shone, painted the walls yellow, and scrubbed everything in sight, from her storage freezer to Henry's windowsill collection of ceramic cows.

Finally, Betsy had driven down to the best supermarket in Pampa and stocked the kitchen with the family's favorite food. Ranch people like Betsy were proud of the food they bought in supermarkets—food that came in cans and packages and bottles that squirted their contents out of complicated spouts. Betsy kept her own mesquite-bean preserves in the kitchen cupboard, but she saw to it that her jams and cereals and steak sauces from the supermarket were always on display on a big revolving tray in the middle of the kitchen table. She marketed with a kind of reverence. Choosing food from the abundant shelves of a supermarket, wheeling her cart to the graceful beat of the piped music, watching her bright pile of cans and boxes grow—those were things that made Betsy feel connected to the world and almost prosperous. The cream from the milk cows in the barn was fine for everyday. So were the wild strawberries from the patch behind the house. But for a holiday like Christmas Betsy wanted

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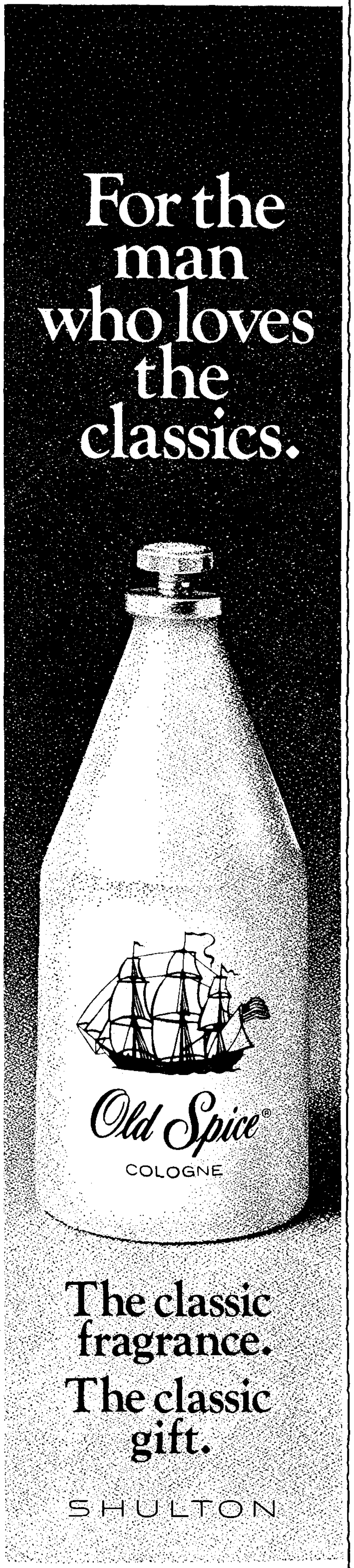
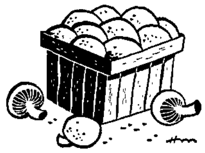


to be able to offer frozen strawberries and to set out cans of Reddi Wip and coffee creamer on her revolving tray. Her spread on Christmas Eve was elegant. There was a big pot roast simmering in its juices in the oven. New bottles of steak sauce and salad dressing and Dr Pepper glittered on the table, and the Christmas candles cast warm shadows on the yellow walls. Pearl and Laurie had just arrived that afternoon from college. They helped Betsy take the tangled strings of Christmas lights down from the top of the broom closet, and then Melinda laid them carefully beside the thick blue spruce that was sitting in a tub at the kitchen window, waiting to be trimmed. At six, they all sat down at the table and listened for the sound of Henry's pickup. By seven, Betsy was getting angry. By eight, she was worried and the pot roast was ruined. She was crying when the phone finally rang at nine-thirty, and Tom's wife, Lisa Lou, in a voice stiff with bitterness, announced that she had had a call from a bar in town.



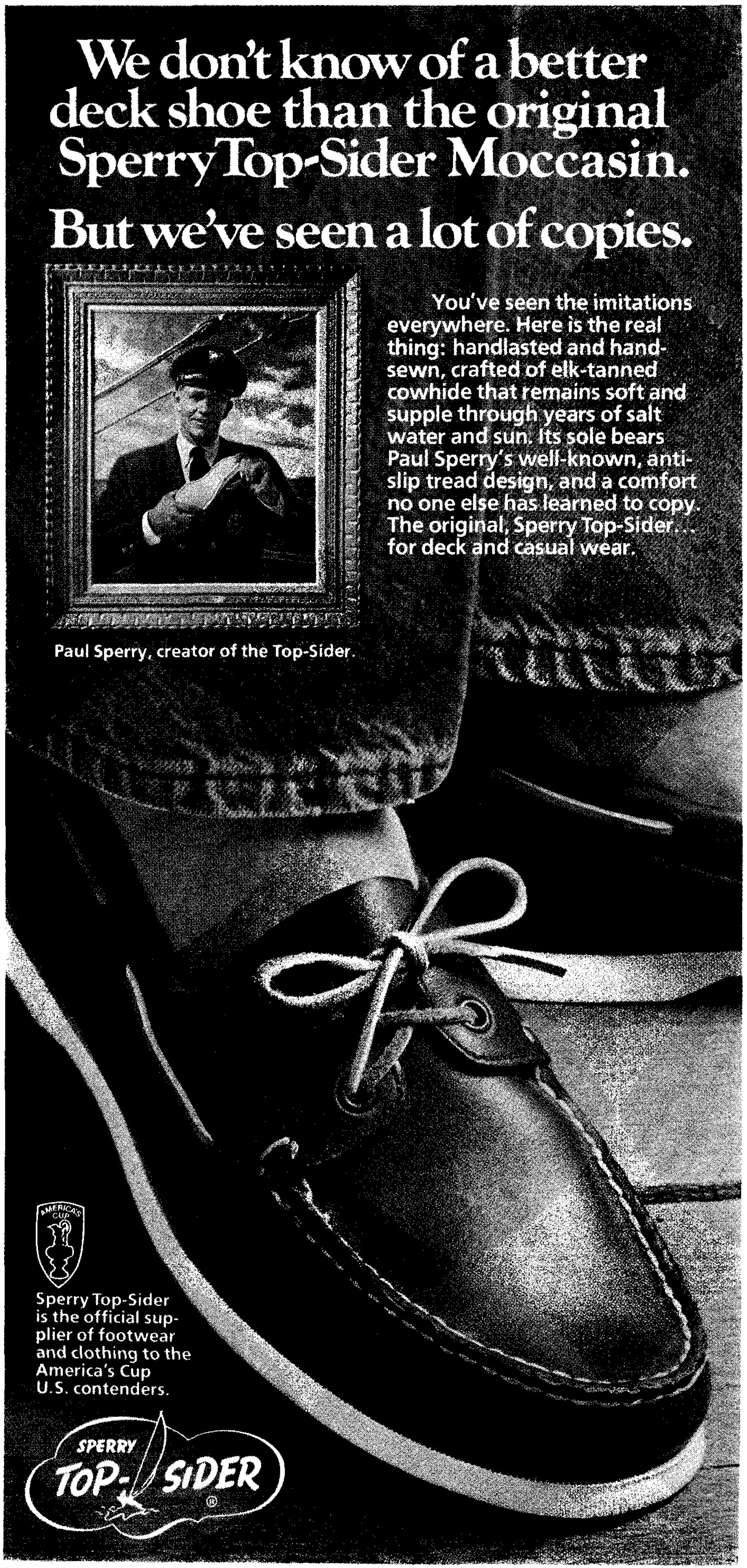
"It's not that I didn't sympathize," Betsy said on the day Henry moved his birthday calves to his favorite pasture. Betsy was so excited that day that she had called in sick and stayed home from work to cook a special lunch for all the cowhands. "Henry and Tom, they said they had important business over in town, and, like Lisa Lou said, from the racket on the telephone she just knew that business was drinking. But now I figure that Henry maybe couldn't *face* Christmas. Here he was, fixing to be forty years old. I mean, he always thought he'd have a place in life. He set a goal and a time, and it was getting near that time, and it looked to him like he wasn't going to make it. So he wasn't happy. It's funny. All I ever wanted was him—just him and the girls and some good times. That's what would've made me happy, and I never did know why men aren't content with the same things. Maybe some men are, but not cowboys. Course, I'm right proud of Henry for cowboying. I'm proud of all the men that do. I look at them and I feel a sort of smugness, and, you know, a ranch is the best place in the world for kids. Even those places we lived with no conveniences—it was always a good, clean life for the girls.

"And as for Henry's being a cowboy, I'm sure he always planned it. Back when he was five or six and couldn't even get off his horse—he had to back up to a fence or that old chair he talks about. Even then, he liked being alone a-horseback. I remember when Henry took that first cowboying job with Mr. Doyle. He was so excited—even with all our troubles, like leaving school, and a new baby, and having to sell our car. So I was real excited, too. I thought it was going to be a nice adventure, and I enjoyed it, because Henry was starting out and doing what he wanted to. Course, I was the dumbest thing you ever saw then. When I started dating Henry, I guess I thought if we was married Henry would take care of me. Henry was a hero. I kind of think he expected to be a hero all his life. At the beginning, he'd come home from a rodeo all black and blue, but he'd be proud of himself, 'cause he'd be carrying this big trophy. Once, I remember, the boys had a wild-mare race, and one of those old mares just about kicked Henry to death. But Henry came home grinning. It was 'cause he'd *won*. Being a hero—that's what made him generous and loving. We were making only two-fifty or three hundred a month then, and Mattie and Pearl and Laurie—why, they was practically in diapers. But after he won that old mares' race he took the kids into a fancy Western store and spent two hundred dollars outfitting them and never thought a thing of it, 'cause he had won that race, and old Mr. Doyle had made him all those promises, and—Well, he was *going* somewhere.

"I learned since that the years are hard on cowboys. Not having your own place, being someone else's foreman, running someone else's cattle—that's second-best, isn't it? Least, to Henry it is. Henry's not really been happy, here or anywhere, since Mr. Doyle died. Not till he tried to quit last month and Lester offered him this deal. Course, Lester owed him that, but, even so, it's better now, with Henry so hopeful. The other night, he called his mother, and he sounded so proud and happy—he said, 'Listen, Mama, I own some cattle.' But, you know, it grieved me some, proud as he was, 'cause it could've been fifteen years ago and him calling his mama about those heifers of Mr. Doyle's. I guess that's what it's all about for a cowboy. Cows and calves and your own place and being free. Being up on a horse—being good at it, doing what you know best. Course, cowboying's changed so much with all them yearlings coming in. That's been some of what's bothering Henry—I mean, it's not been like he expected. Sometimes he says that working those yearlings is like being in a factory, only outdoors. I remember how we used to go to those Westerns, and there'd be this cowboy, looking so natural and realistic, like he just walked off some pasture into being a movie star. And this cowboy—things like money didn't mean a thing to him. I mean, I don't think Henry ever really expected to be fretting about money.

"Last fall, with my operation and Pearl and Laurie starting college, and then there was Henry needing his teeth fixed—why, we was so broke last fall we tore up our credit cards, and if you're from a ranch they won't let you cash a check in town without two credit cards to show with your driver's license. But Henry never would ask Lester about the money owing to him. It's just a hard thing to do, asking for money, if you're a cowboy. Especially with Lester. Lester is a real big guy for talking, but he's condescending. That's another thing that hurts Henry bad, 'cause there's no one supposed to be condescending to a cowboy. I guess we both should've known better. My granddaddy—my mother's daddy—he was a cowboy. Came to Texas by covered wagon and lived and died here. My daddy never really cowboyed. Once or twice, maybe, during the Depression, and after that he was always foreman in one of them big smelters. But he was one of eight and my mama was one of seven. I have so many cousins I can't name them all, and a lot of them cowboyed, and the rest, least in their hearts, was all hat-and-boot people. But growing up—they make ranch life so romantic when you're growing up. Like I said, we'd sit in those Westerns, and it looked so *right*, like something to be really proud of. I don't like Westerns anymore. There's some that's real filthy, and I wouldn't want my girls to go—not even Mattie, who's married. And the rest—well, I guess I've seen too much to be impressed. The movies I like now are the ones like 'Fiddler on the Roof' and 'The Sound of Music,' where love and kids are important, and a good Christian home. But Henry don't enjoy that sort of movie.

"It's not that he doesn't like his home. People say that cowboys—that if they wanted to be at home, they'd be at home. But it's not true. Cowboys *forget* about home. If Henry would call me when he's out and say where he was, I wouldn't worry. He's the most responsible man I know about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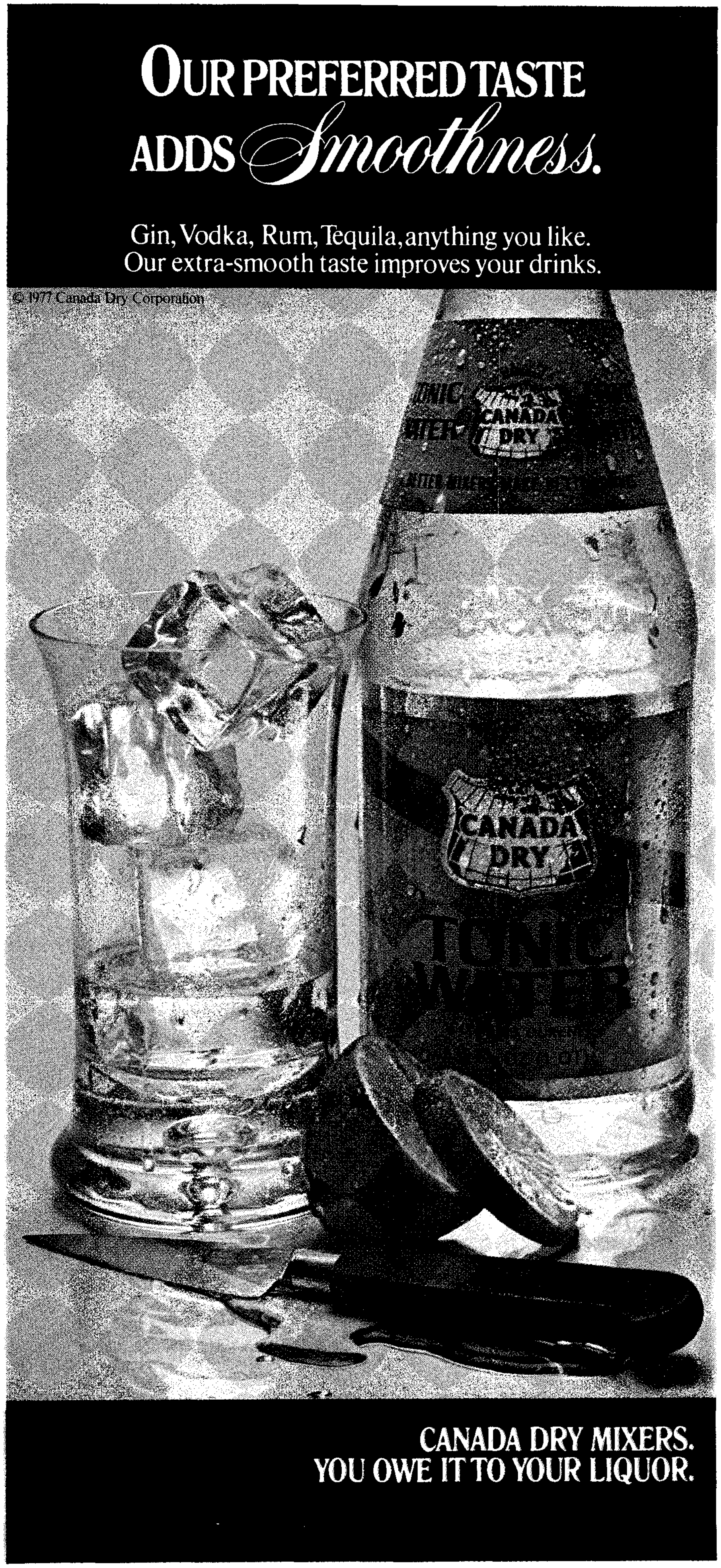

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his job, but not about me. He goes off alone, and it gets dark, and I say to myself, 'What if his jack fell and he's pinned under his pickup? What if his horse fell and he's out there freezing?' And I just sit. I don't like to call the neighbors, saying that he's not home. It hurts my pride, knowing they'll think he's in a bar or off on some stunt. That's one thing I can't understand—why a cowboy likes to be in bars. It's against my morals. If Henry left a bar early to come home to me, I'd be the happiest girl alive. We've had fights about that. I've screamed, locked him out, gone home to Mother, and nothing happens. And the funny thing is, I know Henry don't really *enjoy* drinking. I really believe Henry thinks it's wrong. I remember once we had a dance here, after a branding, and Henry went out and bought beer and bourbon for the men, and some of them got drunk and Henry was real ashamed afterward, 'cause the children saw it. Henry's really very moral. Cowboys are. They're conservative and Christian. I remember how shocked Henry was to find out the language Richard Nixon used. Henry was real disappointed in that.

"The first time I ever voted for a President, I voted for Kennedy. I'm not a Democrat, but I just couldn't bring myself to vote for Nixon, and Henry was real mad when I told him, 'cause he had heard that Kennedy, and his brother, too—that they went naked around the house. Henry said he wouldn't take me to vote. He said, 'You'll be the only Democrat, and everybody will know.' But the real reason was that he thought a politician should be moral, and it disgusted him, all those stories about Kennedy being naked. It was the same with Jimmy Carter. I kind of liked Jimmy Carter at first. Course, Henry didn't. He heard that Jimmy Carter was against welfare, and that was all right, 'cause we seen enough of that over in New Mexico—those poor Chicano women at home having all the children, and their men in bars, cashing their welfare checks for liquor. But Carter likes Negroes—least, that's what we heard—and Henry has this prejudice. All cowboys do, and it's something I don't understand, since they never really been around Negroes. Henry's real honorable, though. I remember once he and Tom and old Sam Otis, who helps out sometimes on the ranch—they were in town one night, and they pulled some stunt I don't even want to know about. Not that it was a real bad stunt. Henry says it was more a question of helping out this poor drunk woman with a problem. Well, there they were, helping this poor woman out, when the police came—two cars and three deputies—and I guess the police was kind of hard on old Sam, shoving him around, being really rough, and there's Sam just a poor, sick old cowpuncher. So Henry stepped in. He said something like 'Don't you think this fellow's kind of old?' and then I guess he must've started hitting, 'cause the police put handcuffs on him and he spent the night in jail. Anyhow, the next night at supper he was telling the girls about it. I said to him, 'Henry, aren't you ashamed to be telling this in front of the children? Wouldn't it embarrass *you*, hearing that *your* daddy spent a night in jail?' And Henry said no, it wouldn't—not if he knew his daddy had been taking up for someone. Well, that's the kind of cowboy Henry is. He's a good man—and all the drinking and the stunts, that's because of his disappointment. He sees me going to work, so tired all the time, and he knows it's to help him out, and he gets ashamed. I mean, he knows if we didn't need the money I'd be free for driving Melinda to her track meets or cheerleading practice. So he takes that bottle of bourbon from the chuck wagon. I used to empty those bottles fast as I found them, but I gave it up. I figure he's better off at the wagon than most places, and there's no point talking, 'cause that's not the sort of thing he'd feel comfortable talking to me about."

Betsy stopped for a long while, thinking. "You know," she said finally, "the other night we was sitting out behind the barn watching the sun set, and I don't recall as I've ever seen Henry so contented as he was right then, with just me and a glass of sweet iced tea for company."

HENRY lost his deal with Lester Hill on a day in June when summer seemed to settle over the Panhandle like a cloak of heat. The grass was curing. The rich spring green of the pastures had begun to fade to the dry dull green of a tough scrub that would keep the cattle working for their nourishment through summer, and by early afternoon that day even the yearlings were sluggish, as if the morning's grazing had taken all the effort they could muster. They moved to their watering tanks with a kind of torpor. Nothing else moved at all. The horses rested under the cottonwoods and hackberries in the little grove by Henry's house. Melinda's cat

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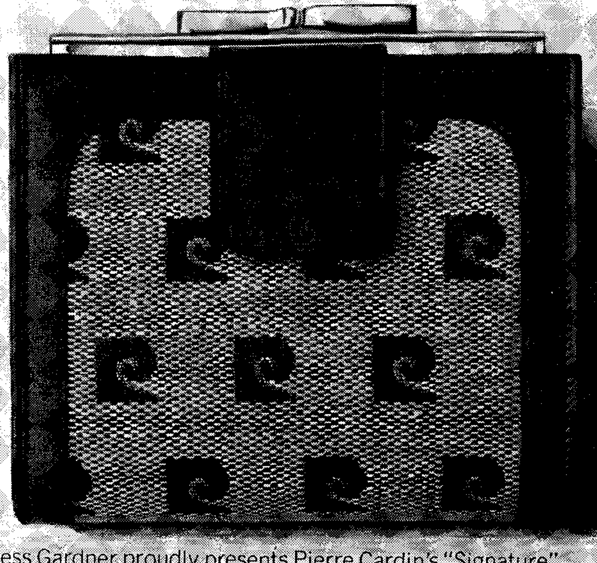
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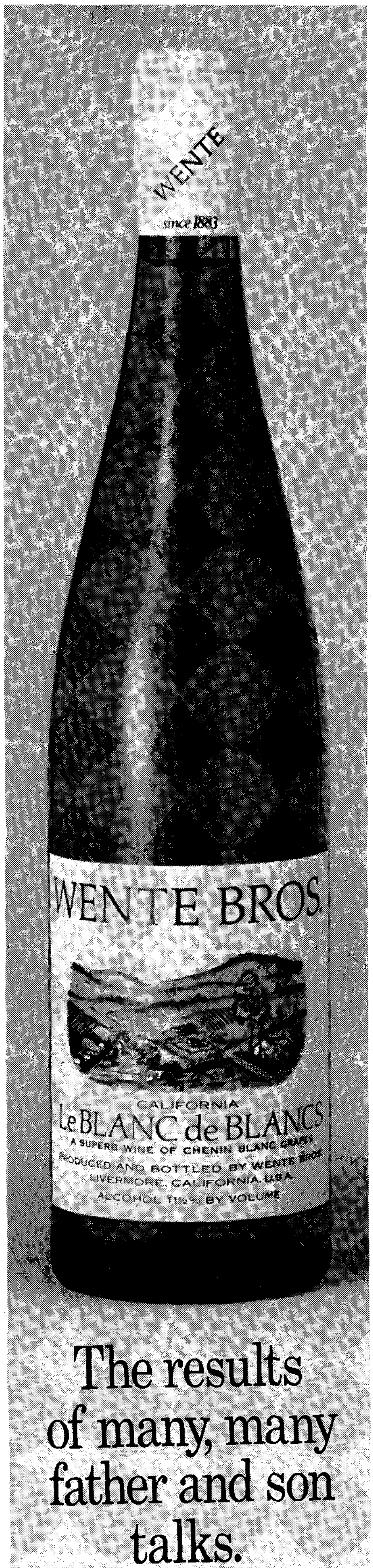

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slept in the middle of the courtyard. And out behind the barn a long, fat rattlesnake was sunning, coiled motionless on the trampled ground inside the cattle chute.

Henry had spent the morning with Calvin Pratt and Ed Loomis and three cowboys from the Triple R, mending half a mile of their joint fence, and then he had left them for the barn, to work on a broken blade from a windmill in one of the big ten-section cow pastures. Sam Otis was waiting at the barn to help him. Sam had survived two heart operations in the past year, and now he was sick again. He seemed to have shrivelled over the past month. His red, bourbon nose and pointy ears were suddenly enormous on his wasted face. His hands were like mitts at the end of his skinny arms, and his grizzled hair stuck up in dry patches on his head. Sam looked to Henry like some pitiful old clown dressed up in cowboy clothes. Tomorrow, he was going back into the hospital. He didn't want to go. He had fought against going. But the doctor had told Mabel Otis that without a lot of medicine and monitoring her husband would be dead in a month, and Mabel, who was as strong as she was bad-tempered, had promised to deliver him tomorrow morning if she had to rope him and drag him there. When Henry found out about the hospital, he sent for Sam, knowing that the old man would want to spend some time with his horse, Thunder, which stayed in Henry's barn now that Sam was "retired," as he put it, from the ranch where he had worked for over fifty years. Henry knew, too, that Sam was proud and would never come to the Willow without the excuse of a day's work. He was good with windmills, actually. He and Henry had the blade mended in a few hours, and they were heading out in the pickup with it when Lester came in on the two-way radio.

Lester sounded so nervous that Henry and Sam grinned, hearing him at first, and made faces at the receiver.

"Hey, Henry," Lester said. "Henry, boy, I was just wondering. Henry, you remember those calves of mine? Nothing special, just those no-account Okies we run through the chute—you remember—back in April sometime."

Henry pushed the transmitter button. "What makes you think I'd be forgetting them?"

Sam looked out the window.

"Well, there's so many come and go," Lester said.

"They're doing real well," Henry said, and he nudged Sam. "You got to come out, take a look at them."

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Lester started to talk about being busy with accounts lately. There was static, and it was difficult for Henry to hear.

"What's that?" Henry said finally.

Lester coughed and began again. His voice, on the radio, came and went as the pickup bounced across the pasture toward the windmill. Henry was not in the habit of stopping his truck just to accommodate Lester Hill. He was barely even listening by the time Lester broke off his monologue and announced suddenly that he wanted his calves rounded up tomorrow. It looked like a droughty summer, Lester said, and he had had this offer for the calves. Not that he would make anything on them—just enough to cover his costs. And, of course, Henry would understand that he couldn't risk losing money on a droughty summer, not with a bank loan due and . . . Lester laughed, nervous. He had not once mentioned those calves to Henry—not since that day in the Buick when they made their deal. Henry had not expected him to mention them. Once a deal was made, there was no point in talking about it all the time.

"Tomorrow," Lester repeated.

Henry braked so fast that Sam nearly went through the windshield. He grabbed the microphone. "We was grazing those calves for the feedyard! We got near two thousand calves dropped this spring. How about *them*? You ain't worried none about them being thirsty."

There was no reply. Henry mashed the button to say something, and thought better of it.

"Just have them gathered tomorrow. Tomorrow. Hear? I got trucks coming Friday morning." And then, soothing, "Course, I'd come by myself and take care of them if I weren't so damn busy. You know how it is, Henry, running a spread like this. The responsibilities."

Henry sat staring out the window.

"I sure do appreciate your taking care of this." Lester's voice was getting weaker. "I mean, I wouldn't want you going to no trouble with them calves. Not on my account. But, hell, friends is friends—right? And I know you'd—"

Henry switched off the radio. He was in a daze. He reached for his bottle, and then, without a word to Sam, he backed the truck around and started driving. It was four in the afternoon when he left the ranch for the highway, and it was after ten that night when Betsy, in the kitchen, heard the truck lurch into the courtyard. Henry

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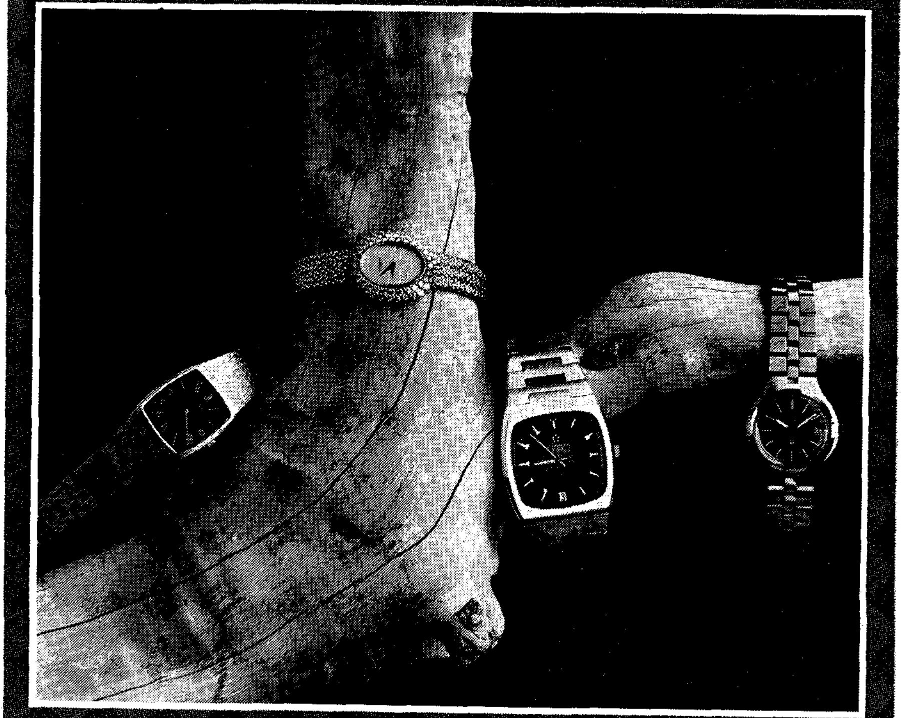

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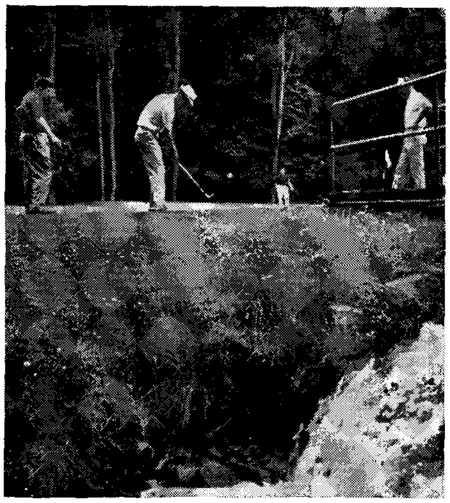

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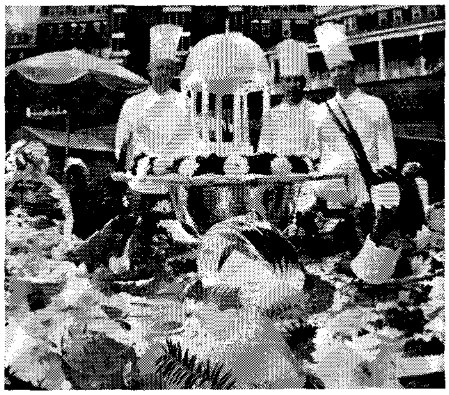

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and Sam sat there waiting, too drunk to move.

Betsy ran out of the kitchen door. She was frantic with worry. "Where you been, Henry? Henry! Sam!" She held a flashlight to the truck window. "Why, shame on you, Sam. You ought to be home in bed. You ought to be resting up for the hospital."

"I ain't going," Sam said.

Betsy opened the door and saw the empty bottles on the floor. "Oh, Sam," she said softly.

"Ain't nobody going to get me to that hospital."

"Come on, now, Sam, you know you don't mean that." Betsy reached up for Sam's knobby hand. Sam started down, trembling, and then he fell against her. She braced him with her shoulder and started to walk him slowly toward the house. "I just know you don't mean that," she said again.

"It's the truth, Betsy," Sam said. "When you're drunk, there's truth in you. It's when you're sober you're a politician, always saying what other folks want."

"Mabel's been calling," Betsy told him. "She's all set up. She's been carrying on, screaming at me real bad. She says she knows you and Henry was in some bar, and it's all Henry's fault, getting you drunk when you're—"

"Poor old Henry," Sam said, and he belched. "Everybody hates old Henry, 'cause he's always trying to help his friends out."

Betsy winced. "Where you been, Sam?"

"Well, Henry and me, we was driving along. We both been drinking a little. That is, *I* was drunk. Henry—he was sober. Anyhow, we found this old gal passed out on the road."

Betsy sighed.

"Now, Betsy, you wouldn't of even noticed her. Even me, at my age—I weren't interested. But you know how Henry is. He's a sure-enough gentleman. He said, 'We got to get this poor little lady out of here,' and so we just had a little drink on that and . . ."

Betsy left Sam at the kitchen table and went back out to Henry. Henry's head was on the steering wheel. He was singing to himself.

"It weren't that at all, Betsy," Henry said when Betsy had pulled him out of the truck and was trying to move him across the courtyard. He leaned, heavy, on her shoulder, and she nearly fell. "It was just that old Sam—listen, Betsy, we was driving around with this here piece of windmill, and old Sam says, 'If I'm a-gonna die tomorrow, today I want to go to one of them places where indecent people are.' "

Even Betsy smiled.

"It's funny," Henry said. "Old people are like that. Here's Sam—he's had to work from the day he was old enough to do anything, and he's still working. Least, he thinks so. And, shoot, it's hard to get a wife to understand, but you can't leave old Sam on a day like today, even if you get in trouble. You can't say, 'Now, Sam, don't do that,' if it's something he wants to do, and what old Sam wants real bad is to be going back. Back to the good days, I mean. Every day like that just tickles him, and if he can get a young man like me to go back with him—why, it just means so much to that old cowpuncher." Henry stopped just short of the kitchen door and vomited. Betsy held his head.

"O.K.?" Betsy said.

Henry leaned against the house. "I guess this is the other part of cowboying, ain't it? The part when all the craziness comes out."

Just then, Sam started crying in the kitchen. Betsy ran in, with Henry stumbling behind her. "My gun, where's my gun," Sam was sobbing. "Now, why didn't I use that gun this morning? What do I got to live for?"

"You got me, Tom, Calvin," Henry began, and collapsed into a kitchen chair.

Betsy glared at him. "You got your wife, your children, your grandchildren," she told Sam. "You got everything you did."

"I can't ride a bronc or rope a calf. I can't do it anymore."

"But you can enjoy seeing those grandkids of yours doing it," Betsy said.

Sam wiped his eyes, under thick, black-rimmed glasses. "It ain't the same seeing anyone else do it as doing it yourself. I used to ride out smooth on that bronc. I used to wave my hat. I can't do that anymore."

Betsy set a pot of coffee on the stove.

"Course, that grandson of mine, old Will—course he's not so good a cowpuncher as me, but he ain't bad, neither." Sam was warming. "I swear, last week I took that old bank of mine—I took my knife and cut that old bank right in half, and I bought that boy a four-hundred-dollar horse. Hell, he's a cowpuncher, that's the reason. You know what a cowpuncher is, Betsy—it's when you can ride in that pasture all day long, like old

Will, and never say, 'Granddad, I'm thirsty. I want a glass of water, Granddad. I'm hungry.' "

"I'll tell you what a cowpuncher is," Henry cut in. "It ain't roping and it ain't riding bronc and it ain't being smart, neither. It's thinking enough about a dumb animal to go out in the rain or snow and try to save that cow. Not for the guy that owns the cow but for that poor old cow and her calf. It's getting down in that bog—in quicksand, if you got the guts. You tie up one leg, then the other. You tramp her out. You get her laying on her side and then you get your horse and you drag that old cow out of the quicksand."

Sam nodded, groggy.

"You see, Betsy, this old cow, she don't know but what you're trying to kill her. But you drag her out, even if she's fighting you, and then you ride a mile yonder and find another danged old cow bogged down the same way."

Sam chuckled while tears ran down his bony cheeks.

"Now, Sam, who's going to teach little Will all those things unless you're there to teach him?" Betsy said gently.

"I am," Sam said.

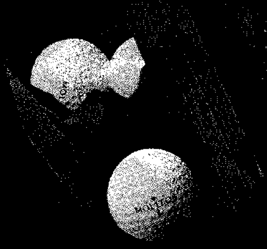
"You see, you got something to live for," Betsy told him.

Melinda passed through the kitchen on her way to bed. She had stayed up late in the parlor, watching "Planet of the Apes" on television, but her hair was already set and she had got her homework and her Bible reading out of the way right after supper. "Well, hello there, Sam," she said brightly before she disappeared.

Sam hardly heard her. He was busy now arranging objects on the kitchen table. He had taken a package of Kents, a bottle of Vitamin C, and a book—it was "Secrets of the Heart," Betsy's new Gibran—from the revolving tray, and, explaining that the book was a gate, the cigarettes were a cow, and the vitamins a cowboy, he was showing Betsy his special method for luring cows into pens. "You got to have patience till she sees the gate," he said, moving the vitamins cautiously behind the cigarettes. "If you run her hard, you got to rope her and drag her through that gate, and then the next time she sees a cowpuncher she's going to turn and run and go wild. Now, you know well as I do there's no one going to make money off a wild cow."

"Have some coffee, Sam," Betsy said.

"And there's another thing that's good, if it's a wild steer. You can tie that old steer to a tree, and then you take a burro and feed it oats, and *then*



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you let that old steer get real tired, walking around the tree all night, and, course, the burro gets hungry on its own—you know how them burros do like oats—and then when the steer's real tired and the burro's real hungry, you tie the steer to the burro and the burro'll bring him right in to where he got those oats before." Sam took a long breath. "Course, that's a little complicated, but I did bring in fifty of them outlaw steer that way once." Sam was cheering up now. He told Betsy that he had another story for her. "This is such a gosh-darn good story, Betsy, that you won't believe it."

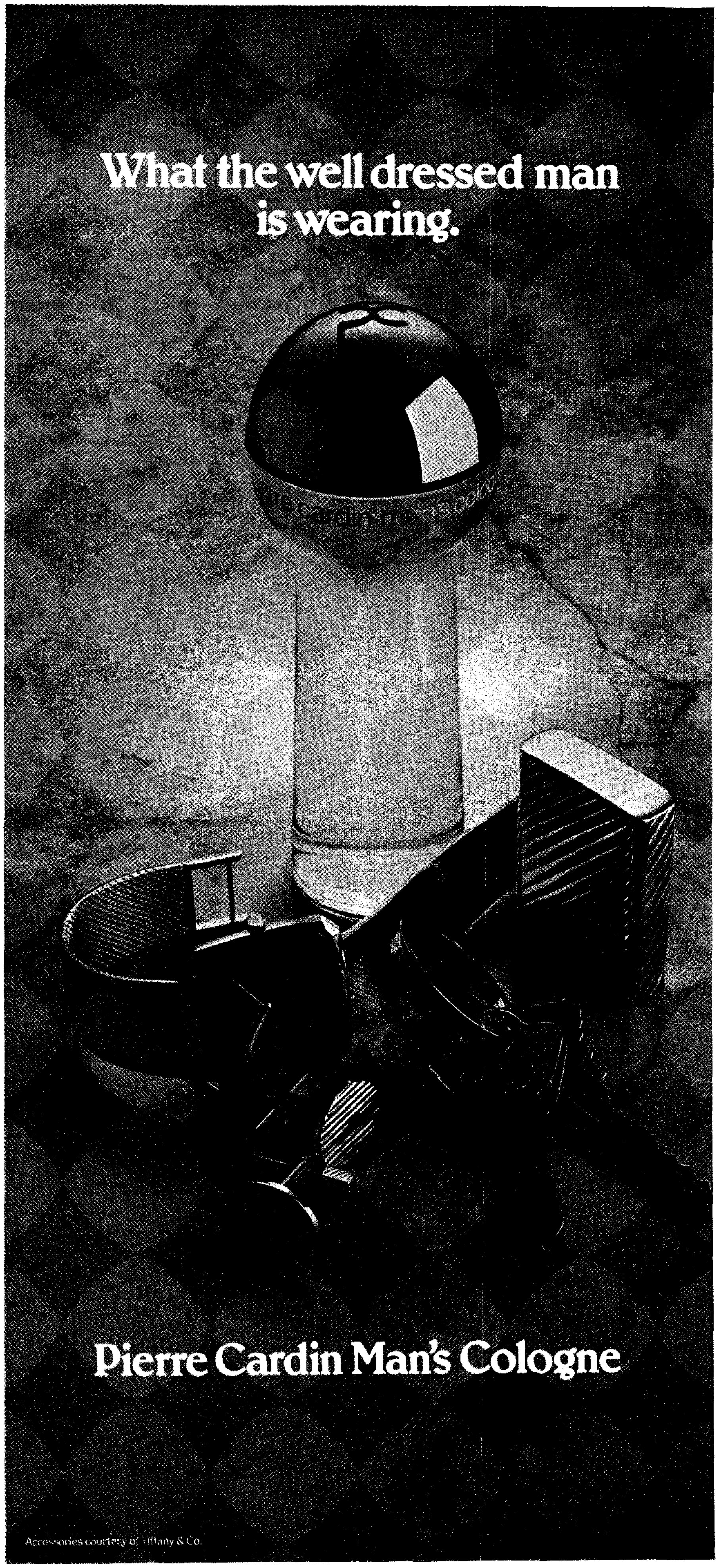
"Yeah, I will."

"Bet you don't." Sam was delighted. Neither of them had noticed Henry wander off into the parlor. He was sitting there, on Betsy's wild-flower couch, staring at the blank television screen.

"It's about the day I got that crazy steer I'd been after near two years," Sam said. "I brought him in with my hotshot. I took that old hotshot to the blacksmith and he put tin on the barrel—put in new batteries, too. Boy, them batteries was so strong—why, when I tried that hotshot out on the one-eyed wetback at the gas station he jumped ten feet and howled." Sam banged the table, laughing. "That old wetback said, 'You know, Mr. Sam, I thought for a minute the vision had come back in that bad eye of mine.' "

Just then, the phone rang. Henry ran in for it. He was thinking of Lester, thinking that maybe Lester had reconsidered, changed his mind. When he heard Mabel Otis howling at him, he handed the phone to Betsy without a word. He signalled to Sam, and the two of them tried to tiptoe from the house. Betsy, on the phone, was calming Mabel, saying that the boys were just enjoying a cup of coffee. No, the boys had already left, and there was the truck—could Mabel hear it?—starting. Henry was driving Sam home.

Henry spent the night in his pickup. He delivered Sam, but he did not have the heart to face Betsy with the news that his deal with Lester was over. He did not know what to do, and so he parked on the cowpath, out of sight, and tried to sleep off his despair. The dawn woke him—the weak pink light of another hot day pushing at the clearer darkness. He reached for a bottle, found it empty, and lit a cigarette instead. The taste in his mouth was foul. His head was pounding. A kind of helpless fury came over him as he sat smoking, and made his hand shake. He


What the well dressed man is wearing.
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ground out the cigarette and jumped down from the truck. There was something black moving toward him down the cowpath. He squinted into the hazy morning light, trying to focus. It was a bull on the path. Not a Willow bull—they were safely fenced in a back pasture—but one of the huge Brangus from the Triple R. Behind it was another bull, and then another. Three bulls in all—a line of black studs stalking Henry's pasture. Henry swore to himself and ran for the pickup. He drove to the house as fast as the truck would go. There was a light in the kitchen, and Henry knew from the light that Betsy had been waiting up all night for him, but he did not stop. He opened the barn, saddled Pepper, and backed the pickup to the horse trailer. Twenty minutes later, he was banging on the door of Ed Loomis's camper, seven miles from headquarters, shouting for him to wake up and get his horse.

It took a while for Henry and Ed to round the bulls up. The bulls had disappeared from the cowpath, and the men rode the pasture, searching, until they came to a heifer sprawled flat and frothing—and so worked over she could not get up. After that, they found the bulls easily. There was a moment, with the bulls shut in the corral at Ed's camp, when Henry thought of calling the foreman at the Triple R to come and claim them, to settle up, man to man, for the wasted cow. The moment passed. Henry flipped the circle of rope in his hand until it felt just right to him, and then he opened the corral gate. He worked hard for his first bull. Ed was too excited to be much help roping, and Henry had to tie his rope to his horse to hold the bull once they finally had him down.

Henry took his knife out. "The way I see it, it's like you had a daughter and she was raped," he said, and then he cut.

For a minute, he felt better. By the time he had roped and thrown the next bull, he knew that he was not expressing right—not expressing right at all—but by then there was nothing he could do about it. —JANE KRAMER

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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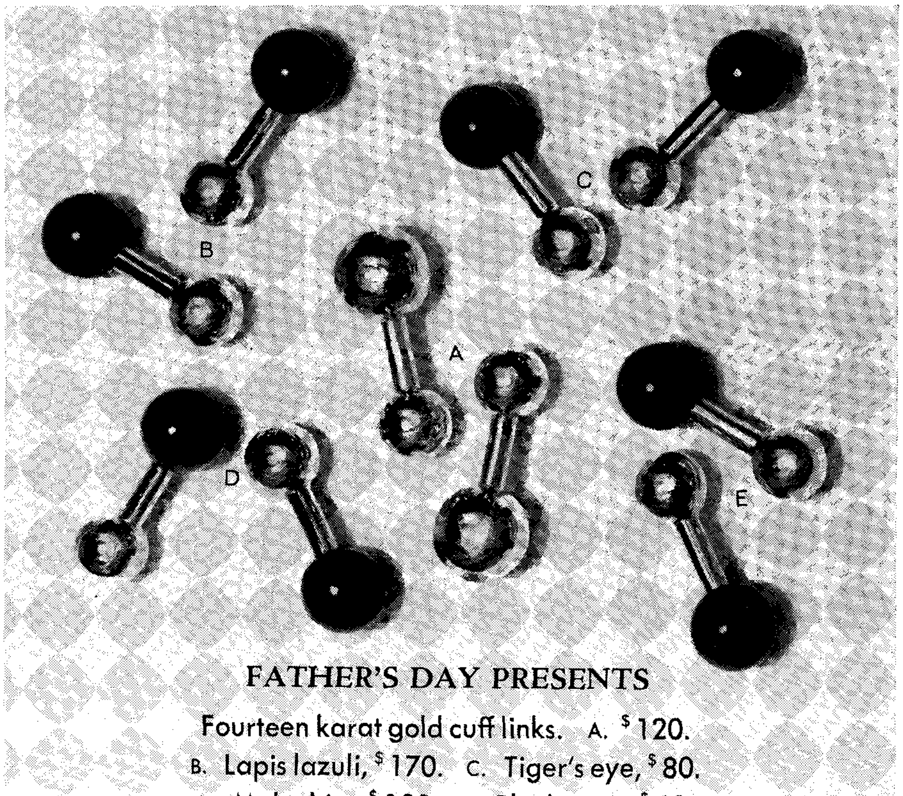

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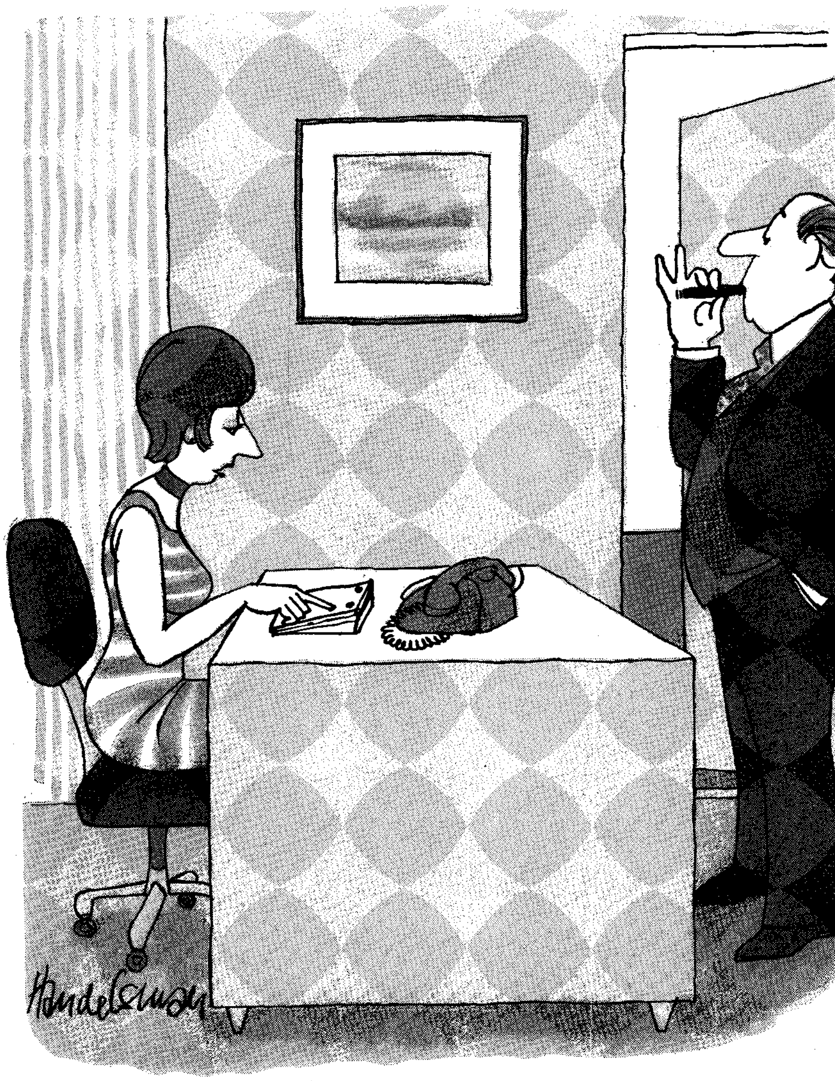
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

WALKING into the Cherry Lane, where Robert Wilson's "I Was Sitting on My Patio This Guy Appeared I Thought I Was Hallucinating" opened and closed last week, the audience found the stage dark except for a spotlight on a telephone on a small table down left. The phone started to ring—a steady, unbroken ring that went on for minutes—and the audience, which had quieted down, resumed its chatter. Then the stage lights went up to reveal Mr. Wilson lying on a metal bench and, behind him, three floor-to-ceiling windows, brightly lighted. Moving slowly, he raised his hand to his lips, then touched a knee. After a long silence, he started to speak, in a disembodied voice, his first line being the title of the show. There was a pistol shot, but although he repeated the words "Ready, aim, fire" several times, the shot was never repeated. He picked up the receiver of the ringing phone and laid it on the table. The phone continued to ring, on and off, and at one point some gabble was heard through it. Mr. Wilson's monologue was meshed with a tape of his own voice, which sometimes interrupted him and sometimes spoke in unison with him. From time to time, brief movies appeared on an overhead screen—of penguins walking on ice, of a dog curled up at the foot of a rumpled bed. The lights went down, then up to show the windows blotted out by shutters. Mr. Wilson moved about the stage as he spoke—entirely in non sequiturs—about a dream, and possibly about memories, and maybe about hallucination. The monologue, eventually lulling the ear, seemed to last for around fifty minutes. The lights went down again, then up to reveal Lucinda Childs standing at the windows. She moved about the stage speaking approximately the same monologue—not quite word for word but almost. She mentioned ducks; ducks swimming in a pond appeared on the screen. Again the pistol shot, again the ringing telephone. But Miss Childs' voice was human, and there was an approximation of character here—very cool character. One's eye was constantly bemused by the subtle, dramatic changes of lighting, by the deliberate movements of Mr. Wilson and Miss Childs (in her case, beautiful movements). Every movement, along with every inflection of speech, was planned; there were no accidents here, no illusions of spontaneity. Nothing dispelled the atmosphere of dreaming; even the few jokes—the telephone stopped ringing when Mr. Wilson hung up, for one—were in keeping. The performance—mercifully, in view of Robert Wilson's past record—ran for only an hour and a half.

I have no idea what Mr. Wilson was getting at, but I never for a moment doubted the validity of his vision. The effect was hypnotic, commanding the attention throughout and, in my own case, for some minutes afterward. Then it vanished completely. Beyond that, I have no opinion of this enterprise. Beverly Emmons designed the exquisite lighting. Direction by Miss Childs and Mr. Wilson, setting by Mr. Wilson and Christina Giannini, music by Alan Lloyd. —EDITH OLIVER



"There's the meeting to discuss the bond issue at eleven o'clock, then lunch with Mr. Moffitt, then your two-thirty appointment with Mr. Crawford, then the conference from three to about four-thirty, then I sit on your lap, then you catch the five-twenty-five to Great Neck."

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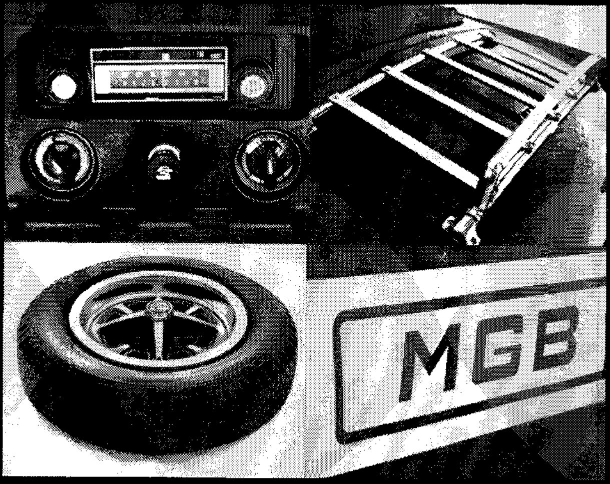

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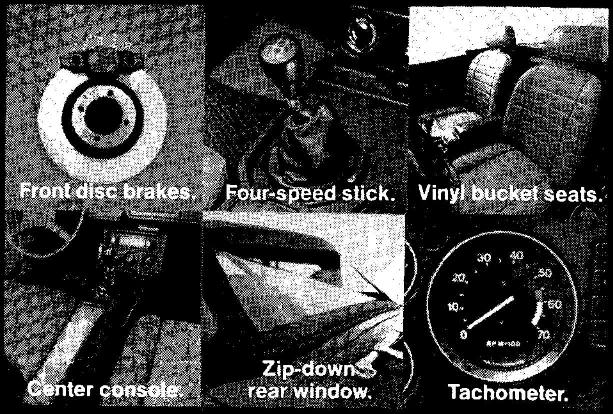
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U.S. JOURNAL: HIGH POINT, N.C.

SHOPPING THE MARKET

"I DON'T know how we allowed ourselves to get into this," an executive of a large New York furniture store told me on the third day of the spring market in High Point. I had wondered myself. So many buyers come to "shop the market" in High Point that hotel rooms are unavailable in cities forty or fifty miles away, and a citizen who lingers too long while making strangers welcome to town may be asked if he wants to rent the family car. Salesmen from furniture manufacturers do call on retail stores, but, partly because a device for stuffing bedroom suites into sample cases is still beyond the reach of American technology, most of the orders placed for wholesale furniture are placed when the buyers call on the sellers. Any furniture dealer who wants to feel the wood on a dining-room table or turn a chair over for inspection or compare wholesale prices on dining-room suites or order new styles as they are being introduced or try to divine what everyone else is buying goes to a market. Some dealers attend regional markets in cities like Atlanta and Dallas and San Francisco, but just about everyone goes to High Point, North Carolina, twice a year for the national market. The market's headquarters, a complex of windowless high rises in downtown High Point, contains three hundred and sixty-seven showrooms—giving it the appearance of some huge, multilevel indoor shopping mall whose rental agent, having somehow gone berserk, rents only to furniture stores—and there are eight hundred more showrooms in office buildings and factories along a hundred-and-fifteen-mile stretch of highway between Greensboro and Lenoir. Large department stores send teams of buyers to the market. The proprietors of what the industry still calls "mom-and-pop stores" arrive fortified with tips from buying syndicates, there being general agreement that nobody can shop a market thoroughly himself if the market has thirteen hundred dealers in it. There is a lot of grumbling about having to come to High Point twice a year—about having to rent space in local residents' homes because of the lack of hotel rooms, about not being able to find any place decent to eat—but continued attendance is assumed. "I've been in this business since I was a kid," a furniture man from California told me during the market. "And I figured out that pretty soon I will have spent a year of my life in High Point, North Carolina."

He had presumably gone into the furniture business under the assumption that he would be spending a year of his life in Chicago. The market held in Chicago was considered the national market until High Point's market gradually overtook it in the late fifties—partly because of its location in the section of the upper South where many furniture factories are now concentrated. Somehow, Chicago sounds like a more appropriate setting for big-time buying and selling. I have always assumed that an integral part of the sort of sales pitch that goes on at something like a furniture market is what used to be called "wining and dining," and High Point, whatever its other virtues, is short on the bright lights. Although it sometimes calls itself the Furniture Capital of the World—other times it calls itself the Hosiery Capital of the World—High Point was until last year best known to connoisseurs of American drinking habits as the only middle-sized city in North Carolina that did not permit a package store within its boundaries. A referendum to permit the operation of package stores, which are run by the state in North Carolina, had been defeated by High Point voters three times in a dozen years—bringing great satisfaction to the local clergy and to the residents of Jamestown, North Carolina, the nearest town with a package store. Jamestown's share of the store's profits was running about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually, and anyone who doubted whether the volume was coming mostly from out of town had to believe that the average Jamestown resident was spending twenty-four hundred dollars a year on strong drink. Gearing up for a fourth referendum, the Wets (Citizens for a Better High Point) argued that continued dryness could cost the city the furniture market. High Point, after all, had snatched the market from Chicago. Why, it was argued, couldn't some aggressive regional market like Dallas steal the prize in turn from High Point by flaunting its fancy restaurants and unlimited booze? "We should know that the enemy is Satan," a speaker for the Drys (Citizens for Christian Action) said in return. "He may appear as a group of hardworking Jaycees . . ." Satan, on his fourth try, won. The first state liquor store in High Point was established this spring—in the lobby of one of the furniture-market buildings.

"It must have been a gas to live back when everything was cheap."

IF citizens who buy furniture fairly regularly ever formed a consumer organization—the Obsessive Redecorators of America, perhaps—the prize in the annual drawing should be a trip to High Point to watch retail dealers order furniture that will never be made. After a couple of days, though, even someone who had been waiting eight months for the local furniture store to deliver her sofa (furniture people always refer to the consumer in the feminine) might begin to feel some sympathy for a retailer who is trying to shop the High Point market. The retailer's problems only begin with the fact that furniture manufacturers, instead of making a product and then trying to sell it, try to sell a product and then make it if enough people commit themselves to buy. A salesman taking retailers from his territory through the showroom may say that the first time his factory will devote itself to producing the fabulous new La Gorda bedroom suite—what the trade calls the first cutting—will be in August and the second in October, but it is assumed by all that the first cutting will not begin until firm orders are in hand for most of it, which may be never. Ordering from the first cutting may mean that the retailer will be the first in his area to put the fabulous new La Gorda bedroom suite on the selling floor, but it may also mean that he will face the perils of first-cutting production errors. He can order from the second cutting, which may guarantee the original market price for goods that could later increase in cost, but the second cutting has less chance than the first of ever taking place. If a large department store or furniture chain has ordered La Gorda, the cutting will presumably begin more or less on schedule—the final design alterations were, in fact, probably made in consultation with department-store buyers during a period known as the pre-market—but then a smaller dealer may have trouble acquiring La Gorda suites as long as a huge customer like a national chain is selling enough to order more. The buyer also has to assume that any new line that shows any indication of selling will be copied by a half-dozen other manufacturers at the next market—knocked off, as they say in the trade—and that, a knockoff always being cheaper than an original, he may save money by waiting for the imitation. He has to calculate whether, after paying for delivery and taking the normal hundred-per-cent markup, he will be able to sell the merchandise at a price point that is attractive to his customers—"price point" being a phrase that was perhaps best defined for me by someone who explained that three hundred and ninety-nine dollars is a price point and four hundred and twelve dollars is not. The consumer who came along to

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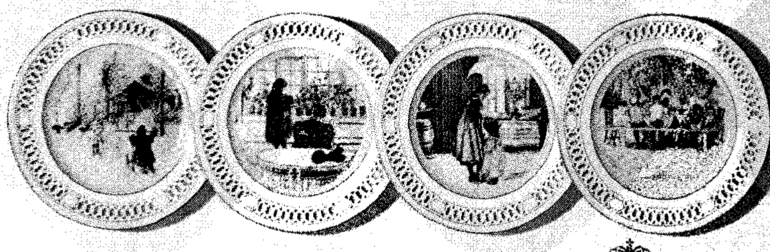

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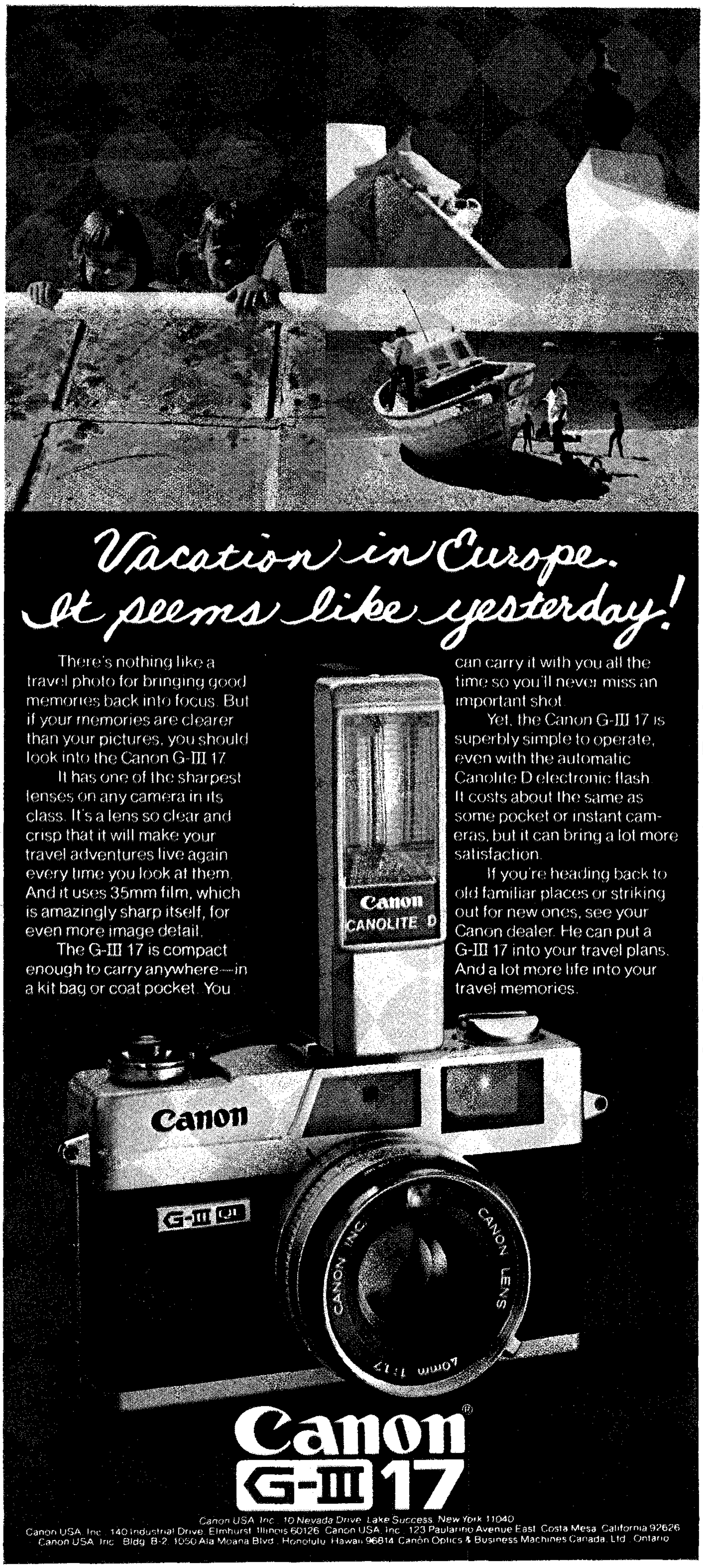

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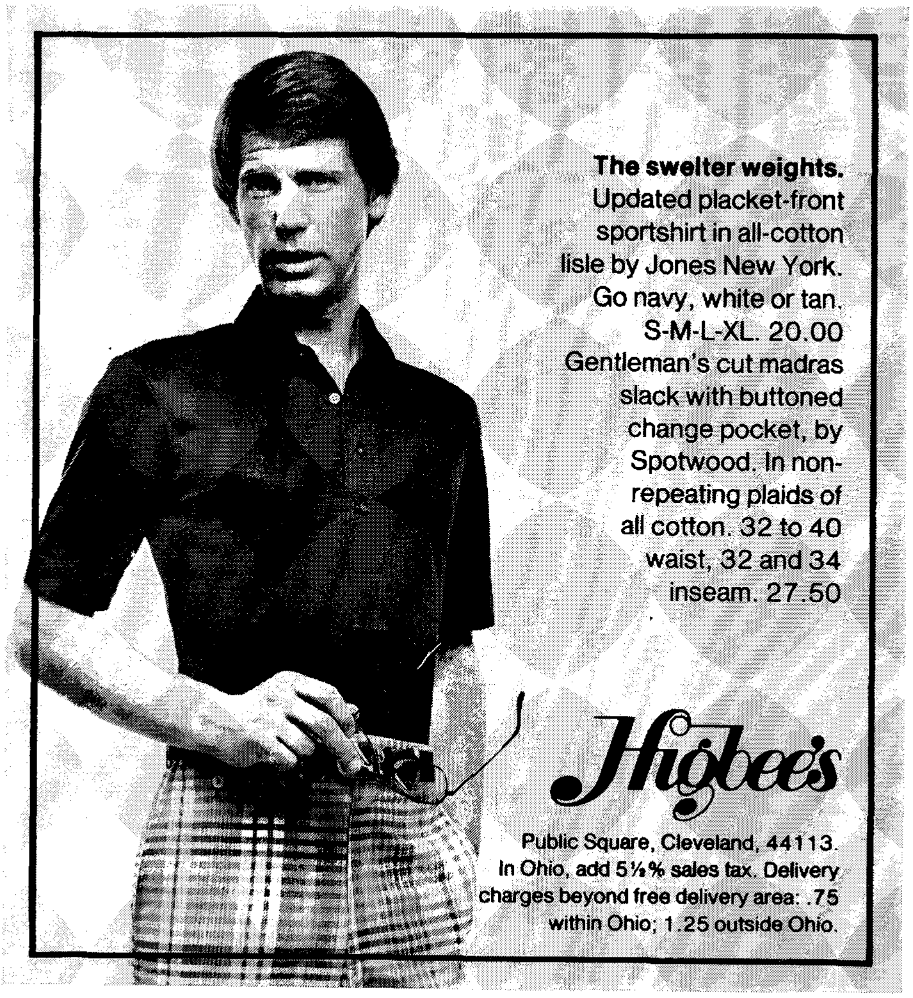
observe her retail furniture dealer as a buyer would notice, by the second or third day of the market, that he was trying to make all of these complicated calculations while standing on very tired feet. It seemed to me that as a day at the market wore on, more and more buyers were testing the quality of armchairs by sitting in them.

People in the trade who are asked why furniture is sold in such a speculative way often mention the furniture industry's fragmentation. A furniture-manufacturing company, normally being much smaller than a company that manufactures, say, automobiles or cigarettes, tends not to engage in the sort of market research that might reveal La Gorda as the bedroom suite consumers yearn for, or in the sort of national advertising that might persuade consumers of the necessity of owning a La Gorda even if they hadn't wanted one in the first place. For a number of years, there has been a widespread feeling among American businessmen that the only aspect of nineteenth-century manufacturing the furniture industry has given up is craftsmanship. In an article in *Fortune* ten years ago, Thomas O'Hanlon wrote, "Most of the 5,350-odd companies that make up the industry are still insignificant in size, inbred in management, inefficient in production, and inherently opposed to technological change." The industry has changed considerably in the past ten years, but many people familiar with it would still agree with the retailer who told me in High Point, "This is the largest small-time business in the world."

A LAYMAN at the furniture market is likely to find the language puzzling. It stands to reason that "high end" means expensive, for instance, but why does "promotional," as well as "low end," mean cheap? After some friendly interpreters told me that a "case" is anything in a bedroom suite (pronounced "suit") which has drawers, and a "china" is a dining-room cabinet, I could understand, more or less, what the salesman guiding some buyers from South Carolina through a showroom meant when he said, "This is two twenty-nine with a lot of punch, ten dollars more for the longer case, with the hutch mirror up another thirty, and, gentlemen, we know from experience this look will retail," or "This suite is three sixty-nine, and you can go five fifty-four the big way. The difference is going to be your china." I was about to congratulate myself on understanding the furniture business when the salesman, while showing what he called a “mocha-finish wrap unit,” paused in front of a dresser—a case, really—slammed his hand on the top of it, and said, “Gentlemen, this is not borax!”

“Borax” turns out to be the most expressive word the furniture business has given the language. It derives, of course, from the chemical compound that is often used as a cleaning agent, but just how it derives is a question of some controversy. Some people in the business say that borax was once used to rub down the veneer of shoddy furniture, or perhaps to plug the defects. There is also a theory that coupons redeemable for cheap furniture were once handed out by a company that marketed borax for cleaning, and there is a theory that manufacturers of cheap furniture used to hand out coupons redeemable for borax. By whatever route, “borax” has evolved into an adjective and a verb with a number of meanings. It can mean overly ornate (“furniture by the pound” was the definition offered by one retailer I asked), or shoddy, or a combination of the two. It can be used as a synonym for “flamboozle,” so that one manufacturer, trying to explain that today’s young married couples are too smart to buy the sort of furniture widely purchased ten years ago, could tell me, “They’re not going to get boraxed by that.” In design, it is the opposite of clean; in salesmanship, it is the opposite of straightforward or of the soft sell. One furniture dealer described it to me as “something you wouldn’t have in your own home”—a reminder that, considering how much borax the furniture industry has turned out in recent years, a designer who rolls his eyes toward the heavens when asked about the furniture in the High Point residence he is staying in during the market may have designed it himself. I heard people at the market refer to something called a “borax store”—a store in a poor area which uses borax tactics to sell borax furniture—but the word transcends economic classification, there being a type of furniture that Jack Brandwein, who puts out a furniture-industry newsletter from San Francisco, calls Beverly Hills Borax. Brandwein has been writing a novel on the furniture business; its working title is “Borax with a Heart.”

AT seminars during the furniture market, speakers agreed that nostalgia was a serious trend. Certainly the greatest single design hit of recent years was the Pulaski Furniture Corporation’s introduction, three markets



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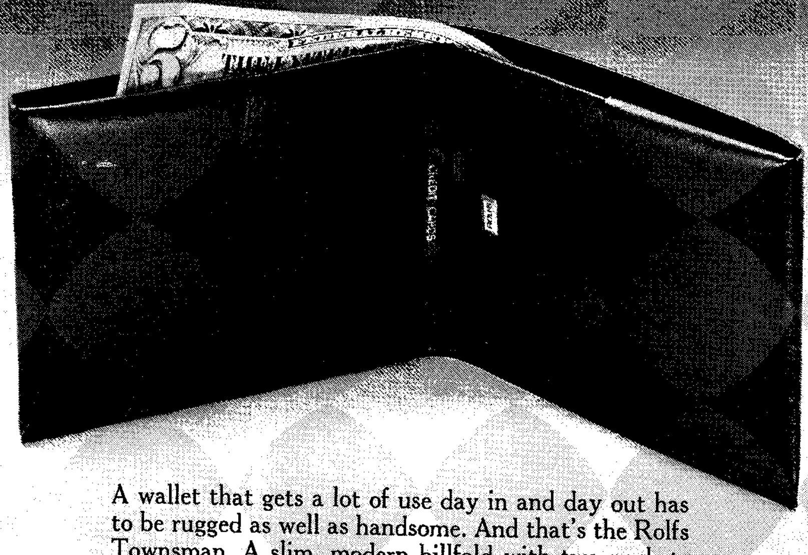

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ago, of a line called Keepsakes—a line that resembles the sort of turn-of-the-century oak furniture that used to be seen being hauled away from antique stores by young couples on Saturday afternoons and is now seen displayed in many showrooms of the High Point furniture market, knocking off being the sincerest form of flattery. (Pulaski's showroom this year had a sign at the door saying "Positively No Cameras Allowed in Space"—which might mean that Pulaski had a particular dread of having its new line knocked off, or might mean that Pulaski figured a lot of buyers would be boraxed into thinking that anything so secret must be the hottest line at the market.) Nostalgia may be a serious trend, but what furniture people in High Point seemed most nostalgic for themselves was Mediterranean.

"Mediterranean led us out of the wilderness," one furniture man told me at the market. Mediterranean started out as Spanish. Gradually, it became more and more pretentious, growing rococo doors and ornate hardware the way automobiles in the fifties started growing fins and curves and bulges. After a while, the fronts of Mediterranean cases were no longer made out of wood but out of molded plastic. Mediterranean was enormously popular for a decade—a trend longer and more intense than anyone expects from nostalgia. According to one theory, it would still be selling if the price of plastic had not gone up, but most people in the business believe that Mediterranean grew so grotesque that it finally destroyed itself. Toward the end, there was something called "cleaned-up Mediterranean," but apparently it didn't retail.

"Mediterranean was awful ugly," a furniture man from North Carolina told me during the market. "But after it sold like it did for five years or so, we felt like it was sort of pretty. Economically, what we need is another Mediterranean."

"What is your definition of borax?" I asked him, having got into the habit of asking everyone I talked with.

"Mediterranean is borax," he said.

I WAS troubled for a while in High Point by not being able to understand what the furniture industry meant by "lifestyles"—a word that was used in a number of the market's news conferences and seminars—but after a couple of days I discovered, to my relief, that nobody else seemed to know what it meant, either. Some people in the business believe that it means furni-

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ture that is coördinated throughout the house, and some people believe it means eclectic. (Words like "eclectic" are used as nouns in the furniture business, so that a salesman can say, "You want French, I got French.") Lifestyles can refer to furnishing a house by the way people live instead of according to a certain look, and it can refer to the particular style of life that the industry expresses with furniture that is made of canvas and natural-colored upholstery and chrome pipes and can be bought knocked down for assembly at home. Part of the confusion, I think, is caused by the fact that lifestyles is, in terms of language rather than furniture, pure borax.

When the word is used to describe how people live now as opposed to how they used to live, there is usually talk of more mobility and smaller rooms and a more casual atmosphere—all reasons to make furniture that is relatively small in scale. That sounds plausible, even coming from an industry that is noted for having no idea of what its customers want. But one of the most popular pieces of furniture introduced in the last few years is something called the Paul Bunyan bed—a gigantic four-poster whose posts look capable of supporting the entire house. Bedroom furniture is ordinarily sold by the suite, and the suite ordinarily starts with the design of the case, but the Paul Bunyan bed was sold as a single piece—and sold so successfully that the manufacturer is now producing a suite that picks up the big-post theme in the other pieces. "This is the most exciting piece of furniture I've ever seen in my life," the buyers from South Carolina were told by their salesman. "Gentlemen, you put it in a store window, it's going to cause wrecks." One of the retailers who had ordered the bed during a previous market assured his colleagues that it did have amazing appeal, despite the fact that most of his customers live in tract houses that have tiny bedrooms. "I sold it to one couple and when they got home and put it in the bedroom they found they couldn't open up the drawers of their bureaus," he told me later. "They kept it anyway."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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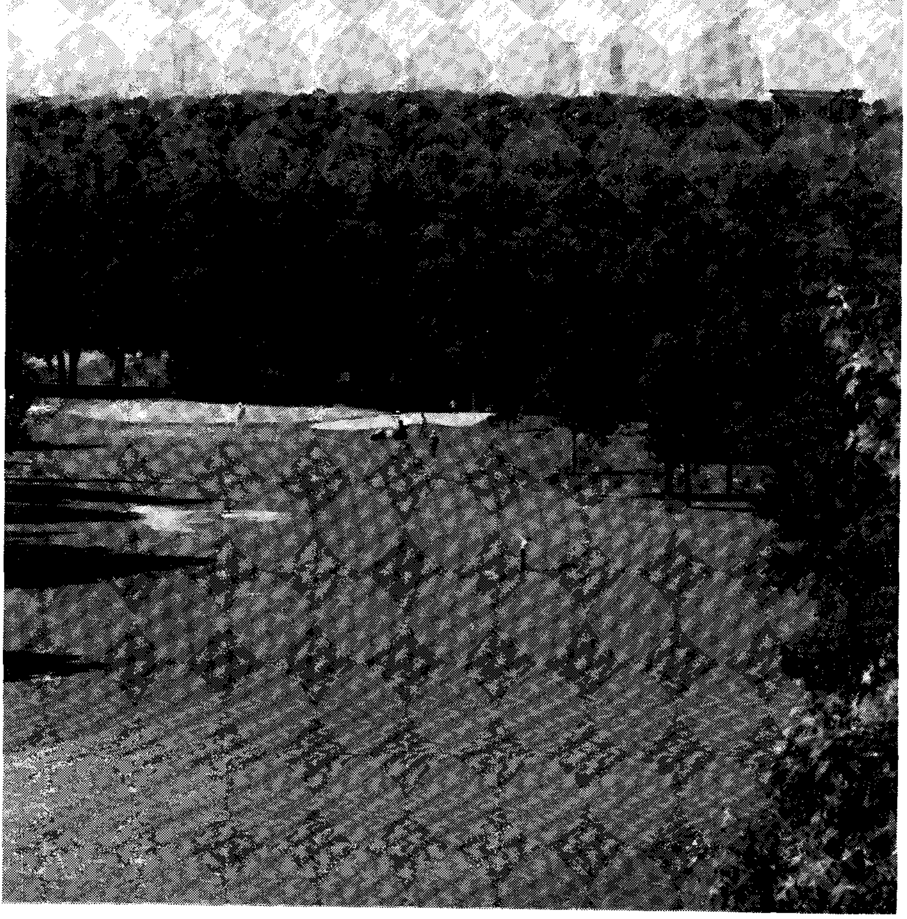

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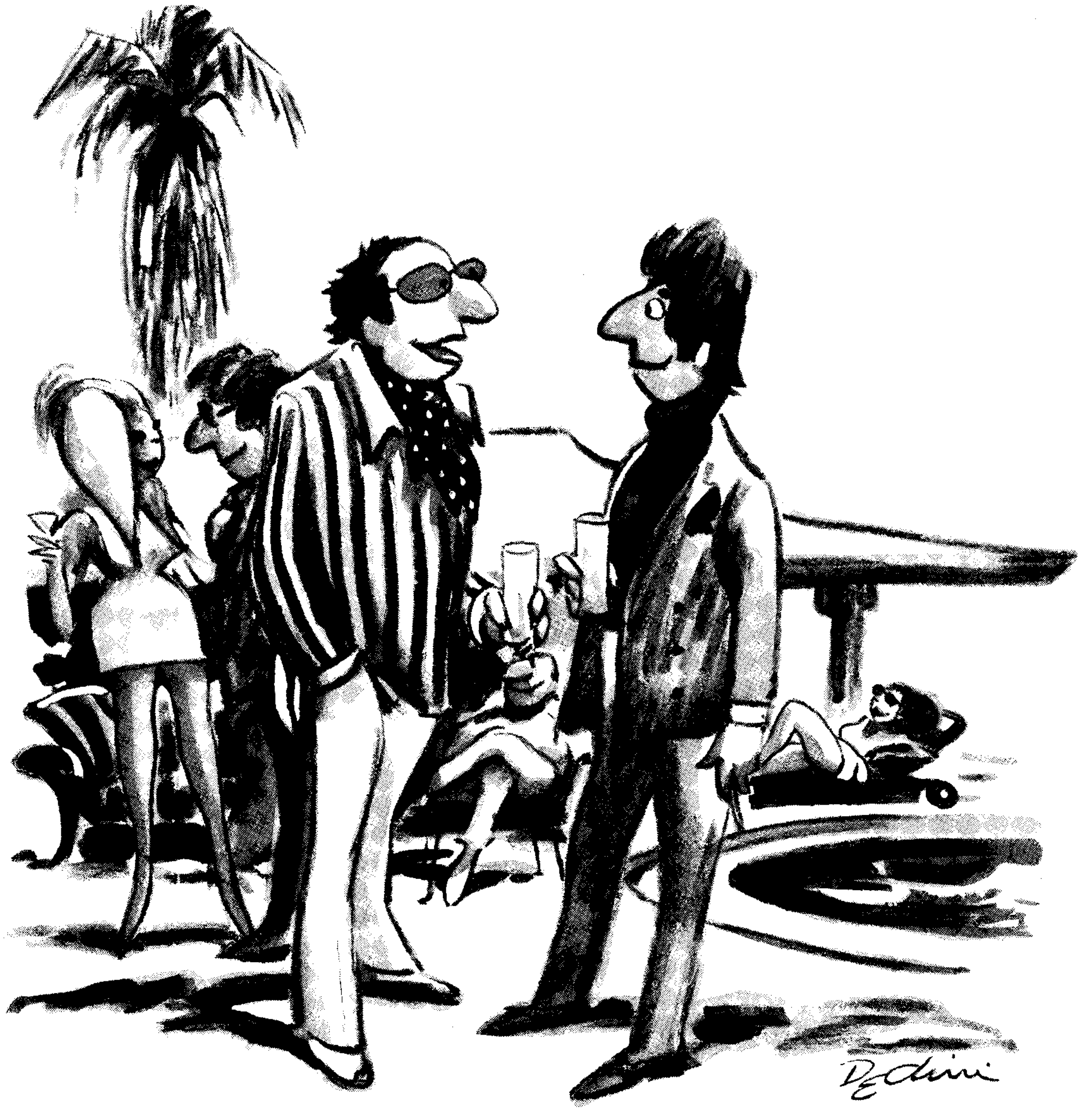
That is Cyril Connolly, in October, 1947, introducing a special issue, devoted to the United States, of his distinguished literary magazine, *Horizon*. The words, no doubt extravagant, meant to encourage the evolution they described, could nevertheless serve very well as a statement of a European view of America that has been sustained with mounting difficulty for thirty years. They are words that an American today reads uneasily. So much was expected of us.

In that same issue of *Horizon*, the philosopher William Barrett quoted Archibald MacLeish: "It is a difficult thing to be an American." The phrase, regarded archeologically, strikes one hard. Barrett went on to say that while the European has a known and articulated tradition to which he reacts—even in opposition—the American "has to explore his own personal relation to the American fate," confronting "something much more indefinite and amorphous; something which exists, certainly, otherwise how should he be so persistently haunted by its challenges and opportunities; but which, just as certainly, is not yet defined, and to that extent does not yet quite exist but has to be made, and so may never be brought to exist at all; so that the American imagination, otherwise so young and innocent, has been persistently haunted by these darker shadows of possible failure, extravagant waste, final abortiveness."

What Barrett said is true, and it was a prescient statement, with political implications—for the fate of the American, unlike that of the European, is necessarily a political fate. In this we are a unique country. The men who founded the United States of America justified their creation, and their rebellion against the British Crown, as establishing a new and different kind of political society, making obsolete the kinds of governments that existed before our Constitution was drafted. Our nation today rests upon a political compact or treaty among people of very diverse ethnic origins and religious beliefs—or lack of belief. We live together not because we necessarily have a common national origin or language, or even much of a culture in common—more, say, than the superficially shared ideas and attitudes that come from watching the same television. Many were not born here, and do not have American English as a mother tongue. A generation back, or a dozen generations, all of our families came here out of individual choice or need. What we have in common is a political system, a Constitutional system, and that justifies our national existence. Thus, the United States could as easily have been established in Australia or New Zealand or any other large and mainly unoccupied tract of land in a reasonably habitable part of the world, as long as the Constitution was the same. If that Constitution of 1787



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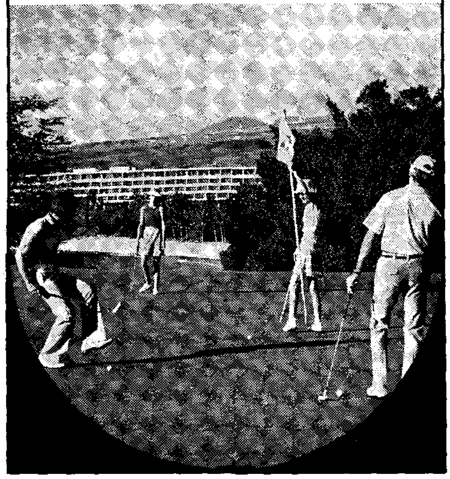

should be abrogated, or if the political system that it established should fail or be overturned, then there would be no point to the United States. It would cease to be what it was intended to be, and we all might as well go back where we came from.

What we have meant to the rest of the world has incorporated a grasp of this special political character or mission of ours in a larger perception of America as the New World. The Cleveland Museum's exhibition called "The European Vision of America," recently in Europe, superbly illustrated the successive myths of America that were believed—and, indeed, proposed—by Europeans. America first was Eden, land of spices and springtime, of native peoples of sublime beauty and innocence. Then was exotic America, whose fauna and flora—turkeys, toucans, cactus, armadillos, flamingos—reinforced the perception of America as Another Place, wholly remote, vast, where everything no longer possible to Europe could occur or be created, all imagination gratified. Then followed republican America, classically virtuous, propounding with enlightened elegance a self-government that could only be imagined in Europe. Then there was generous immigrant America, refuge and opportunity. The exhibition ended with a view of the scaffolded Statue of Liberty standing in the foundry yard of Gayet, Gauthier & Cie., in Paris, ready to be taken apart and shipped as republican France's gift to America. But, of course, there was a sequel—the savior America of the two world wars, rescuing liberal and democratic Europe from its self-inflicted calamities, guiding it toward the recovery of the nineteen-fifties and nineteen-sixties. What these successive visions of America have had in common is the conviction that America is a place where constraining reality—indeed, history itself—is defied and the limits of Europe do not prevail; where optimism is realism. The perceived faults of America have been seen by Europeans as the faults of American virtues—inexperience, an idealism that might overreach itself, naïveté, a lack of gravity, a lack of manners. But hardly anyone allowed himself to doubt that one day "the wonderful *jeunesse* of America" would become "the wise and good." This picture of America has been vital to modern Europe. Without it, modern Europe itself would be different. Especially since 1945, when we have become so closely engaged with Europe, the view of us as possibility incarnate, optimism vindicated, has

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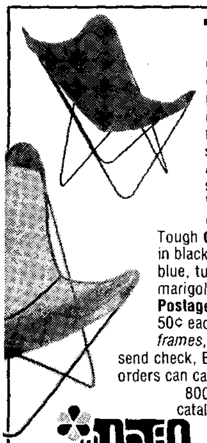

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BUT now consider what certain contemporary Americans say about America. The political journalist Stewart Alsop, who died in 1974, wrote the following in the book in which he recorded the last stages of his fatal illness: "For weeks now I have been haunted and depressed by a sense that the American system, in which I have always believed in an unquestioning sort of way, the way a boy believes in his family, really is falling apart: by a sense that we are a failed nation, a failed people." Alsop was writing in 1973 and had Watergate particularly in mind—"surely a peculiarly depressing way to say farewell to all our

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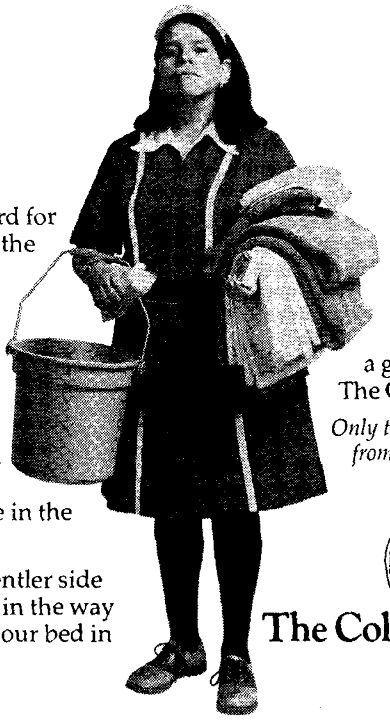

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greatness." And he added, "The thought has occurred to me quite often in recent weeks that perhaps this is a good time to bow out." Almost the same sentiment was expressed more recently by another American political intellectual of great distinction—George Kennan, a former American Ambassador to both the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia, and the man who drafted our postwar political doctrine with respect to the "containment" of Soviet power. Kennan was interviewed for last September's issue of *Encounter*, and said, among other things, "I am an American and, like all of us, and especially all of us who were born at the time I was born and brought up—before World War I—I grew up with a certain faith in American civilization and a certain belief that the American experiment was a positive development in the history of mankind, that it was a good thing that the United States had come into being and developed as it had developed. I now see all these assumptions crashing to pieces around us. I do not think that the United States civilization of these last 40-50 years is a successful civilization; I do not think that our political system is adequate to the needs of the age into which we are now moving; I think this country is destined to succumb to failures which cannot be other than tragic and enormous in their scope. All this, of course, is not an easy thing to live with."

Talk of failure is certainly no novelty in the America of the last terrible decade and a half. Books with titles like "The Defeat of America" and magazine symposia on our supposed "failure of nerve" or on the decline of American democracy are familiar enough, and respond to the anxiety about the country and its policies which Vietnam and Watergate provoked in nearly all of us. The Presidential primaries and election campaign last year saw a virtual competition in reassurances to Americans that the country is still a "good" country, that Americans are "good" people, that we should not feel guilt for what has gone wrong, that our future is bright. This very insistence would seem clear evidence that a great many Americans felt doubt about these things. William Shannon, of the *Times*, wrote of the campaign that it took place amidst evidences of popular fatalism and was "a contest for the leadership of a society that is politically disillusioned and culturally in disarray." Speaking of our recent disappointments in domestic reform as well as in foreign policy, he added, "When secular dreams die, the result

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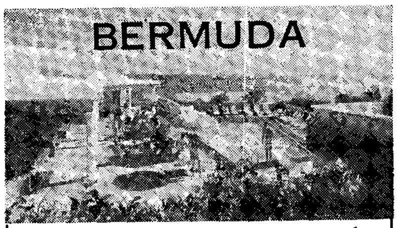

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is disillusionment and political apathy."

Most of the American discussion over the last year or two has linked our perceived national failures to a larger weakening or failure of Western civilization. During his last year in office as Secretary of State, this was a repeated theme of Henry Kissinger, who made numerous bleak comments on the outlook for democracy in the world. Writers in *Commentary* and *The Public Interest* have dealt with America's setbacks as the outcome of a general faltering of democracy and of Western values in the world. Before he was elected to the Senate, Daniel P. Moynihan frequently expressed this view. American failures have been treated as aspects of a much larger crisis of democratic political culture, with origins outside America. The suggestion of an isolated American failure—originating with us, specifically ours—has been resisted. Anything really wrong with us must come from things wrong with the world, since we are at the center of Western civilization, constituting what Zbigniew Brzezinski has described as the modern world's "social laboratory."

But is this so? One might think that Europeans, at least, these days look to Britain or Denmark to know about the laboratory results—good or bad—of great social-democratic experiments, or to Germany or Sweden to learn about co-determination in the factories and new ways to organize industrial work, or to France to see how an efficient modern technocracy can be developed in an old society. The modern world's social and institutional innovations—the welfare state, the mixed economy, democratic planning—seem more often European than American. Over the last decade, we may have seemed to others an example of unsolved problems at least as often as we have seemed a great laboratory issuing definitive solutions to the world's shared problems. It is imaginable that we may yet look to Italy, or another of the Latin European countries, to see how Western civilization's troublemaking inheritance of Marxism and institutional Communism can be absorbed into the mainstream of liberal politics. Europeans do not look to America today, as they did in the nineteen-fifties, thinking to see their own futures. Superficially, this might be explained by the fact that we have had exceptional problems—assassinations, Vietnam, Watergate. But it may be that Europe itself simply seems more engrossing. In fact, something important *has* happened.

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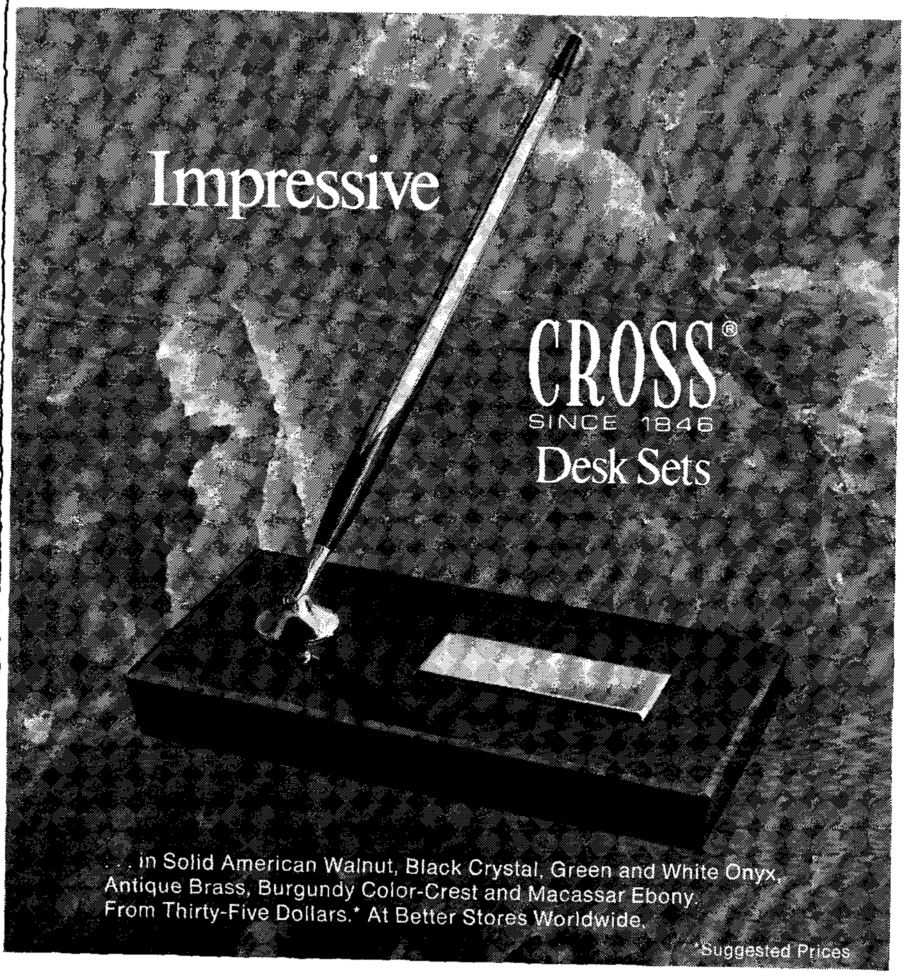

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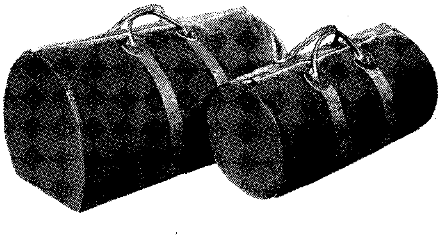

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and assimilate, the single most important fact about the contemporary United States, which is that we have come to doubt ourselves. The American Idea—of unlimited possibility and the transformation of humanity—no longer is completely convincing to us. It persists in our rhetoric, of course. The first few months of a new Administration are a time of ritualized renewal, of necessary optimism, and we continue to talk of world crusades, new world economic orders, new eras of peace and coöperation. But these now are empty expressions. We use the familiar American political vocabulary because there is no American political idea to put in the place of the ideas of possibility and transformation—as yet, at least; we cannot say there will not be. When our guard is down, however, or when the most sensitive among us speak their minds frankly—Kennan, Alsop, Hamilton Fish Armstrong writing his heartbroken valedictory in the journal *Foreign Affairs*, which he had edited for a half century ("Our isolation from other peoples is the reverse of 50 years ago; today we are the object, not the subject"), Edmund Wilson in his final reminiscences on life in northern New York State—or even when the pollsters go out and ask ordinary people what they expect of the future, the pronouncements are often those of doubt over our national accomplishment and direction.

The belief in America as a powerful redemptive force in modern history has been one of the formative political ideas of our times. If that belief were now to be lost, it is no exaggeration to say that an epoch would end for Europe quite as much as for the United States—even though the consequences for us would be the deeper, the more mysterious. Could we endure as simply an ordinary society like the others, without a special destiny, with nothing redemptive to say to the world? Could we endure failure?

It may be, of course, that all of this is morbid and untrue. Mr. Carter would no doubt think so, and he is determined to give the country a chance to feel good about itself again. Nonetheless, we need to face the fact that the possibility now presents itself—and has been acknowledged among us by intelligent men—that as a political society and as a culture we may already have failed. Barrett also wrote in that *Horizon* article, "I, and perhaps a good many others, had always been going on an assumption that now looked much more contingent than necessary: history had shown great cultures aris-

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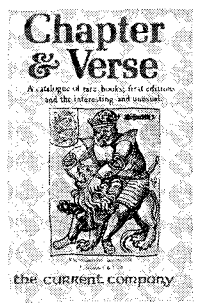

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ing in the past out of epochs of great wealth and power, so that unconsciously we had become possessed by a notion of spontaneous generation, believing that America, this crude but rich and powerful youth among the nations, would some day have *its own* culture just as inevitably as all the powers of the past had come into theirs. Now a question came." A part of the answer to that question is available; on the evidence of sensitive witnesses, it is not wholly reassuring.

Moreover, simply because the question has had to be posed, something breaks in the European-American relationship. America can no longer be viewed by Europeans as it was viewed before, from those very first meetings with what were thought to be anthropophagi and unicorns, or uncorrupted survivors from before the Fall. The view of us as optimism justified, possibility, redemption—so profoundly felt by the European intelligentsia in the nineteen-forties and nineteen-fifties, and by wearied and wounded ordinary men as well—is no longer tenable. Everyone knows this except Americans. And we now suspect it, even while trying to prove it untrue. It is frightening knowledge, hardly utterable, opening to us a strange future.

—William Pfaff

•

"The dollar doesn't represent the idioyncrasy of an aging chairman," he told a recent board meeting. The debit is here, he explained, to remind himself and other directors that "the price of success s constant vigilance. No detail is too mall to be ignored."—*Wall Street Journal.*

And it's not too soon to begin, either.

•

In addition, she hosted a birthday party or her son Alexandre, who entertained wo dozen 7-year-old boys, gave three nore press interviews, and conducted ours for a procession of prospective buyrs of the Park Avenue apartment she hopes to vacate soon in favor of one nearly with a better view.—*Joyce Maynard n the Times.*

We predict great things for that kid.

•

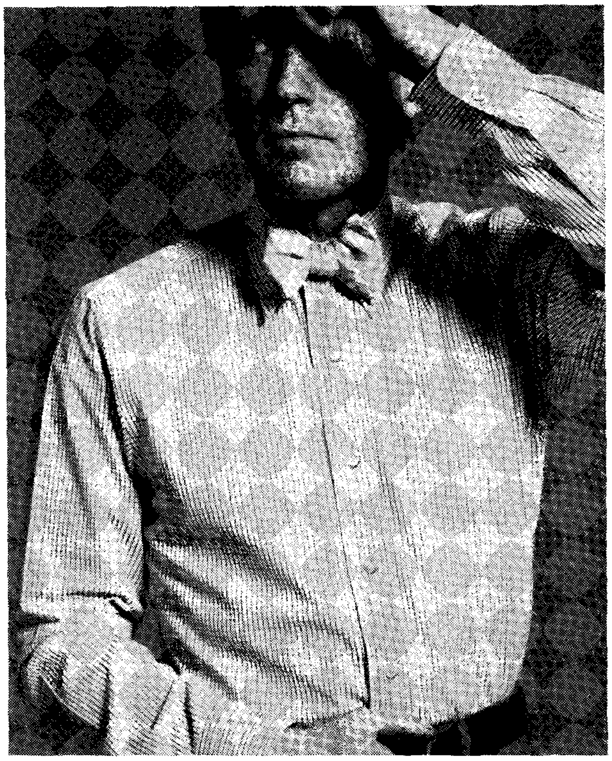
Correction

In the May 29 editions of The Gazette, an advertisement was published or a recital by Sayyd Abdul Al-Kabyyr and three other artists.

A printing error occurred in the advertisement with the inclusion of the word 'bog." This had no relevance whatsoever o the recital and was a totally inadvertent error.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Irrelevant maybe. Inadvertent surey. Still, there it was.

Paul Stuart



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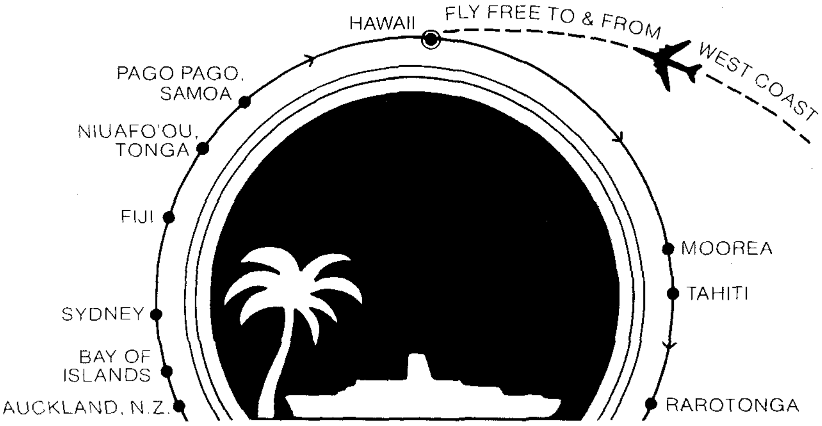

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Lecture and a Parable

THE second production of Ian Strasfogel's New Opera Theatre, given in the Lepercq Space of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, was a double bill of Dominick Argento's "A Water Bird Talk" and Viktor Ullmann's "The Emperor of Atlantis." "A Water Bird Talk" was completed in vocal score in 1974, between Argento's song cycle "From the Diary of Virginia Woolf" and his full-length opera "The Voyage of Edgar Allan Poe," and was "previewed" in Minneapolis, with two-piano accompaniment, the following year. The full score, dated September, 1976, had its première at these Brooklyn performances. The libretto, by the composer, is a free adaptation and expansion of Chekhov's monologue "On the Harmfulness of Tobacco." (This is Argento's second Chekhov opera; in 1957 there appeared his musical version of "The Boor," the short play that William Walton, ten years later, set as "The Bear.") Chekhov's protagonist is lecturing at a provincial club. He announces his subject, and sticks to it just long enough to say that if you put a fly in a snuffbox it will die and that tobacco is, essentially, a plant. Then one aside leads to another. We learn of his nagging, bullying wife; of his seven unmarried daughters; of his wretched existence as an usher in the school run by his wife. The "lecture" reaches a climax of despair:

> If only I could escape from this rotten, vulgar, tawdry existence that's turned me into a pathetic old clown and imbecile! Escape from this stupid, petty, vicious, nasty, spiteful, mean old cow of a wife who's made my life a misery for thirty-three years! . . . Once I was young and clever and went to college. I had dreams and I felt like a human being. Now I want nothing—nothing but a bit of peace and quiet.

He notices that his wife has turned up in the wings and is waiting for him, pulls himself together, and pronounces a dignified peroration, ending, "I shall therefore venture to hope that some benefit may accrue from this lecture. . . . *Dixi et animam levavi!*"

Chekhov, it seems, first wrote the piece in purely buffo vein, and then in a series of revisions added the infusions of despair which make it at once funny and a tragedy. In Argento's version, which is based on Chekhov's final recension, the scene is a lecture hall in a small Maryland town in the eighteen-eighties. The lecturer's subject is now not the perils of smoking but "Water birds, and the human significance of our feathered neighbors." The talk is illustrated by tinted magic-lantern slides derived from Audubon's "Birds of America." Chekhov's paragraphs are punctuated by snatches of bird lore, also derived from Audubon, which provide a poignant, poetic, and entertaining commentary upon them. The first of the five birds discussed is the cormorant, whose children, even when fully grown, remain in the nest, "virtually crowding the parents out of their own house." The last is the grebe, "the lowest form of bird life," which "dislikes swift-running water, keeps to the gentle eddies near the banks," and, although it does no harm to anyone, is nevertheless preyed upon by many enemies. Chekhov and Audubon make a convincing match. The courtship rituals of the cormorant; the domesticity of the demure little male phalarope, keeping house while the brightly colored females "all gather together as though they had organized women's clubs;" the orderliness of the grotesque, clumsy puffin, which, once mated, remains mated for life; the grebe's habit of sinking unobtrusively out of sight when confronted by a threat—as the lecturer tells of them, he tells of himself. Argento has found a way of expanding the Chekhov play which gives it color and richness and lends itself to musical treatment. Instead of the swift single curve of the spoken monologue we have a dramatic character study in eight linked paragraphs. As in all musical settings of preëxisting plays, something is lost and something gained.

The musical form of "A Water Bird Talk" is theme, six variations and coda. The orchestra is an ensemble of twelve players. The theme and the coda are played by a string quintet. In five bird variations—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, and 6—an instrumental duo provides the principal accompaniment (clarinet and marimba for the cormorant, harp and glockenspiel for the roseate tern, horn and timpani for the puffin, etc.). The subject of the remaining variation, No. 4, is not a bird but the lecturer himself, and he accompanies it on the piano. He has gone to the keyboard to illustrate the call

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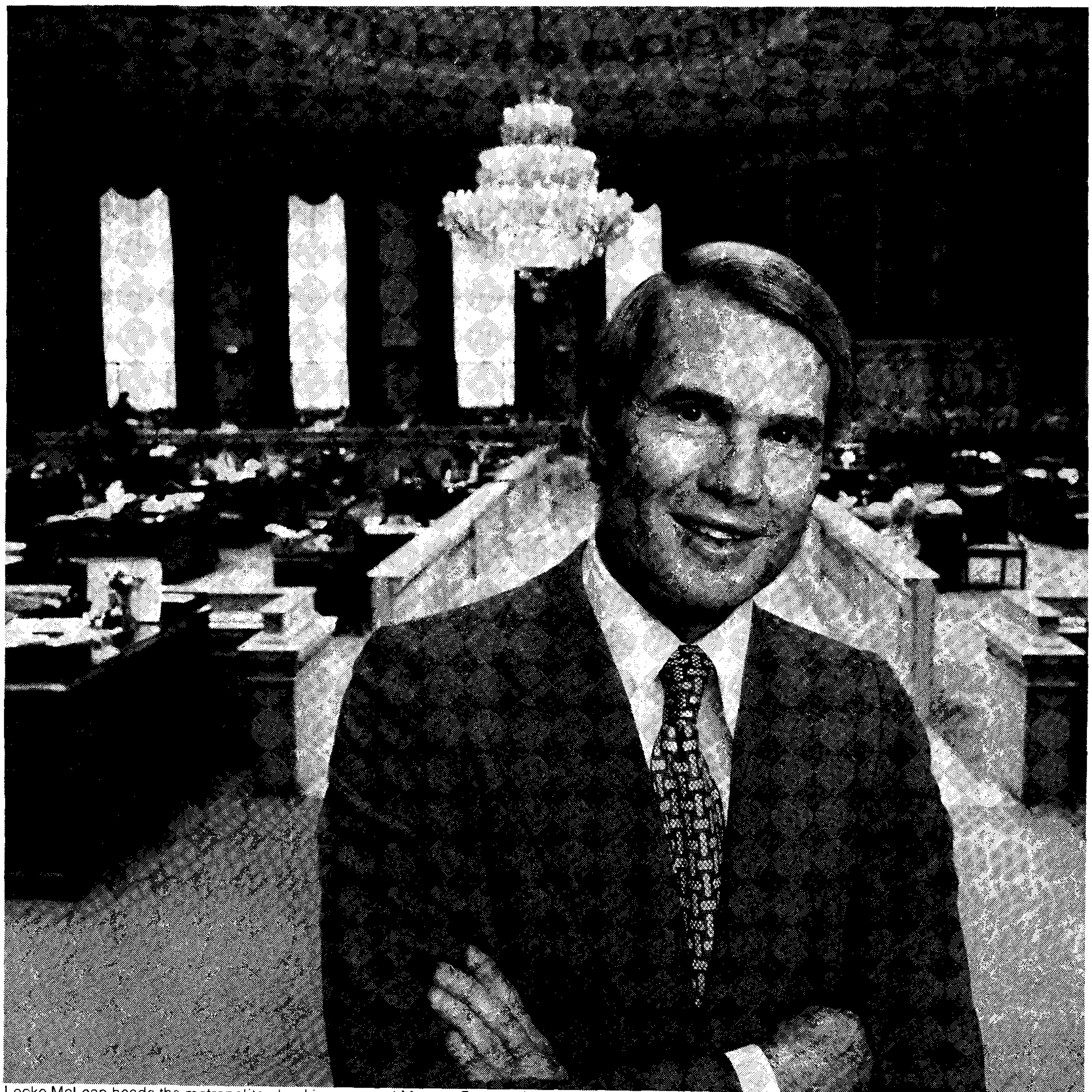

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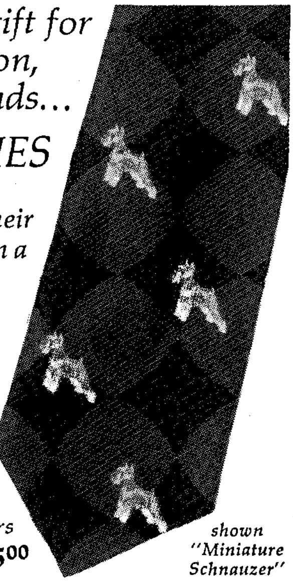
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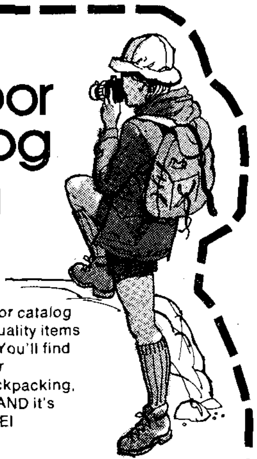

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of the phalarope and remains there, improvising happily: "Ah, how I love music! . . . She doesn't. . . . No birds ever sang for her. . . . She won't even sing hymns in church." He breaks into James Russell Lowell's "Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide." (Much later in the drama, after his big outburst of despair, he quietly and sadly sings, "And the choice goes by forever.") One idea leads in an unforced way to another. Some of the jokes are obvious (an upside-down slide is accompanied by a musical inversion of the theme heard when it is righted), but none are labored. The work is at once a tragicomedy, a scena that provides a tour de force for its singer, and a shapely, attractive suite. The six variations are entitled Romanza (the cormorant), Barcarolle (the roseate tern), Spinning-Song (the phalarope), Consolation (the lecturer), Marcia all'Italiana (the puffin), and Elegy (the grebe). The theme is a flowing twelve-note melody that, since it traces several common triads and makes nine of its eleven moves by third or by sixth, is easily remembered and recognized. In a diary published in the program book of "The Voyage of Edgar Allan Poe," Argento wrote, "The [Chekhov] monodrama has turned out well, I think. It was a very concentrated two or three months of work and, as a result, seems very tight to me—compact and rich, highly organized and yet free-ranging." And I think so, too. The instrumental bird music is very pretty. (There are also some effectively placed passages of real bird song, piped in on tape.) The scoring, colorful, varied, and skillful, never obscured the voice. The vocal line is lyrical; it has and expresses character. The formal structure, unobtrusive but satisfying, provides a "justification" for elaborating a one-man show into something using so many performers. (By comparison, Poulenc's large musical setting of Cocteau's one-woman show "La Voix Humaine" adds nothing to, maybe even diminishes, the force, effectiveness, and economy of the original.) "A Water Bird Talk," which lasts about forty-five minutes, should have a future on the concert platform as well as in the theatre; magic lantern, slides, and screen are the only props required, and, at a pinch, even they could be left to the listeners' imagination. The lecturer's role can be compassed by a tenor or a baritone. The Brooklyn production had a resourceful and endearing protagonist in Vern Sutton, the leading tenor of the Minnesota Opera. His words were

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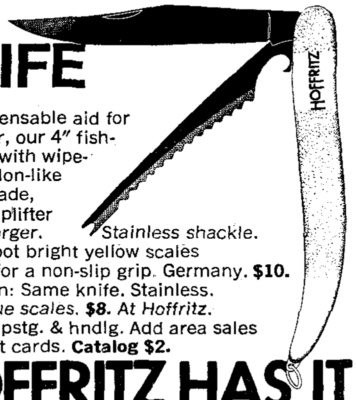

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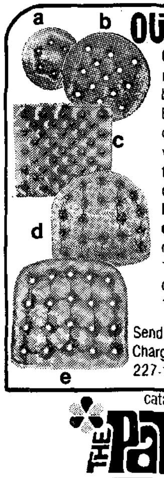

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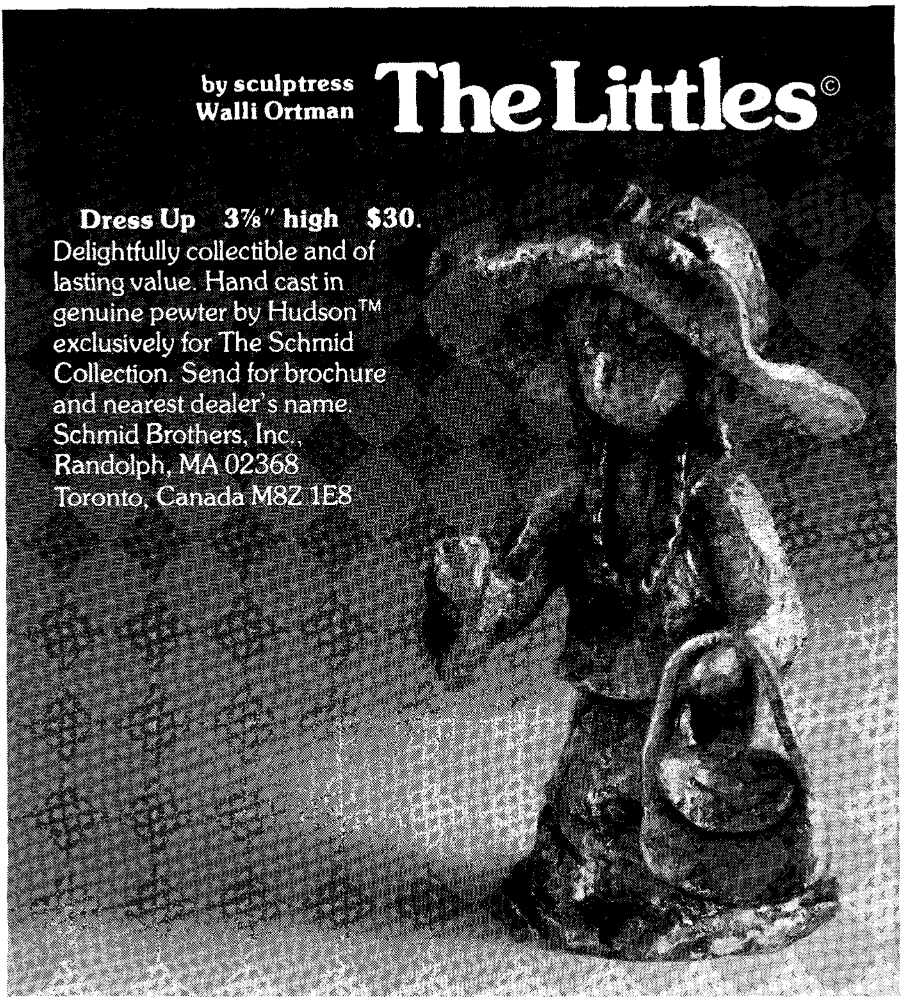
very clear. He also sang in the Minneapolis preview; one of the pianos on that occasion was played by Philip Brunelle, the music director of the Minnesota company, who conducted the deft and dramatic Brooklyn performance.

“The Emperor of Atlantis” was composed in 1944 in Theresienstadt (Terezin), that garrison town in northern Bohemia which the Nazis converted into a “model” prison camp. Visiting Red Cross officials could see that art, drama, and music flourished there—and need not know that Theresienstadt was also a staging post for the labor camps and death camps. Mirko Tuma, a Czech poet who spent three and a half years in Theresienstadt, has written of a performance there of the Verdi Requiem at which three-quarters of the chorus knew they would be shipped to Auschwitz the following day. Viktor Ullmann and Peter Kien, the composer and the librettist of “The Emperor of Atlantis,” both died in Auschwitz. Their opera had been rehearsed in Theresienstadt but was refused performance. The score survived. The piece was first mounted in Holland in 1975; the same production was given the following year in Brussels and Spoleto, and last April it was re-created by the San Francisco Spring Opera Theatre.

The plot is no cut-and-dried allegory but an elusive, death-welcoming parable about a mad, murderous ruler, possibly redeemed at last, who says farewell to the world in a mock-Faustian vision of a natural paradise no longer spoiled by men; had his dream come true, all men would be dead. The Emperor of Atlantis, ruler over much of the world, proclaims universal war and declares that his old ally Death will lead the campaign. Death, offended by the Emperor’s presumption, breaks his sabre; henceforth men will not die. Confusion results: a Soldier and a Girl-Soldier from opposite sides sing a love duet instead of fighting, the sick and suffering find no release. Death offers to return to men on one condition—that the Emperor be the first to die. He accepts, and sings his farewell. The work ends with Luther’s chorale “Ein’ feste Burg,” to the text “Come, Death, who art our worthy guest.” The other characters are Pierrot, weary of life; a Drummer, who unthinkingly proclaims the Emperor’s decrees; and an Announcer, heard through a loudspeaker (the part was doubled by Death in the Brooklyn production). The score is cast in twenty



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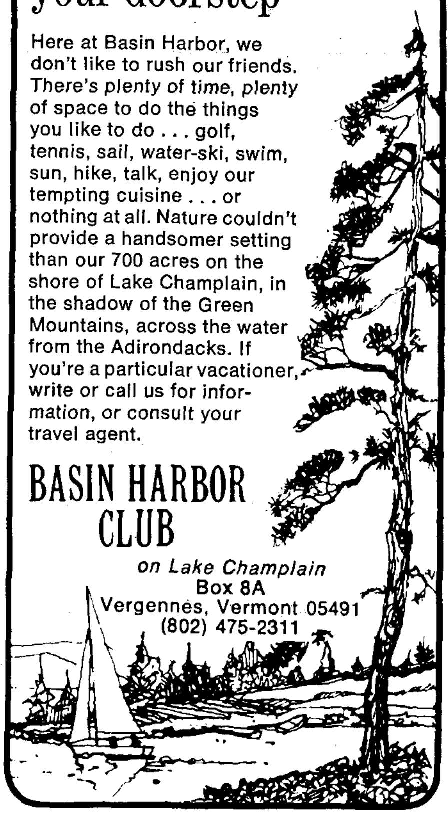

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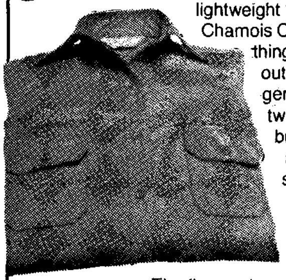

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short numbers, only three of which, after two hearings, fixed themselves with any firmness in my memory: the prelude, based on a figure of teasingly ambiguous harmony and rhythm; the love duet; and the final chorale, which is punctuated by figuration from the prelude. Ullmann was a pupil of Schoenberg. His style here seems to be a compound of neoclassicisms practiced by the Strauss of "Ariadne," by Hindemith, and by Stravinsky. The music is strongest in its passages of chunky neo-Bachian counterpoint. But the Brooklyn performance was not strong. Although the music was securely shaped by Kerry Woodward, who edited the score and has conducted all performances of it so far, several of the singers were vague, among them the veterans Chester Ludgin (the Emperor) and Herbert Beattie (Death). Nancy Williams made nothing of the Drummer's music; a little allegro marziale that in the score looks dapper and pointed left no impression. Janet Pranschke sang the Girl in unfocussed tones. Douglas Perry, as Pierrot, was rather better, but Tonio Di Paolo, as the Soldier, provided the only good voice of the evening—and his clear, beautiful baritone was taxed by the upper reaches of a role written in the tenor clef. (I hope this uncommonly promising singer is not risking his timbre by premature tenor aspirations.) The opera was sung in English translation. Most of the words were inaudible, and although the text was printed in the program, that was useful only to people who arrived early enough to read it.

The Lepercq Space, a big bare room above the foyer of the Academy, long and lofty, has a good feel and lends itself to informal, adventurous music-making, but it does not seem to lend itself to opera. None of the New Opera Theatre productions there have projected with much force. (It's best to sit in the front row.) There is no suitable place for the orchestra. For this bill, it was way off to one side, and, while such an arrangement works well enough in, for example, the more intimate surroundings of the Manhattan Theatre Club, where everything tells strongly, the Space is too large for the result to be acoustically cohesive. Next season, the company moves downstairs, into the Academy's Carey Playhouse, and there things should be better. Meanwhile, it seems only fair to give "The Emperor of Atlantis" the benefit of doubts that arose. It is probably a less scrappy and more impressive composition than it seemed to be. A recording is due to be made this summer.

The opera lasts about fifty minutes. The orchestra is an ensemble of thirteen. The earlier production, one reads, was staged as if in the hut of a prison camp, in a manner recalling accounts of the Buchenwald and Auschwitz cabarets rather than the more ambitious Theresienstadt presentations. Mr. Strasfogel's production was surrounded by cutout figures of prisoners, white-clad, stencilled with numbers; the ground was strewn with skull-size white pebbles. It was a sombre and beautiful design, by Franco Colavecchia. It, too, compelled one to consider the opera not, so to speak, solely in its own right but in relation to the circumstances of its composition. And such special pleading is probably inevitable. One can hardly view the piece with unclouded critical eyes.

THE evening as a whole was more successful than the New Opera Theatre's first presentation—a triple bill of Monteverdi, Janáček, and Ligeti, last February. (And it was a great deal more successful than the City Opera's triple bill of Mozart's "Der Schauspieldirektor," Poulenc's "La Voix Humaine," and Stravinsky's "A Soldier's Tale," directed by Frank Corsaro, in which the first and last were overblown travesties of their composers' intentions and the central panel, despite a virtuoso performance by Maralin Niska, seemed much ado about little.) So far, in the New Opera Theatre's work one can note consistent imagination and technical competence on the scenic side; excellent lighting, by William Mintzer; first-rate accompaniment by Ursula Oppens in the Janáček, the Speculum Musicae in the Ligeti, and the New Opera Theatre Ensemble in the Argento-Ullmann bill; direction, by Mr. Strasfogel, in which ideas usually adventurous and apt have sometimes been unclearly or unskillfully executed; and casting less than careful in its choice among the numerous good young singers to be found in and around New York.

—ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

Rarities

OPERA was invented in the late sixteenth century by a group of intellectuals in Florence who thought they were reviving the traditions of Greek drama. Much of the work of the first operatic composers has been lost, but Marco da Gagliano's "La Dafne" (1608) has survived in sufficiently complete form to be performed today. It is much to the credit of ABC Records that a recording of "La Dafne," edited by James H. Moore, now exists (ABC Classics AB-67012; four sides). The libretto, by the once famous Ottavio Rinuccini, follows the Greek legend in which Dafne is pursued by Apollo, who has just slain a dragon, and turns herself into a tree as a means of escape. Ovid, from whose "Metamorphoses" the story is taken, appears in the opera as a narrator. The work is performed by an organization called Musica Pacifica, the conductor is Paul Vorwerk, and the principal singers are Robert White (Apollo), Maurita Thornburgh (Venus), Su Harmon (Cupid), Mary Rawcliffe (Dafne), Dale Terbeek (Thyrsis), Myron Myers (Ovid), and a few others. Ancient instruments are used in the orchestra, although not all of them are as ancient as the opera itself. The musical idiom is a bit archaic for modern ears but nevertheless expressive and enjoyable; the performance is remarkably clean in intonation, and it sounds authentic.

Among other rarities that have turned up recently are the Concerto for Two Lutes, Strings, and Recorders by Handel; the Concerto in D for Lute and Strings and the Concerto in G for Two Lutes and Strings by Vivaldi; and the Concerto for Lute and Strings by Carl Kohaut. All are performed by Julian Bream and the Monteverdi Orchestra, John Eliot Gardiner conducting, with the assistance of Robert Spencer on the chitarrone, Marilyn Sansom on cello, John Gray on viola, and Nicholas Kraemer on harpsichord and organ (RCA ARL 1-1180; single disc). The Kohaut work is particularly interesting, since it is a true masterpiece by an entirely forgotten composer. Mr. Bream's performances are, as always, of the most scrupulous sort.

Still another rarity is Puccini's "Messa di Gloria," a very early work discovered not long ago by one of the composer's biographers, Father Dante del Fiorentino. It is performed by William Johns, tenor; Philippe Huttenlocher, bass; and the Symphonic Chorus and Orchestra of the Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon, with Michel Corboz conducting (RCA FRL 1-5890; single). The work, composed when Puccini was in his early twenties, is typically melodious and shows a mature feeling for orchestration, rigorous skill in counterpoint, a sense of drama, some influence of Verdi, and the marvellous knowledge of vocalism which later manifested itself in his operas.

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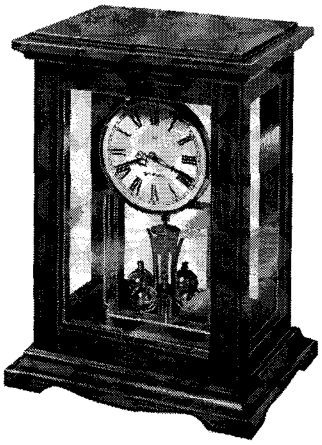

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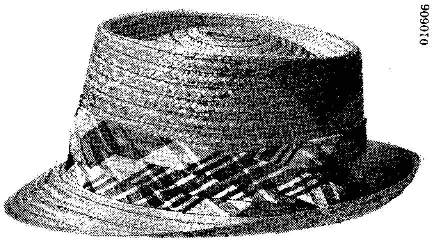

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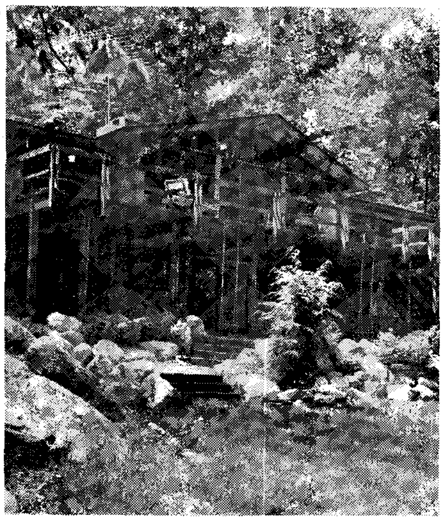
Beach, played by Virginia Eskin, is another important recent addition to the recorded literature (Genesis Records GS 1054; single). Genesis is a new and comparatively small company, whose records may not always be available in the stores; its address is 1641 Eighteenth Street, Santa Monica, California. Mrs. Beach, the wife of a Boston surgeon, was one of the New England school of composers that included Edward MacDowell and others, and she was by no means the least of the school. Her piano music, somewhat in the style of Grieg or Chopin (these were the predominant influences on composers of her era), is wholly delightful. She also wrote a symphony, which remains to be recorded.

Genesis has also recorded two works by little-known early-nineteenth-century composers: the Sonate Caractéristique, Opus 27, by Ignaz Moscheles, and the Grande Sonate, Opus 7, by Ludwig Berger (GS 1061; single). Both are important historical items and are pleasant to listen to. The pianist is Frederick Marvin, and he does them excellently.

Krzysztof Penderecki is not one of my favorite composers, but there are those who like his spooky, atonal idiom. His Magnificat has been recorded by the Polish Radio Chorus of Kraków, soloists and a boys' chorus from the Kraków Philharmonic Chorus, and the Polish Radio National Symphony, with the composer conducting and Peter Lagger as the bass soloist (Angel S-37141; single). Penderecki often composes religious scores, but they do not fill me with religious feeling; they scare me.

THE young American pianist Stephen Bishop has recorded Beethoven's Second and Fourth Piano Concertos with the BBC Symphony, Colin Davis conducting (Philips 6500 975; single), and the same composer's Bagatelles, Opus 33, 119, and 126 (Philips 6500 930; single). Countless performers have recorded the concertos, but the Bagatelles are less well known. Bishop is a superb pianist and the performances are fine indeed.

The celebrated horn player Barry Tuckwell is among the principal ornaments of a recording of Schubert's Octet for Strings and Winds, Opus 166 D. 803 (RCA ARL 1-1047; single). The other artists are the members of the Cleveland Quartet; Jack Brymer, clarinet; Martin Gatt, bassoon; and Thomas Martin, double bass. The work represents Schubert at his finest, and it is beautifully done.



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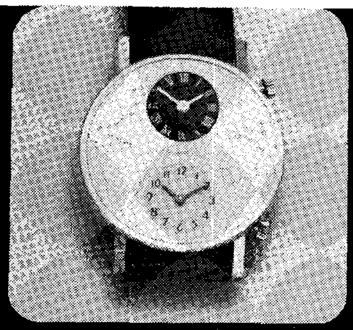

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Erich Korngold's Quintet for Piano and Strings (1922) and his Sonata No. 3 for Piano (1930) are among other works recorded by Genesis (GS 1063; single). The performers here include Harold Gray, piano; Endre Granat, violin; Sheldon Sanov, violin; Milton Thomas, viola; and Douglas Davis, cello. These are good late-Romantic pieces, well performed.

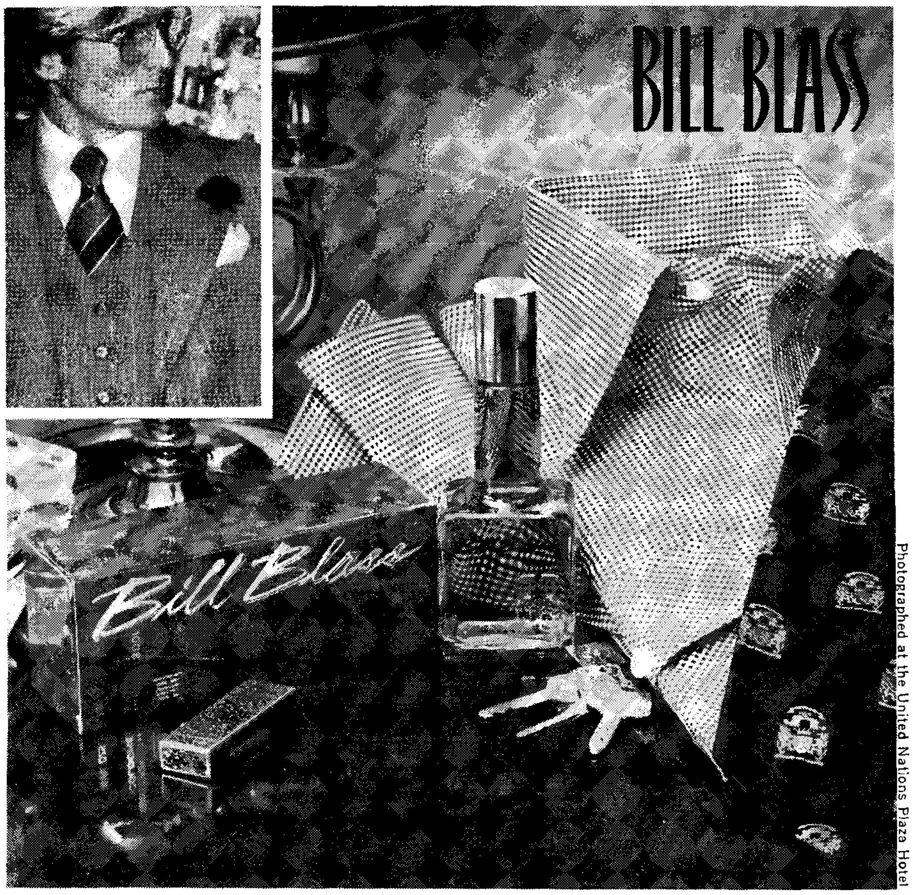
Henryk Szeryng and Ingrid Haebler, both cultivated artists, have recorded Mozart's Sonatas for Violin and Piano, K. 547, 303, and 302, and his Variations, K. 359 (Philips 6500 145; single). The style is remarkably right, and the coördination between violin and piano remarkably close.

Another chamber-music item consists of Mozart's String Quintets No. 3, K. 516, and No. 4, K. 406, played by the Grumiaux Trio with the assistance of Arpad Gérecz, violin, and Max Lesueur, viola (Philips 6500 620; single). The performances are unexceptionable.

Darius Milhaud's piano music is played by William Bolcom (Nonesuch H-71316; single). This is polytonal music (one hand in one key, the other in another), modernistic in the sense in which that word was used in the nineteen-twenties, and somewhat dated. Mr. Bolcom does as well by it as possible.

"Battle Cry of Freedom," Album 2 in Angel's series called Music of Louis Moreau Gottschalk, is another collection of that irrepressible nineteenth-century American pianist-composer's rousing melodies—including three recently discovered pieces—played with scintillating virtuosity by Leonard Pennario (S-36090; single).

THERE are always a large number of new recordings of fine old items that have already been recorded dozens of times, by different artists. I shall mention what seem to me the most distinguished of the latest crop: Chopin's Études, Opus 10 and Opus 25, played by Vladimir Ashkenazy (London CS 6844; single); Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra," played by the Saint Louis Symphony, Walter Susskind conducting (Turnabout QTV-S 34584; single); Saint-Saëns's Symphony No. 3—the "Organ" Symphony—played by the Orchestre National de la ORTF, Jean Martinon conducting, with Bernard Gavoty playing the organ (Angel S-37122; single); Schubert's Quintet in C, Opus 163, played by the Guarneri Quartet, with the cellist Leonard Rose (RCA ARL 1-1154; single); Dvořák's Cello Concerto, with Lynn



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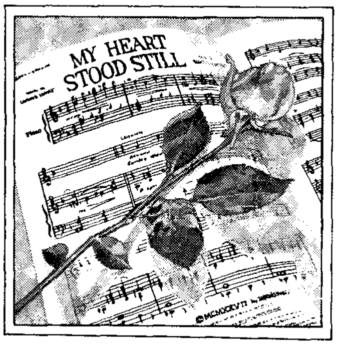

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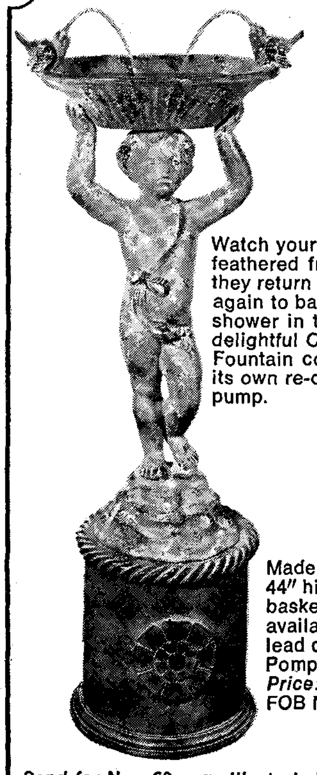

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—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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EXPLANATIONS WE WISH WE'D NEVER BEEN GIVEN

[*From the Comme il Faut Pastiche—Kuli to Daidalos, published at Seminole Community College, Sanford, Fla.*]

Many of you have asked for an interpretation of the title of the Career Newsletter. I will give a very literal translation of the title so that it may have more meaning for each of you.

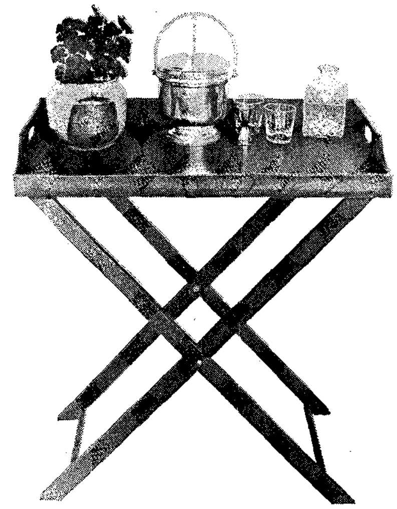
Comme il Faut—loosely interpreted means proper, the accepted way to do things, as it should be, or conforming to accepted social usage. Synonyms would be decent, seemly, proper, decorous. *Pastiche* is a literary, artistic, or musical work that closely imitates the style of previous work; selection of works made up from different works; potpourri; to have one paragraph drawn from one source and the next section taken from another source; a bringing together of many sources.

So, interpreted for our use, it has come to mean the proper way to gather information and assimilate it in the form of a newsletter of career information.

Kuli is an old Hindu spelling probably of Dravidian origin of the word coolie. Coolie means unskilled laborer, carrier, porter, working for low or subsistence wages; semiskilled menial tasks; in other words, an unskilled laborer.

Daidalos is a spelling of Daedalus, the cunning artificer; the mythical Greek representative of all handiwork; the skilled craftsman. He made the labyrinth at Gnosus for the Minotaur.

So Kuli to Daidalos says from unskilled worker to skilled craftsman or skilled professional worker. So, when you put it all together, it is the proper gathering together of worthy career news items of the world of work from unskilled to skilled labor. I trust this will enlighten all of you to appreciate more fully "The Comme il Faut Pastiche—Kuli to Daidalos."



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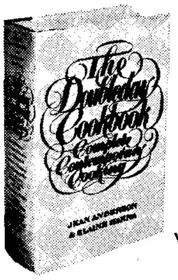

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Witness

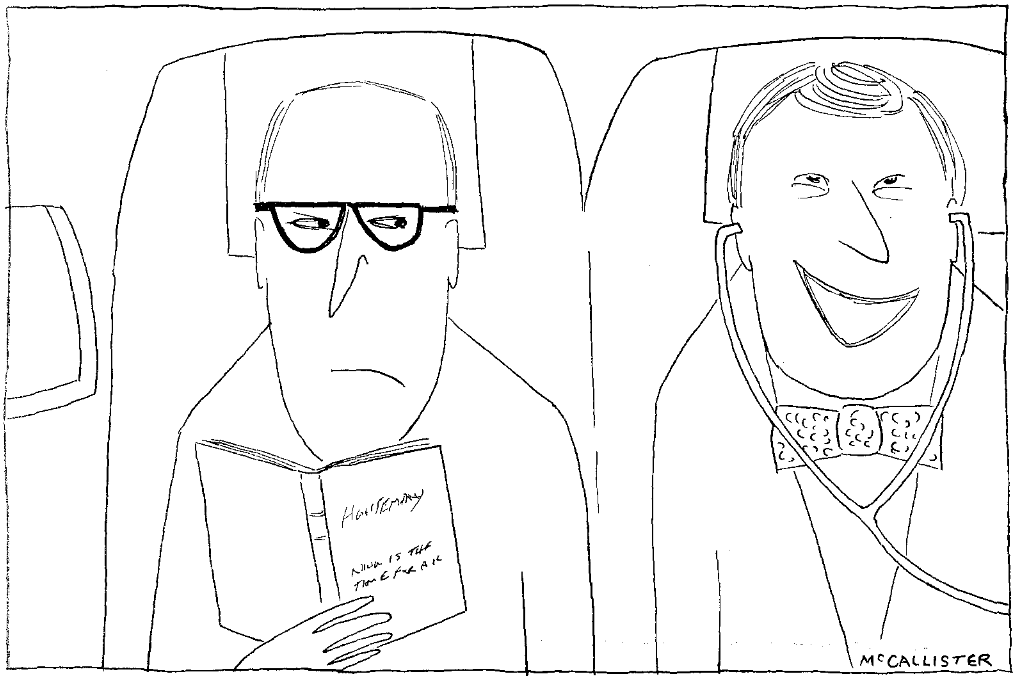
"CRÍA *cuervos y te sacarán los ojos*": "Bring up crows and they'll pick your eyes out." Carlos Saura's moving "Cría!"—the title comes from a Spanish proverb—is full of the graphic warning signals caught in childhood. A Spanish film, set in Madrid, it is about a little girl called Ana, about growing up, and mostly about disaster and extinction. The child, aged nine, is played by Ana Torrent. She has the kind of gravity that adults who don't properly remember childhood disbelieve in, thinking that the only true child is the one who climbs trees and raids the icebox. Ana is a witness. She is on watch. The one being she raids the icebox for is her pet guinea pig, who needs his lettuce.

Death surrounds the child in this paradoxically sunlit, gentle film. Her interesting grandmother, who is very old, has had a stroke and can't speak. Her mother (Geraldine Chaplin) presently dies of an incurable disease. In this disorder of mortality, Ana tries to create system. She arranges the washed dishes. She is the sort of child who would make piles of her handkerchiefs. Her short black hair is always as neat as a cap. Her elder and younger sisters are not so well organized, but their childhood inattentiveness has no effect on her. She seems to treat it as her job to gaze. She doesn't speak very much. As with many composed people, it is to her that the most disquieting things happen. Her grandmother's distress about a photograph that she can't reach, and that calls up speechless loaded memories for her when Ana finds the right photograph to point to, is enough to make Ana, who strongly loves her, ask her if she wants to die. Twice, in sequences that would give a less stable child an earthquake tremor, she comes upon her father making love to the wife of his best friend. The second time she sees this, she also sees her father die—her mother has already died—and the parentless children become the wards of the mother's sister Pauline (Monica Randall), who moves into their house. Ana solemnly hates her. She wants her to be dead, too. She keeps hidden a tin of what she thinks is poison—"enough to kill an elephant"—and unshakily loads a spoonful of the powder, which is probably only baking powder, into a glass of milk for her aunt while Pauline is using the sewing machine. All this sounds dank to a degree. It is the passionately affectionate character of the child that gives the film its buoyant quality. Ana in later years is exquisitely played by, again, Geraldine Chaplin. The scenes between mother and child are urgently intimate. After Pauline has moved in, Ana has pensive recollections of her mother combing the child's hair and telling her bedtime stories; the only time that control bursts its bounds is when Pauline haplessly repeats the rituals. Scene after scene is unforgettable, exact, and unexpectedly robust. There is a wonderful sequence in which the children dress up as adults and put on makeup and speak to one another in the manner that their ears hear in grownup talk.

Mr. Saura wrote the screenplay himself. The film is more meditative and delicate than his "Cousin Angelica," which is also newly opened in New York, and it is just as rare. The distress and comradeship spun between the Geraldine Chaplin and the Ana Torrent characters at different stages is a fine web.

IN a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial, Ettore Scola has made "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (awful title). He deliberately assembles the qualities that hardworking Nordics most respond to, omitting anomalies like the Fascist taste for trains' running on time. (Speaking of trains, it is hard not to be fond of a country in which the type of train described as *accelerato* is the slowest, and makes all stops, often for goats and poultry.) Scola includes the best-loved histrionic Italian qualities. Bombast. The gift for abusive lifelong friendship. Puff-chestedness. Appetite. Dignity in making gaffes. A talent for chaos. A genius with babies. Intense solemnity about professionalism, any sort of professionalism: male nursing, film buffery, car parking, unpublished high-flown writing, the decoration of uniforms.

The chief characters are three men who meet while fighting as partisans in the war and become inseparable for the next thirty years. Vittorio Gassman is the handsome Giovanni, a well-heeled lawyer. Nino Manfredi is a hospital orderly called Antonio, who understandingly tells an ancient hungry patient with one tooth, who is on a liquid diet, that she can have a single string of spaghetti. He likes his job, and mysteriously assures his lawyer friend, whom he dementedly supposes one day to have fallen on bad times and taken a job as a parking attendant, that it would have been easy to get him work as a fellow-orderly, because the nun in charge of the hospital is a Maoist. The third crony, played by Stefano Satta Flores and called Nico by his mates, is a rabid film enthusiast, who wears spectacles that are doubtless made necessary by the endless numbers of movies he watches. One theme of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this happily disorganized film is male friendship; another is cinema. There is a wild night scene in which the montage of the pram rolling down the steps in "Potemkin" is reënacted with what seems to be an orange crate on uncertain wheels. And there is a film symposium with remarkably few but very vociferous people in the audience, including a small baby with rings under its eyes from watching too many movies; the participants' earnestness is intense and the theorizing quite opaque. A police colonel who is needed during the filming of "La Dolce Vita" for a few police permits asks to be introduced to the director, who is played by Fellini as himself; the policeman says graciously what a pleasure it is to shake hands with the great Rossellini. I think my favorite film-buff scene occurs after some clips from Antonioni: a lonely beauty called Elide (Giovanna Ralli) wanders about a room, hangs a picture frame around an already perfectly framed much smaller picture, and remarks to herself on her habit of talking to objects, which she says must be because of her alienation. Scola's film, written by Age, Scarpelli, and the director, is dazzlingly confused and hectic, and often very funny.

LIKE Peter Watkins' BBC documentary of the Battle of Culloden, Rossellini's work over the last fifteen years has been a fascinating experiment in the telling of history in the present tense. From June 1st through June 10th, the Anthology Film Archives is showing a retrospective of his beautiful later films. One of the least known here is "Augustine of Hippo." No film could better express something that Rossellini once said in an interview, which began with Socrates' statement "The world is full of opinions but totally empty of knowledge" and continued, "Opinions change, today there is one, tomorrow another one. But an opinion can fulfill man's need for orientation, because certainly education doesn't do it. I firmly believe that the school system existing now in the world developed at the beginning of the last century mainly to prepare people to be offered on the market of professions. . . . There was a need for a very specialized man to explore all the possibilities. But surely they were men without general views." Men with general views: like the great Jean Renoir, Rossellini values such people above everything. Inquiry, invention, vivacity of doubt, a spirit of loitering in the agora to find things out—these are the qualities of intellect he

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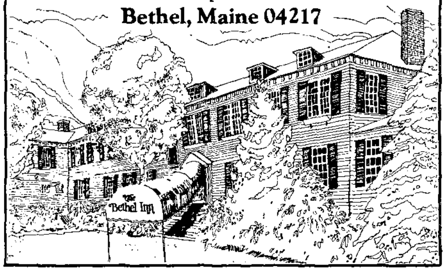

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celebrates in his films again and again.

We see Augustine of Hippo in North Africa, played by Dary Berkani. The character is not the thin-spirited ascetic implied by his famous remark that woman is a temple built over a sewer. This is a plump, convivial man who broods over the times like a man staring into the shapes made by the flames of a dying fire. Rossellini seems drawn to tell the story of Augustine because he thinks that we, too, are at the end of a civilization. Augustine finds himself living at the end of the Roman civilization. But he knows how to preserve the authentic. When we first see Augustine, he is not yet a bishop. We see him talking to other monks: to a ragged cynic called Elias, to anti-hedonists who want men to drink only dirty water, because fresh water "affords sensual pleasure." We see Augustine teaching people to read and write. He is living at a time of self-abasing confessions that obviously give their own joy. He talks of the symbolic scriptural use of numbers, asks questions that provoke interesting answers from uninteresting minds. Working at the crossroads of the Roman and the African worlds, he lives through the crises of the times: the weakness of the Empire, the schisms in the Church. Rome is to fall in his lifetime. But Rossellini makes us see Augustine as a startlingly optimistic prophet. Like all Rossellini's historical films, "Augustine" is intellectually exhilarating, prodigal in its detail, and endowed with a capacity for dissertation that is unexpectedly popular, perhaps because of the warmth that Rossellini transmits in his comprehension of history: a sunbaked path of worn stones on a road that he finds entirely modern.

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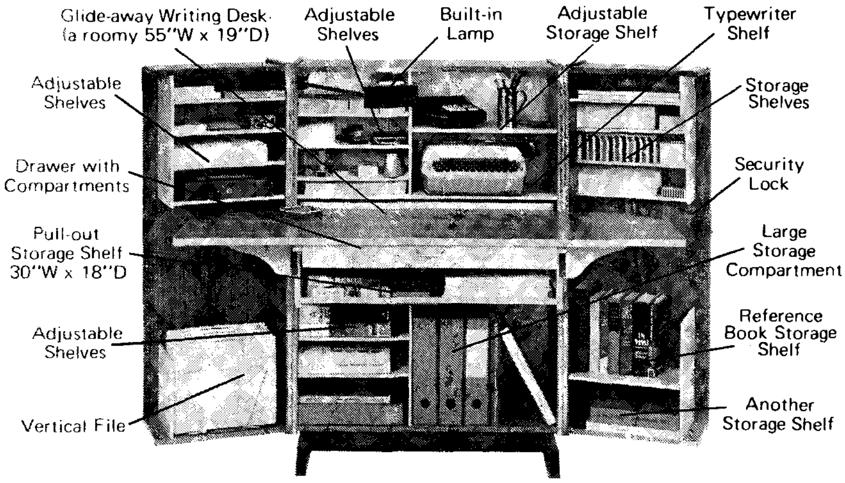

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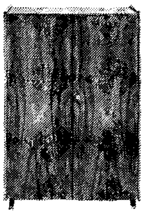
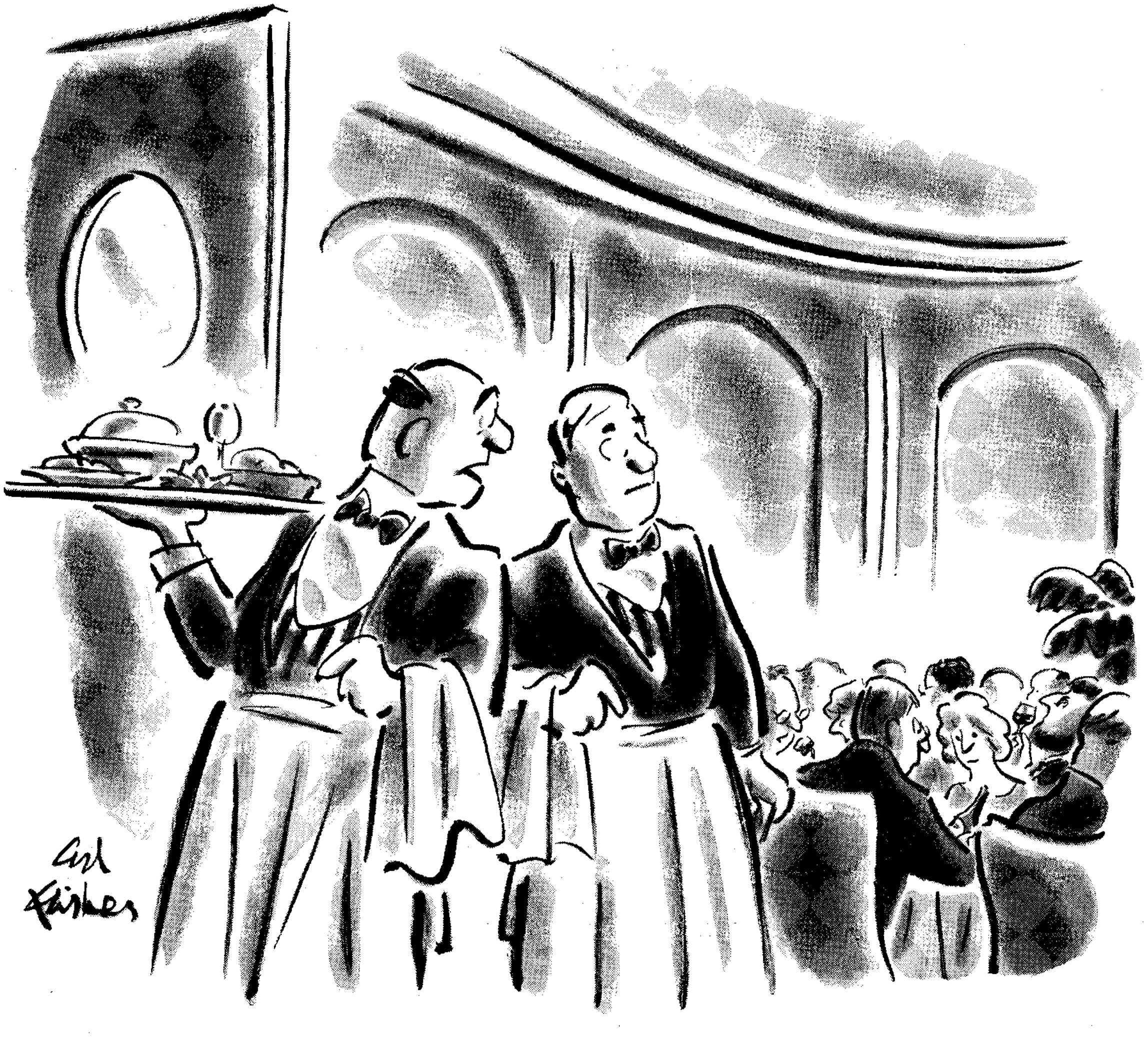


JAZZ

New York Notes

MARCH 17TH: The so-called trumpet style of jazz piano playing, which Earl Hines originated in the late twenties, consists of hornlike single-note melodic lines in the right hand and on-and-off-the-beat chords, single notes, and countermelodic lines in the left hand. The two hands are mutually concerned opposites, and the tension between them is never fully resolved. They are in constant conversation, yet the right hand seems to be trying to get away from the left, which alternately pursues and ignores it. This graceful way of playing the piano at last appears to be coming to an end. Hines' inventiveness attracted immediate followers in the thirties, among them Teddy Wilson, Art Tatum, Jess Stacy, Mary Lou Williams, Billy Kyle, Joe Sullivan, Eddie Heywood, Herman Chittison, and Clyde Hart. Two more batches arrived in the forties. One came by way of Wilson and Tatum, and included Nat Cole, Mel Powell, Erroll Garner, Billy Taylor, Hank Jones, Oscar Peterson, and Jimmy Rowles; the other came by way of Tatum and Charlie Parker, and included Bud Powell, Dodo Marmarosa, Al Haig, Red Garland, George Wallington, Arnold Ross, Lennie Tristano, and Duke Jordan. A fourth group materialized in the fifties and sixties. It had absorbed Tatum, Wilson, Bud Powell, and Garner. Its members were George Shearing, Marian McPartland, Bill Evans, Barry Harris, Eddie Costa, Tommy Flanagan, Dave McKenna, Phineas Newborn, Walter Norris, Roland Hanna, Dave Frishberg, Cedar Walton, Al Dailey, Roger Kellaway, and Ben Aronov. It is not likely that there will be another class—the Tatum-based Polish pianist Adam Makowicz (who will appear for the first time in this country in May, at the Cookery) notwithstanding. Cecil Taylor and his progeny have taken hold, and their monolithic orchestral attack is turning jazz piano in a new direction. The Hines tradition, secured by the blues and the thirty-two-bar song, had just two basic voices; Taylor is babel.

The fourth Hines generation has an exceptional sense of dynamics, comes close to Tatum's sonar touch, has superlative rhythmic capacities, and is highly lyrical. Its harmonic inventions appear limitless. It likes arpeggiation, and it accompanies horns and singers well—an infallible sign of pianistic humbleness and acuity. All these traits come together in Dave McKenna, whom many musicians consider the equal of the great Jimmy Rowles. McKenna would pooh-pooh such an estimation. He does not consider himself a jazz pianist. He is, he says, a pianist who loves melody and loves to play for dancing. He is tall, secret, stooped, and big-boned, and he rarely speaks unless spoken to. His eyes are deep-set and close together, and his wide face has the eagle lines of a 1938 Ford. His long arms end in strong banana fingers. His keyboard concentration is impenetrable. He acknowledges applause by looking off to one side, and sometimes he becomes so caught up that he plays songs consecutively. He rarely leaves Cape Cod, where he has lived for ten years and has a permanent gig at the Columns, a restaurant in West Dennis. His style has slowly deepened and loosened since his first solo recording, twenty years ago. Each McKenna improvisation has an irrevocable, hand-printed quality. His touch rivals Tatum's, his runs are apposite, his tempos are *juste*, and his harmonies never swallow the melody. His first album should have made more of a stir than it did, for it returned to the two-handed playing of Hines and the stride pianists. The bop pianists had turned the rhythmic responsibilities of the left hand over to their bassists and drummers, and allowed their left hands to wither. McKenna ignored this fashion and championed his left hand, which is nonpareil. He uses marching tenths, jabbing offbeat single

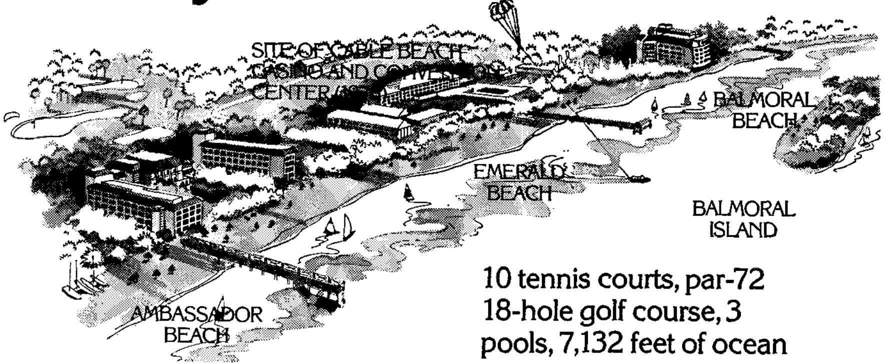


"What a night! We've got someone from 'Living' in the Tap Room, someone from 'Weekend' in the Grill, someone from 'Home' in the Blue Room, and Mimi Sheraton on the Terrace."

notes, ostinato basses that resemble boogie-woogie, and short, heavy single-note melodic lines that rise daringly to middle C and then fall away. McKenna's left hand generates such momentum and metronomic power that he needs no bass or drums. His right hand is definitive. He strikes his notes a fraction behind the beat, and he emphasizes unexpected notes within each phrase. These ingeniously chosen accents set up a unique and irresistible rhythm—a rock-pause, rock-pause, rock-pause rhythm that continually threatens to capsize the ship but never does. He breaks up these relentless single-note phrases with strong chords and with darting, high-strung Tatum arpeggios. When McKenna is of a piece, he swings ecstatically hard.

He certainly swung tonight at Bradley's, where he is spending a rare week away from the Cape. He got his legs under him around the fifth tune of the first set (which lasted well over an hour), and he didn't stop until he had played close to thirty numbers. He often forgot to pause between numbers, and at one point he passed through, as he often does, a sequence of songs with a common denominator—"When Day Is Done," "What a Diff'rence a Day Makes," "Day by Day," and "Day In, Day Out." (I have heard him do the same thing with rooms: "A Room with a View," "Rose Room," "The Blue Room." These messages are not always clear, but they are orderly.) His repertory is as full as Jimmy Rowles'. Some of the other songs in the set were "Am I Blue?," "At the Jazz Band Ball," "It Might As Well Be Spring," "Masquerade," "If I Had You," "Hello, Young Lovers," "Stars Fell on Alabama," "Runnin' Wild," "Thanks a Million," "It's Wonderful," and "'S Wonderful." When he finished, he sat at a table and discoursed briefly on his need to get some exercise upon his return to the Cape. When it was suggested he walk on the beach, he said that was a thought but he'd never been to a beach at the Cape.

Possibly because of his predilection for dancers, McKenna does not like recording studios. But a group of admirers prevailed on him to sit down not long ago at a grand piano in Jordan Hall at the New England Conservatory, and the results are on "By Myself" (Shiah MK-1). The echoing sound suggests that a single hanging microphone was used and that the hall was largely empty. He plays three very slow ballads ("The Shadow of Your Smile," "All My Tomorrows," "Daydream") in which his ad-lib openings, which swing, shade into quiet four-



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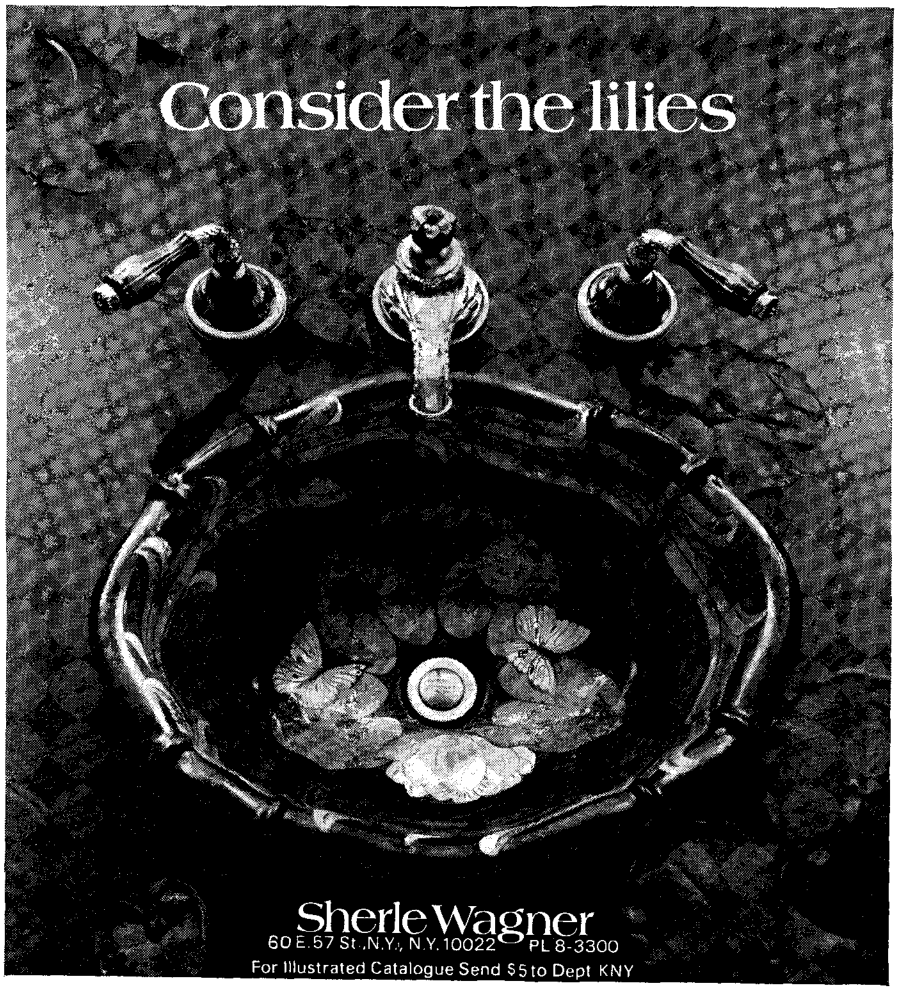
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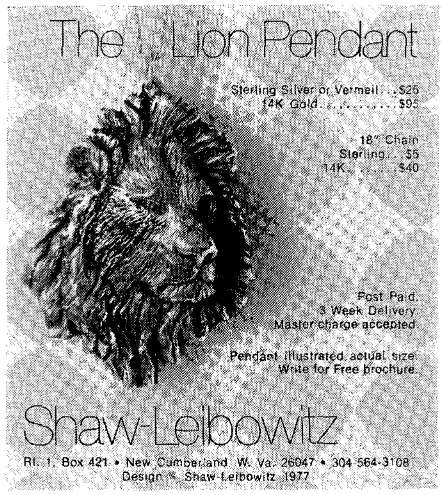

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four time. There are two fine blues—"No More Ouzo for Puzo," medium tempo, with no fewer than four stop-time choruses, and "Take the 'A' Train," with ferocious left-hand work and some superb right-hand single notes. A medium-tempo "It All Depends on You" is remarkable for the legato, lilting way McKenna states the melody in the first chorus. And he tips his hat to Tatum on "Kerry Dances" with a streaming stride passage and a couple of fifty-foot arpeggios.

April 17th: The Hines tradition, in the person of Mary Lou Williams, and the avant-garde, in the person of Cecil Taylor, collided in Carnegie Hall tonight, and it was no contest. That the two pianists, each seminal, agreed to play together at all was startling. It was Wyeth versus Picasso, James Gould Cozzens versus Nathalie Sarraute, John Henry Belter versus Charles Eames. Mary Lou Williams explained in a program note how this came to pass:

> I was booked to England . . . in 1969. During that time I went to Ronny Scott's in London and heard Cecil Taylor play. I asked Andrew Cyrille, Cecil's drummer . . . to introduce me to Cecil. This, of course, he did. I felt great warmth from him. . . . Later when I was working in the Cookery in New York, Cecil came to hear me practically every night. To my surprise he mentioned the inspiration I gave him to create. One night I said to him "let's do a concert together" and he agreed. And he gave me the beautiful title "Embraced."

One accepted gratefully the reports during the weeks before the concert that the two were rehearsing together and all was harmonious. Mary Lou Williams is sixty-six and has been playing professionally for fifty years. She has displayed a hard, modern single-note attack since the forties, when she had considerable mother-hen influence on the young beboppers. She has not changed, except that she can, when she's of a mind, play rather far out, demonstrating advanced harmonies and almost atonal single-note lines. Cecil Taylor is forty-four, and his career is twenty years old. But he is an omnipotent, unwavering one-man avant-garde, whose persistence and brilliance have brought into being such pocket battleships as Keith Jarrett, Muhal Richard Abrams, McCoy Tyner, Don Pullen, and Joanne Brackeen. His style engulfs. His arpeggios are made not of single notes but of chords played consecutively in both hands. He plays at staggering speeds and with an opaque intensity. His selections may last more than an hour, yet he never falters. He is more overweening than Tatum. I do not know whether Taylor can still play as he did when he started out. He grew up in an Ellington-oriented household and reportedly once resembled Erroll Garner and Thelonious Monk; occasionally one catches distant glimpses of them in his playing. So if he were to look back and Mary Lou Williams were to look forward they might meet.

This is how the concert went: The two pianists come onstage at the same time. She is in an elegant navy-blue gown, and he is in white—a white watch cap, a white shirt, and white pants. He also wears big impenetrable shades. They sit down facing one another at grand pianos whose long snouts dovetail at center stage. He plays a low left-hand figure at once, and works his way quietly up the keyboard. She follows him with her left hand. He fashions light, sharp chords in the right hand, she returns to the bass, and the two voices back and fill nicely. Anticipation sharpens. He indulges in some mock stride in the left hand. A passage of offbeat chords follows from both. She offers blues figures in her right hand while he clumps up and down the keyboard. The volume rises, and he bends lower and lower. They keep glancing up at one another. He can doubtless see her, but can she see him? Suddenly he explodes, loosing one of his fantastic descending chordal arpeggios—his hands blurred humps. She looks startled and drops her hands, and he fires another arpeggio, and pauses. She plays a tentative, lyrical single-note passage in her right hand—a nightingale calling into heavy wind. He grows more strident. She again takes her hands from the keyboard, then unreels a batch of tremolos, a gentle riff that lasts for a chorus, some flatted notes, and four bars of stride. She falls quiet and he erupts. The bassist Bob Cranshaw and the drummer Mickey Roker unexpectedly appear, looking as if they had the wrong address. They move nervously between free time and a regular beat, but they seem to have come to her aid, and, emboldened, she throws more blues figures at the feet of some brilliant ascending Taylor chords, and the two arrive at a coda, which he plays. The intermission lasts almost half an hour. The first twenty minutes after their return are civilized. Taylor softly states an eight-note theme, Mary Lou Williams plays soft counterfigures, and a spell circles down. He moves through pools of

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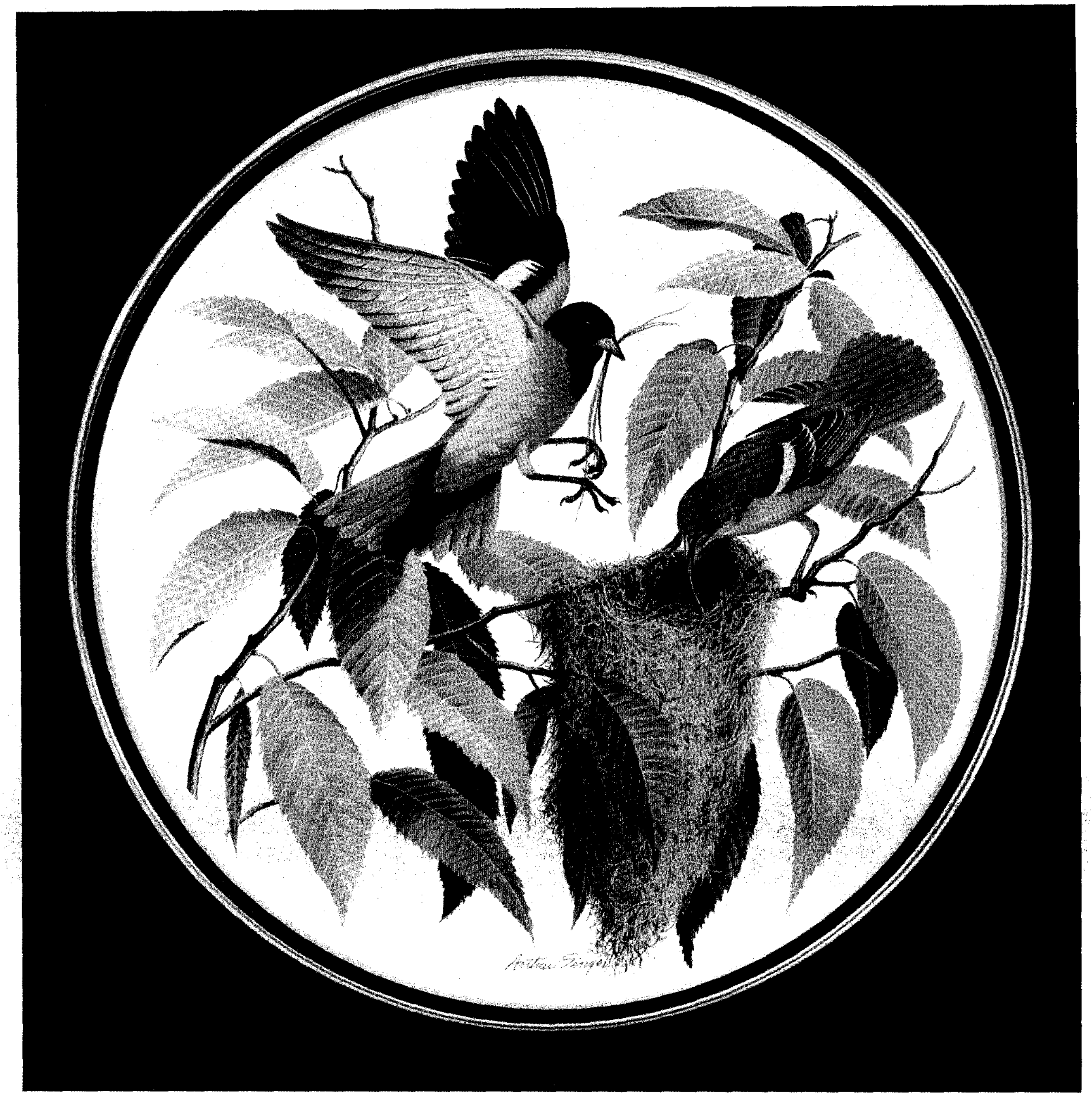

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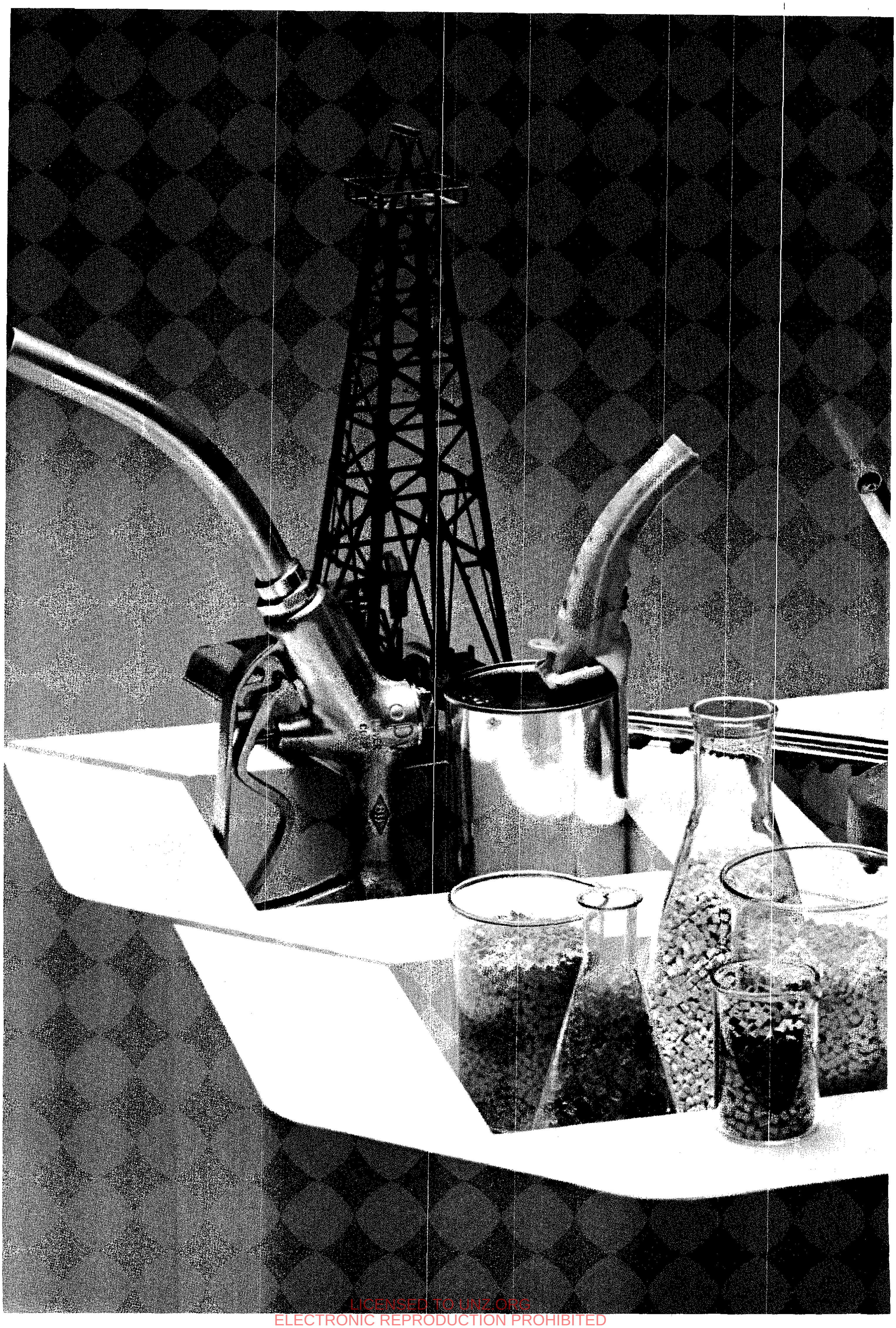

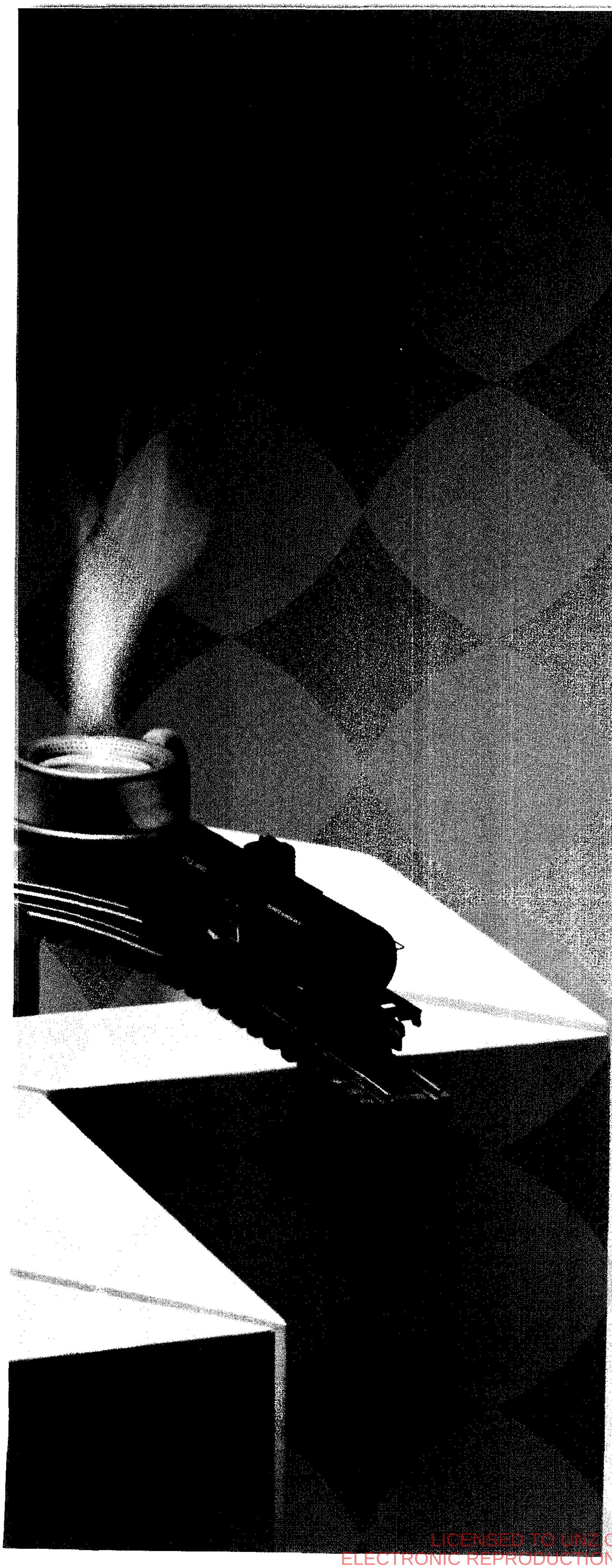

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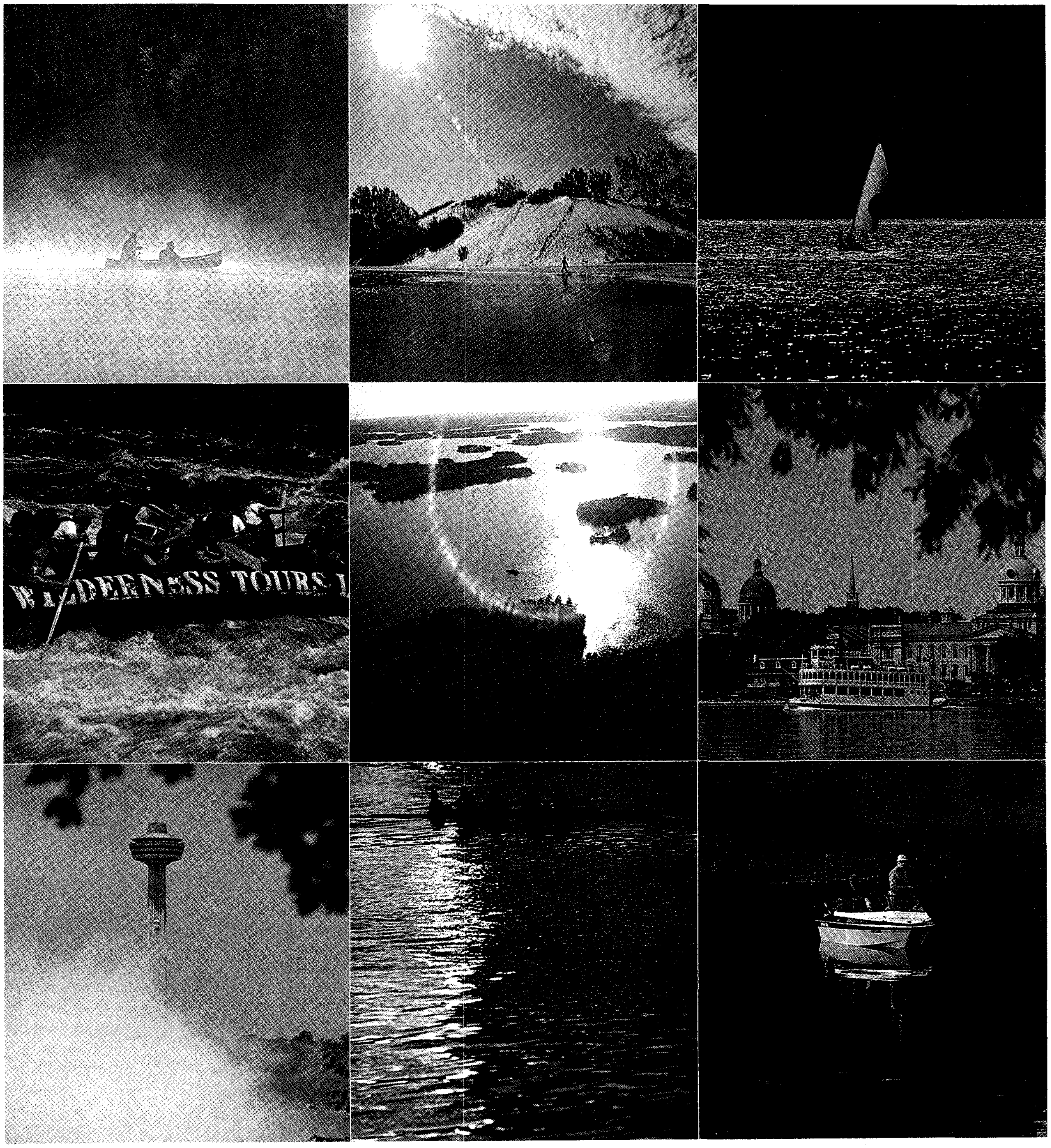

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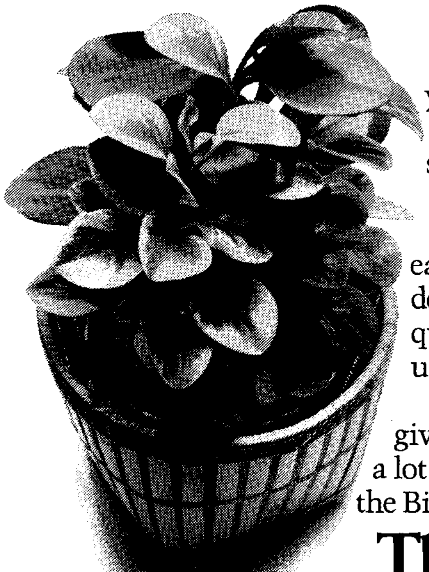
Debussy and Ravel, and she adds quiet, rich affirming chords. But it does not last. Taylor's chords thicken and his arpeggios quicken. She seems to lose heart and looks as if she were sitting by the wayside watching a noisy parade. Taylor dominates the next forty minutes. He lays out just once, but when he returns Cranshaw and Roker do, too, and the music comes to a circus climax. Taylor leaves the stage immediately—not to return—and Mary Lou Williams plays a couple of numbers with the rhythm section. Her playing is steely and certain and inventive, and the long-suffering house digs in ravenously.

APRIL 24TH: Albert Murray—novelist, sociologist, polemicist—is a subtle and original thinker on black matters who, as he demonstrated five years ago in "South to a Very Old Place," abhors black cant as much as, or possibly more than, white cant. He has a superb ear for black dialects, and he is a skilled writer. But his new book, "Stomping the Blues" (McGraw-Hill), is almost unreadable. It is several books: an appreciation, strenuously inflated to a celebration, of jazz (particularly of the blues and of music played for dancing, or what Murray calls the "Saturday Night Function"); an arch apologia for the music which would have had heft thirty years ago; and an argument that the blues and jazz belong wholly to the black man. Murray's language betrays him: "But blues performances are based on a mastery of a very specific technology of stylization by one means or another nonetheless. And besides, effective make-believe is the whole point of all the aesthetic technique and all the rehearsals from the outset. Nor does the authenticity of any performance of blues music depend upon the musician being true to his own private feelings. It depends upon his idiomatic ease and consistency." If a musician is not true to his own feelings, that is immediately apparent. If he does not feel what he is playing, he is pretending, and what he is playing is not authentic. Performing the blues with "idiomatic ease and consistency" produces imitation blues. Jazz has stood easily on its own for a couple of decades. It has become the American classical music and needs no apologists. Nor can it be regarded any longer as a black music. Listen to the guitarist Jim Hall: "I've always felt that the music started out as black but that it's as much mine now as anyone else's. I haven't stolen the music from anybody—I just bring something differ-



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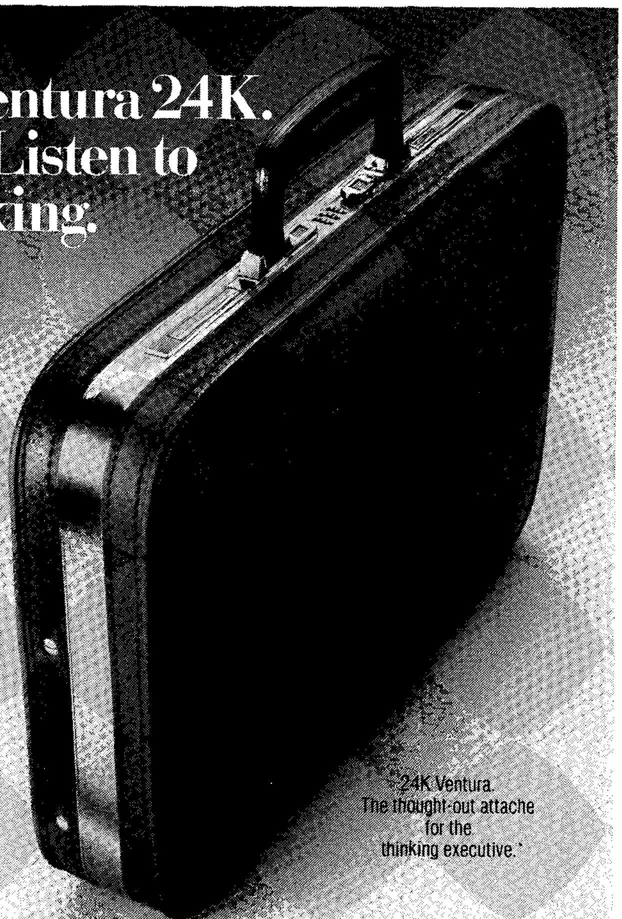

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ent to it." And consider the admissions in recent years by such black musicians as Lester Young and Rex Stewart and Duke Ellington and Anthony Braxton of the effect that white musicians have had on their work. The opening section of the book is a facetious disquisition on the blues: what they are and how they can be at least temporarily forestalled by listening to blues music. But when blues music—especially the Kansas City variety that Murray reveres—performs this inestimable service, what *are* the emotions it releases? What *are* those mysterious, bittersweet wellings-up that no other music evokes? Murray doesn't say. The book has one other obstacle—its design. The typeface is heavy and repels the eye, and all the activity in the margins and on the chapter headings and around the plentiful photographs causes a struggle between Murray's prose and the book itself.

Beware of "Duke: A Portrait of Duke Ellington" (Norton), by the Englishman Derek Jewell. It deals largely with Ellington's last decades, and there are some good, if disquieting, glimpses of Ellington finally wearing down and of Ellington playing the emperor. But it is not always clear where Jewell's research leaves off and other writers' begins.

APRIL 27TH: When tap-dancing vanishes, it will be very nearly without a trace, for dishearteningly little has been caught on film or on records. The reason is clear and ironic. Tap-dancing was popular for so long that it was taken for granted, and then when ballet drove it from fashion it was forgotten. There are patches of it in the Hollywood musicals of the thirties and early forties, and dancers turn up occasionally on old 78s and early L.P.s, but more as curiosities than as front-and-center attractions. All of which makes "Baby Laurence: Dancemaster" (Classic Jazz CJ 30) a welcome surprise. It consists of eleven Laurence studio performances (about forty minutes in all), backed by two reedmen (Paul Quinichette or the late Bobby Jaspar) and two rhythm sections (Nat Pierce on piano, Skeeter Best on guitar, Al Hall on bass, and the late Osie Johnson on drums; or Roland Hanna on piano, Arvell Shaw on bass, and Dave Pochonet on drums). The sessions were made in 1959 and 1960, when Laurence was at his height (he died three years ago), but, for whatever reasons, they have not been released until now. I suppose it is somewhat easier to sort out what

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Laurence does on the record if one has seen him dance, but that is not essential. Laurence was primarily an aural dancer—part drummer, part hornman, and a wild and impassioned improviser. Those characteristics come through clearly. "The Sand" is in a medium tempo (the Sand is generally a slow dance, and is performed on a floor sprinkled with sand), and the scraping, chuffing sounds he gets are eerie and sinuous. "Buck Dance" is also medium, and the four-bar breaks he exchanges with the bassist are full of offbeats and rattling double-time figures. "Concerto in Taps" is a cappella (there is far too much accompaniment in the album; the musicians keep getting in Laurence's spokes), and he emulates an accented snare-drum roll with steady double-time beats broken by heavy, irregular heel accents. In "Delila's Theme" he abruptly shoots out of a medium tempo into an unbelievable triple-time figure. The record should be studied one track at a time. Listened to all at once, the numbers blur into machine-gun sounds, and one loses Laurence's subtleties and textures and rhythmic variety. An invaluable recording.

MAY 9TH: Adam Makowicz (pronounced Ma*k*ovitch), the highly touted thirty-six-year-old Polish pianist, opened a two-month engagement at the Cookery tonight. He is a slight, good-looking man, with a small beard, a wide smile, and self-hypnotic pianistic concentration. His reception was perfervid. Barney Josephson, the owner of the Cookery, introduced Makowicz, saying that this was the first time in all his years as an impresario that he had announced an act but that he could not help himself, since he found the pianist so moving. John Hammond, who helped bring Makowicz over, reacted with such ecstasy that each note appeared to be a personal gift. Willis Conover, of the Voice of America, recorded the proceedings and interviewed everyone in sight, including the Polish violinist Michal Urbaniak and his wife, the singer Urszula Dudziak; Marian McPartland; the cultural attaché from the Polish Consulate-General, Tadeucz Kondratowicz; Joe Franklin; George Simon; Hammond; Josephson; and Makowicz himself. The applause brimmed and spilled over time and again, and one was reminded of the Parisian ladies who used to secrete Liszt's discarded cigar butts in their bodices. Makowicz, who has apparently received such adulation in Europe, took it gracefully: a half smile here, a quick duck of the head there. He has a dazzling technique and an unembarrassed passion for Art Tatum. His passion, though, is very nearly parodic, for he has mastered all Tatum's mannerisms—the encircling arpeggios, the furious bursts of stride, the plethora of notes—and he uses them fulsomely. Each number swirls and smokes and races and plunges, and each is a high-baroque performance that sounds much like the preceding selection. But he lacks Tatum's exquisite touch and his limitless, shocking harmonic sense. Instead of improvising on his materials (a mixture of old-fashioned standards and his own quirky compositions), he endlessly philosophizes on Tatum. Perhaps the reaction to Makowicz at the Cookery was caused by the sudden realization by those present of just how much they miss Tatum. Makowicz bears a stunning resemblance to him (he also bows to Keith Jarrett and Chick Corea), and for the first half-dozen numbers fools one completely.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

• •

GEHENNA

Truly a cursed place. But hell fire? That would be brighter
and consume, kill, and purify. These acres are rather
the dump that cries aloud for landfill. Here fires slow-burn,

smoulder, do not flame, and in the forbidden pit and the outcast
offal see maggots breed and wriggle. This is our worm undying. Here where once they burned the babies for Moloch

the fires are never quenched and never burn out, contaminate
and do not cleanse ever the rainless refuse of evil.
Is this what everyman must walk over so as to accomplish

the shining hills on the other side, the far green arches
and clean floors in the still not unattainable forest?
Got to do it on foot, and hurting.

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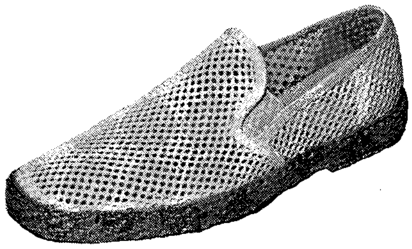

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BOOKS

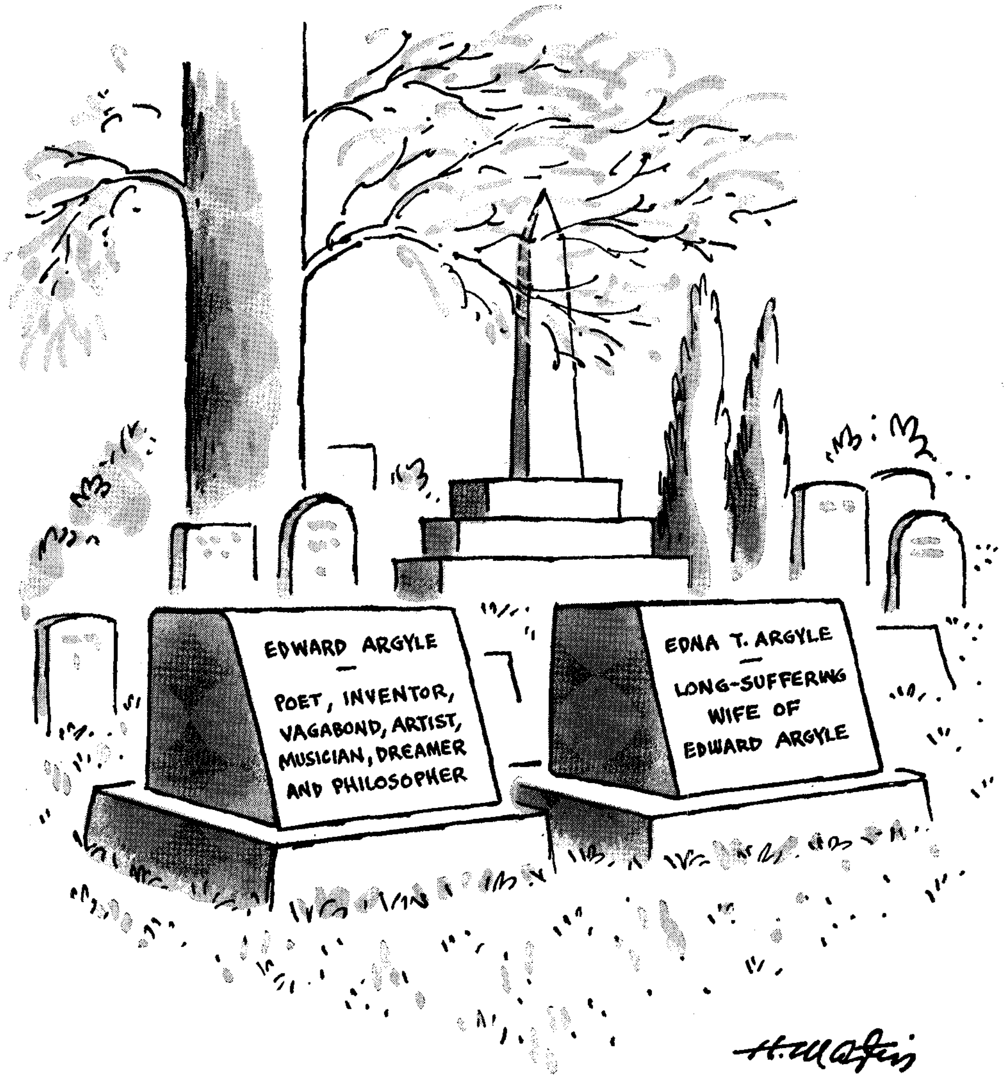
Loosened Roots

ANNE TYLER, in her seventh novel, "Earthly Possessions" (Knopf), continues to demonstrate a remarkable talent and, for a writer of her acuity, an unusual temperament. She is soft, if not bullish, on America: its fluorescent-lit banks and gas stations, its high schools and low life, its motels and billboards and boring backwaters and stifling homes and staggering churches and scant, innocent depravities and deprivations are all to her the stuff of a tender magic, a kind of Midsummer Night's Dream scenery where poetry and adventure form as easily as dew. Small towns and pinched minds hold room enough for her; she is at peace in the semi-countrified, semi-plasticized, northern-Southern America where she and her characters live. Out of this peace flow her unmistakable strengths—her serene, firm tone; her smoothly spun plots; her apparently inexhaustible access to the personalities of her imagining; her infectious delight in "the smell of beautiful, everyday life;" her lack of any trace of intellectual or political condescension—and her one possible weakness: a tendency to leave the reader just where she found him. Acceptance, in her fiction, is the sum of the marvellous—or, as "Earthly Possessions" would have it, the end of travelling is to return. This is not untrue. Nothing Anne Tyler sets down is untrue. But the impending moral encloses the excitements of her story in a circle of safety that gives them the coziness of entertainment. It may be that in this Protestant land, with its reverence for sweat and constipation, we distrust artificers, peaceable cultivators of the imaginary. Miss Tyler tends her human flora for each book's season of bloom and then latches the garden gate with a smile. So, one could say, did Shakespeare; but in the tragedies, at least, the enclosure of final order is drawn around a group of chastened survivors, while Miss Tyler here gathers in to safety the very characters she has convincingly shown us to be sunk in "a rich, black, underground world . . . where everyone was in some deep and dramatic trouble." The depths that her lucid vision perceives through the weave of the mundane are banished, as it were, by a mere movement of the author's eyes. "Earthly Possessions" contains, for instance, a chilling portrait of a habitual criminal, Jake Simms, Jr., who blames every destructive and chaotic act of his own on someone else. He kidnaps our heroine, the surpassingly amiable Charlotte Emory, because while he was robbing a bank a bystander happened to produce a gun. "I could be clean free," he tells his victim, "and you safe home with your kids by now if it wasn't for him. Guy like that ought to be locked up." As the chase continues, and the kidnapping lengthens into a kind of marriage, he persuades himself, "It ain't *me* keeping you, it's them. If they would quit hounding me then we could go our separate ways . . ." This is perfect loser psychology, the mental technology for digging a bottomless pit; but Anne Tyler would have us believe that Jake is saved from falling in by the doll-like apparition of a wee seventeen-year-old girl he has impregnated, Mindy Callender:

> She really was a tiny girl. The biggest thing about her was that stomach, which Jake carefully wasn't looking at. . . . She raised a thin, knobby wrist, with a bracelet dangling heart-shaped charms in all different colors and sizes. The pink stone in her ring was heart-shaped too, and so was the print of her dress. "Hearts are my *sign*," Mindy said. "What's yours?"

With such a figure, the Shakespearean ambience of dark comedy turns Spenserian; we are travelling in an allegory, and Love (Mindy) points to the Grail with one of those bursts of articulate insight that overtake even the dim-witted in Anne Tyler's sensitive world.

The excitements of "Earthly Possessions" include both headlong suspense and the surprises of retrospective revelation. Charlotte, the narrator and heroine, tells in her wry, patient voice two stories: she describes, hour by hour, the few days of her southward flight with Jake Simms and, synopsized in alternating chapters, the thirty-five years of her life. The two accounts flow parallel, to the same estuary of uneasy repose. As in the author's previous novels "Celestial Navigation" and "Searching for Caleb," a fundamental American tension is felt between stasis and movement, between home and escape. Home is what we are mired in; Miss Tyler in her darker mode compulsively celebrates domestic claustrophobia and private stagnation. Charlotte is the late and only fruit of a very fat first-grade teacher and a faded, fussy "trav-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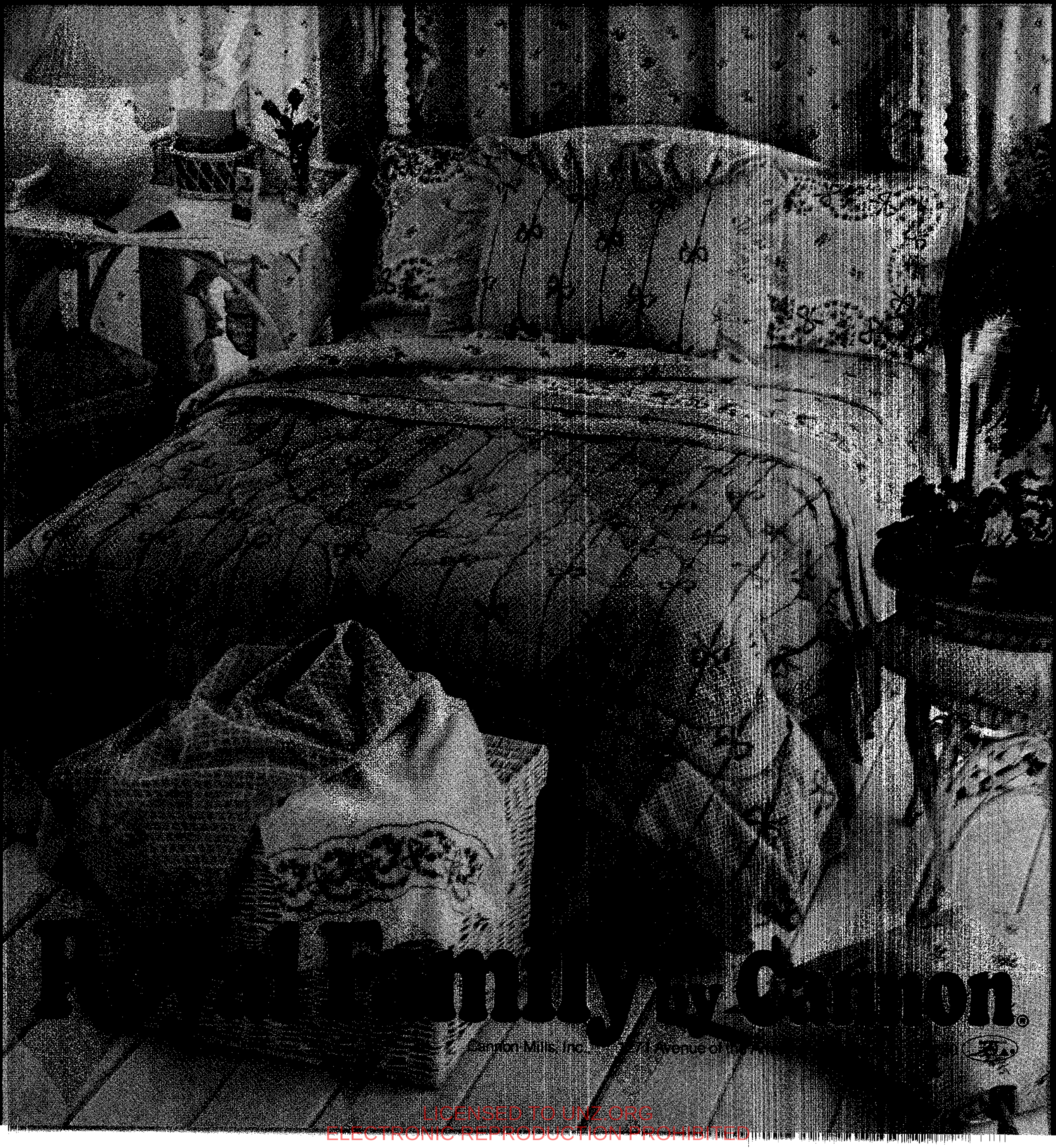

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elling photographer named Murray Ames." Ames stops travelling, and sets up a studio in his wife's "dead father's house," where a child is born with grotesque inadvertence. The mother's obesity and innocence have hidden the pregnancy. "One night she woke up with abdominal spasms . . . All around her the bed was hot and wet. She woke her husband, who stumbled into his trousers and drove her to the hospital. Half an hour later, she gave birth to a six-pound baby girl." The little girl grows up lonely. The common American escape from home into the "whole new world" of public school is feelingly evoked:

> I hadn't had any idea that people could be so light-hearted. I stood on the edge of the playground watching how the girls would gather in clumps, how they giggled over nothing at all and told colorful stories of family life: visits to circuses, fights with brothers. They didn't like me. They said I smelled. I knew they were right because now when I walked into my house I could smell the smell too: stale, dark, ancient air, in which nothing had moved for a very long time. I began to see how strange my mother was. I noticed that her dresses were like enormous flowered undershirts. I wondered why she didn't go out more; then once, from a distance, I watched her slow progress toward the corner grocery and I wished she wouldn't go out at all.

From embarrassing parents Charlotte moves to an embarrassing husband. Saul Emory, a boy who had lived next door, returns from the Army, courts her, weds her, and abruptly announces that he has been called to preach, in the local fundamentalist Holy Basis Church. Charlotte is a nonbeliever; while her husband preaches she sits deafly in church scheming how to get him into bed. "He was against making love on a Sunday. I was in favor of it. Sometimes I won, sometimes he won. I wouldn't have missed Sunday for the world." They live in what has become *her* dead father's house; she diffidently runs the studio that she has inherited, and the house fills up with charity cases and Saul's brothers. Charlotte says, "I felt like something dragged on a string behind a forgetful child. . . . I gave up hope. Then in order not to mind too much I loosened my roots, floated a few feet off, and grew to look at things with a faint, pleasant humorousness that spiced my nose like the beginnings of a sneeze." Childhood fantasies of flight recur; she keeps giving away the furniture; she finally decides to leave, goes to the bank "to get cash for the trip," and is seized by Jake Simms. Her adventure begins.

Writing a self-description for the Washington *Post*, Anne Tyler said, "Mostly it's lies, writing novels. You set out to tell an untrue story and you try to make it believable, even to yourself. Which calls for details; any good lie does." Her details are superb, tucked in with quick little loops of metaphor:

> When she was angry, her face bunched in now as if gathered at the center by a drawstring.

> When he lifted me up in his arms I felt I had left all my troubles on the floor beneath me like gigantic concrete shoes.

Without pushing at it, she establishes her characters in authentic occupations. Murray Ames's photography and his daughter's continuation of it become very real, and a paradigm for art:

> "Move that lamp off somewhat," he would tell me from his bed. "You don't want such a glare. Now get yourself more of an angle. I never did like a head-on photograph."
>
> What he liked was a sideways look—eyes lowered, face slanted downward. The bay window displaying my father's portraits resembled a field full of flowers, all being blown by the same strong breeze.

The author's attention to American incidentals is so unblinking that we are rather relieved when she seems to nod, as when Charlotte observes the "snuff adds" ("ads," surely) in Georgia or a "pair of giant fur dominoes" (dice, more likely) hung from a rearview mirror. Every bit of junk food the fugitives nibble as they drive their stolen car south is affectionately noted, and the subtle changes in scenery and climate are continental in their cumulative effect. When, having at last arrived in Florida, Charlotte says, "It was one of those lukewarm, breezy evenings that make you feel you're expecting something," we have arrived, too, and feel exactly what she means.

What else do we feel, after our two hundred (no more or less) pages with Charlotte Emory? She belongs to what is becoming a familiar class of Anne Tyler heroines: women admirably active in the details of living yet alarmingly passive in the large curve of their lives—riders on male-generated events, who nevertheless give those events a certain blessing, a certain feasibility. Jake comes to need his victim: "Charlotte, it ain't so bad if you're *with* us, you see. You act like you take it all in stride, like this is the way life really does tend to turn out. You mostly wear this little smile." Amos, a brother of Emory's who turns amorous, exclaims in admiration, "Now I see everyone grabbing for pieces of you, and still

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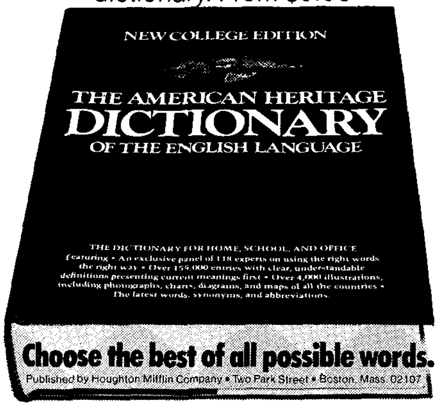
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you're never diminished. . . . You sail through this house like a moon, you're strong enough for all of them." These intelligent, bustling, maternal, helpless moon-women trouble us with the something complacent in their little smiles, their "faint, pleasant humorousness." Their detachment has been achieved through a delicate inner abdication, a multiplication and devaluation of realities. Anne Tyler stated in the *Post*, "I write because I want more than one life." Charlotte Emory as a photographer poses her subjects in odd bits of costume, "absent-mindedly" holding feathers and toys, antique swords and pistols; she has come to believe that such elaborations "may tell more truths than they hide." In the crisis of her mother's dying, Charlotte says, "My life grew to be all dreams; there was no reality whatsoever." Her life, from lonely childhood to lonely marriage, spent in an old house between two gas stations, photographing workaday people with dream baubles, has a terror and a sorrow of which the outlines are acknowledged but not the mass, the terrible heft. She seems less a character than a creator, who among the many lives that her fantasizing, empathizing mind arrays before her almost casually chooses to live her own.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ACKROYD, by Jules Feiffer (Simon & Schuster). The diary, stretching from 1964 to 1971, of a young man who sets himself up as a New York private eye under the self-mocking name of Roger Ackroyd. Devious, unformed, not without aptitude for his profession, Ackroyd finds himself drawn into the personal mysteries of one Oscar Plante, a well-known sports columnist who has outdone his circle of vain drinking buddies by actually producing a best-selling novel. Detective work, as everybody knows, can be tedious, and Ackroyd's investigations for Plante seem especially tedious at first, because Mr. Feiffer relies on unlikely coincidences to move his story along, and because the energy Ackroyd throws into his work seems far out of proportion to the triviality of the questions he is asked to answer. ("How can I rationalize my persistence on a job that the client himself doesn't seem to take seriously?" he asks himself at one point, and the reader is tempted to agree by throwing the book away.) But again and again the book re-

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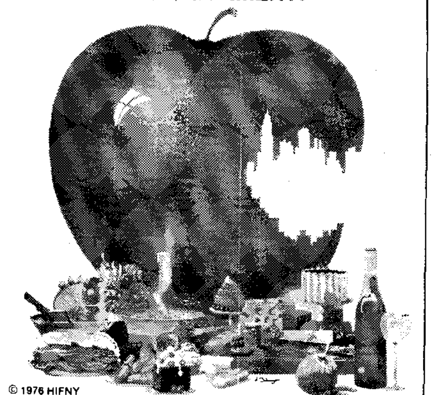

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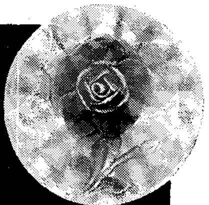

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veals how some apparently inconsequential words or actions can have a hidden significance, and these revelations are just clever enough to keep the reader interested. The mystery of Plante's character is the weakness that lies behind his worldly success—a weakness, it turns out, of a common American sort—and the mystery (if it can be called that) of Ackroyd's excessive fascination with Plante proves to be a similar kind of weakness. The sort of digging that Plante asks Ackroyd to do for him is the sort that other people go to psychoanalysts for, and if the findings turn out to be rather banal, Ackroyd, at least, grows in the way that people are supposed to grow through analysis.

LANDFALL, by Julius Horwitz (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). "Incest in Larchmont, or, Mothers! Seduce Your Sons and Set Them Free!" The plot of this amazing novel is nothing if not simple: Elaine, a bored, well-heeled, unhappily married housewife, decides to skip her hairdresser and go sailing instead. On her boat, which always activates her lyric impulses, she decides to return to her sixteen-room house and give her fifteen-year-old son, Michael, that "comfort denounced in every corner of the world"—a project she has been considering for some time. Elaine has a theory, which she expounds on a cruise that she, Michael, and her husband, Philip (who comes home early from work and discovers them in *flagrante*), take to Block Island in order to hash things out. Her theory is that in prehistoric times mother, father, daughter, and son all cuddled together without inhibition; the incest taboo was dreamed up so that everybody could get a little work done. What Philip thinks of this explanation we never learn, but Michael, heretofore bewildered, realizes that his mother had his best interests at heart and only wanted to give back to him "the golden period at the dawn of human life when the members of the family gave warmth and comfort to one another, mostly through sleeping with one another." The book is written chiefly in diary form, except for some brief interludes narrated by God.

GENERAL

INDIA: A WOUNDED CIVILIZATION, by V. S. Naipaul (Knopf). A set of gloomy essays, based on reading and visits in recent years but all

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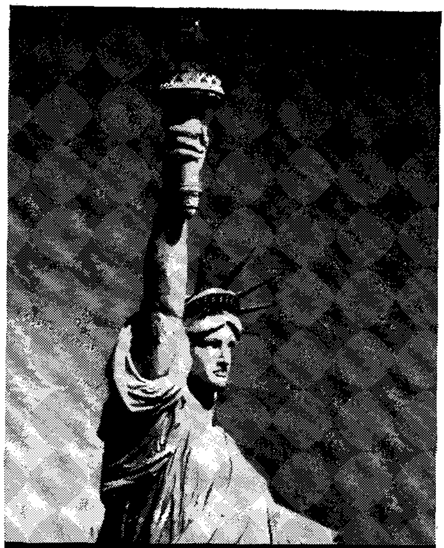

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dating from before the latest elections. Mr. Naipaul, who was born in an Indian community on Trinidad and did not visit India until 1962, is not systematic in his mixture of history, literature, and his own travels. He describes places (the ruins of Vijayanagar, a squatters' settlement in Bombay, an irrigation project on the Deccan plateau), recapitulates novels and plays (works by R. K. Narayan and interesting-sounding authors like Vijay Tendulkar and U. R. Anantamurti), and discusses leaders (Gandhi and his inheritors, and Mrs. Gandhi's opponents), and he either allows misery to speak for itself or points to some dark implication that (in a Narayan novel, for instance) might be taken in a light spirit. Mr. Naipaul's pessimism has probably not been altered by Mrs. Gandhi's defeat, for he says that India's ills extend far deeper than its political structure, and his scorn for her opponents is, if anything, greater than his scorn for her. He sees an "intellectual depletion" in the country after its centuries of invasions and conquests, a "second-rateness" in its accomplishments since the "self-absorption" and "religious self-display" of Gandhi's career—the latter stages of which he refers to as "the mahatmahood." (One result of that self-absorption, he says, was that Gandhi failed to give the country any sense of racial identity or coherent political ideology.) It is possible to argue with Mr. Naipaul's judgments, but the book has strength and the individuality of a novelist's personality.

PARK MAKER: A LIFE OF FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED, by Elizabeth Stevenson (Macmillan). A superior biography of a man and his era. Olmsted's life (1822-1903) spans the transformation of this country: he was born to affluent, fundamentalist Connecticut Yankees and grew up to work with millionaires, machine politicians, and immigrant laborers whose philosophies were undreamt of by his Puritan family. Young Olmsted started early, and his false starts are as fascinating as his ultimate right choice. He went to sea (his captain was a martinet, and we learn what life was like in the China trade aboard a civilian equivalent of H.M.S. Bounty); he tried farming, journalism, and publishing; his memoirs of travel through the slave states became a classic. Park design became his full-time job only after

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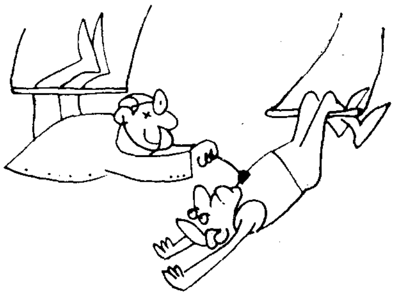

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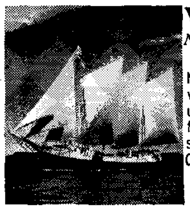

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the Civil War, though he had been at work on New York's Central Park in the eighteen-fifties. It was felt that people could not flourish in a neglected or despoiled environment, and this concern was not merely economic but cultural—a conviction that free citizens need and deserve aesthetic fulfillment. Olmsted designed parks and model suburbs from Brooklyn to California; he landscaped schools, universities, asylums, expositions, and private estates; and he propagandized for wilderness preservation as well as urban amenity. All his life he served liberal causes, and his work exemplifies the democratic pedigree of American fine and applied art.

IN THE NAME OF THE PEOPLE: PROPHETS AND CONSPIRATORS IN PREREVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA, by Adam B. Ulam (Viking). The Harvard Russian expert has forged an extremely readable narrative out of a deplorable series of events: the radical plots and assassinations that drove nineteenth-century Russian governments from cautious reform to moronic repression. Professor Ulam's story spans the reign of Czar Alexander II (1855-81), who freed the serfs, overhauled the Russian judiciary, improved every level of education, and inaugurated representative provincial assemblies. He was assassinated by members of a tiny revolutionary sect who knew that the Czar was about to grant a national consultative assembly—a step that the revolutionaries feared would further the process of making Russia a tolerable monarchy instead of a despotic anomaly. The young terrorists were so few that they can be written about as individuals—an asset for literary vividness—and Mr. Ulam explains why, for several decades, radicalism was chic in upper- and middle-class Russian society. He also makes it plain that the Bolsheviks extracted from the adventures of their revolutionary predecessors precisely the same lessons that Alexander's successors did: that the merest hint of liberty leads to sedition and conspiracy, thus making tyranny the only safe government.

PLAYING FOR KEEPS IN WASHINGTON, by Laurence Leamer (Dial). Mr. Leamer is no great prose stylist, but he has provided a collection of lifelike portraits of nationally powerful figures—not judgments, arguments, or exposés—which recreate the presence of human beings. His

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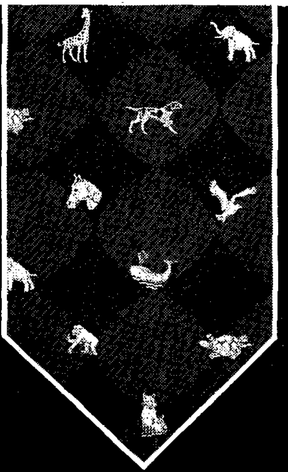
subjects are the management of the Washington *Post;* Robert C. Byrd, who succeeded Edward Kennedy as Senate Majority Whip; Kennedy himself; Donald Rumsfeld, whose last public post was Secretary of Defense in the Ford Administration; Henry Kissinger; Edward Bennett Williams, who first won fame as a trial lawyer and later organized a big Washington law firm; Nancy Hanks and Michael Straight, of the National Endowment for the Arts; and Phillip Burton, a dedicated, somewhat abrasive California Democrat, who learned how to smooth some of his rough edges, but who, as his chapter concludes, has just missed election as House Majority Leader. These diverse people are not forced into any theoretical mold. The author lets them exist, and the reader learns thereby what different kinds of people seek power and how many different kinds of power there are.

HITLER'S CHILDREN: THE STORY OF THE BAADER-MEINHOF TERRORIST GANG, by Jillian Becker (Lippincott). The author, an English novelist, has written—and very well, too—the definitive account of a small group of political terrorists who were West Germany's equivalent of our Weathermen or Symbionese Liberation Army. The story begins in the sixties with the mocking mood of student unrest—a sort of Yippie protest for the fun of protest—that gradually focussed on the American war in Vietnam and then changed to a fascination with violence and anyone engaged in it. (Members of the gang studied at a Palestinian terrorist training camp in Jordan.) The culmination was a series of crimes—arson, car theft, bank robbery, and murder—committed in the name of revolution but, to the public, indistinguishable from common felonies. Two perplexing themes emerge. One is the craving for violence among a group of people who were in no danger or difficulty, who were prosperous and petted. The other is the reversal of the sexes' traditional roles: the women tended to be more dogmatic and theoretical, the men more emotional. Some of the latter were ultra-quiet good boys who were suddenly elated by a chance to be bad, but others were skirt-chasing spendthrifts who found in so-called revolution a gigolos' milieu.

AMERICAN HUNGER, by Richard Wright (Harper & Row). This vol-



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ume was originally designated to be the second half of Wright's now celebrated autobiography, "Black Boy," which was first published in 1945, and which ended with the author quitting his impoverished Southern home to seek his fortune up North. For reasons that seem quite obvious now, Wright's editor prevailed upon him to hold out the material in the present book, for an important part of it dealt with his entanglement with the Communist Party in Chicago in the nineteen-twenties and thirties. As it happens, Wright's story of how he, a homeless nineteen-year-old black stray, working as a dishwasher for fifteen dollars a week, was befriended by the Communists and encouraged in his attempts to become a writer, and then savagely repudiated when he tried to assert his artistic integrity, is the most compelling part of the book. And it is a testament to Wright's lifelong commitment to honesty in his writing that, although his break with his old comrades was final, he does not play down his sadness and sense of loss at the turn of events, or his feeling that it was he who somehow had failed.

LIBRARY LOOKING-GLASS, by David Cecil (Harper & Row). This entrancing little collection of passages from the works of other writers is the result of a lifetime of reading by a man who holds reading to be one of the fine arts. The writers he has culled from are mainly English; there are a few Europeans, and a scant sprinkling of Americans (of whom James Thurber is one). The passages are arranged under topical headings and are often fitted out with remarks by Lord David. Unlike most anthologies, this one is full of surprises and unexpected turns in the road. Since Lord David is something of a literary quietist, there are no rowdy writers here; instead, we have things like Jeremy Taylor on the subject of fatherly feeling, and Lytton Strachey discussing the right place for reading a book.

•

WASHINGTON (UPI)—President Carter yesterday nominated Wisconsin Gov. Patrick Lucey to be ambassador to Mex-co, and formally announced he was nam-ng former Senate Democratic leader Mike Mansfield as ambassador to Japan and Yale and Yale president Kingman Brewster to Britain.—*Van Nuys (Calif.) Valley News.*

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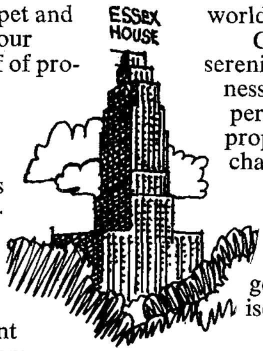

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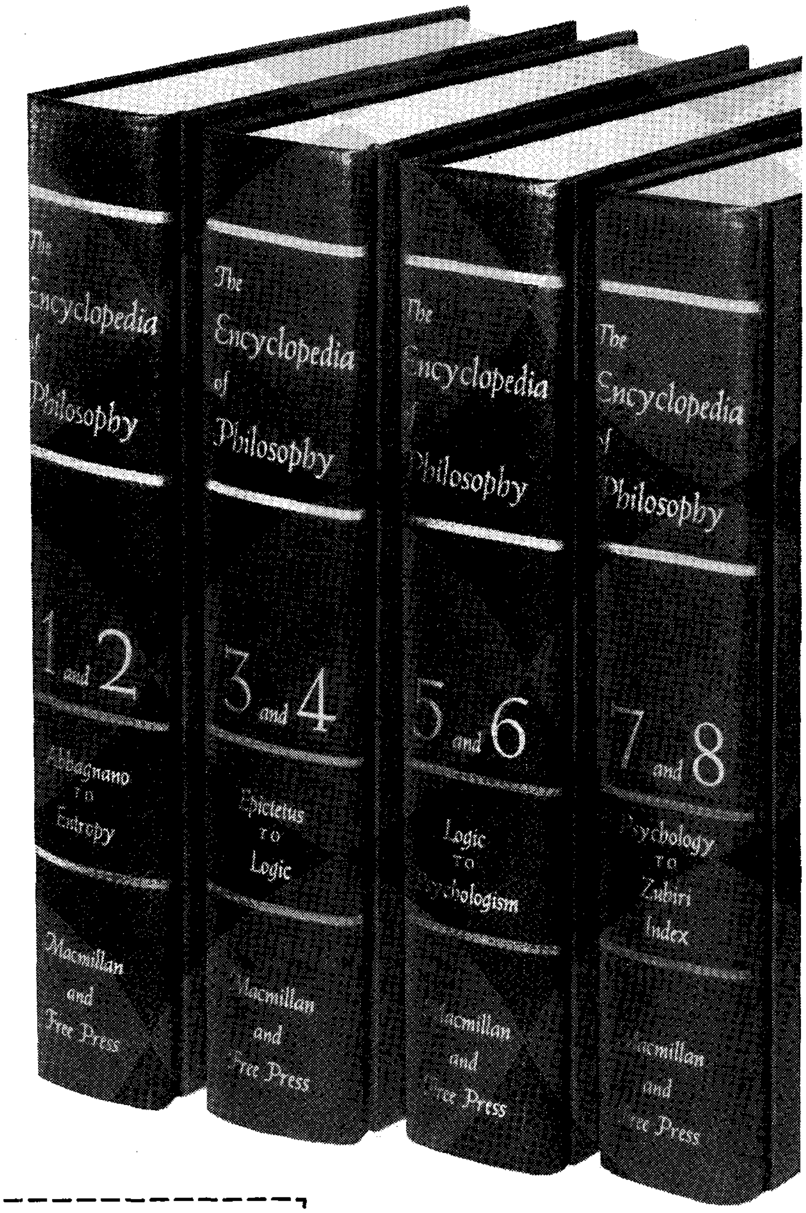

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